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ADDISON'S WORKS

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

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THE WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH NOTES

By RICHARD HURD, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

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THE SPECTATOR.

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THE SPECTATOR.

No. 487. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

—Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit. PETR.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as passages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in the action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction

with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the Religio Medici, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and, I think, I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, comprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed.—Thus it is observed, that men, sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us

more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams, I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a solitude:

—Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam— VIRG.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company upon these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, "That all men, whilst they are awake, are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own." The waking man is conversant in the world of nature.

when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power of the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul, in these instances, is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

No. 488. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu! HOR.

I FIND, by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three-

halfpence for my paper, than two-pence. The ingenious T. W. tells me, that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast, for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, viz. "Price Two-pence." I have a letter from a soap-boiler who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an higher price on our commodities since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Castle-soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who writes with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression, than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at sixpence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same occasion; and, as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their father having refused to take in the Spectator, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to abate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter; having given particular orders, that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Letitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expense which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expense, it will easily make up the halfpenny a day, which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than the usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind-hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volume. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion, that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies, as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

"Sir,

Having heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our poet-laureat should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

On the Spectator, by Mr. Tate.

—Aliusque et idem
Nasceris— Hor.

When first the Tatler to a mute was turned,
Great Britain for her Censor's silence mourned:
Robbed of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blazed as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting viewed,
And sighed, till circling day his joys renewed;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same.
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed."

No. 489. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

"Sir,

Upon reading your essay concerning the pleasures of the imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that "greatness" is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I cannot see the heavings[1] of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a pros-

[1] The reader of taste feels the force of this well-chosen word. Mr. Pope had it in view, when he said,—"Who *heaves* old ocean."

pect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

"As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.'

"By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the psalmist, than the pagan scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it! Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus

raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

"Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces; I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode, made by a gentleman[1] upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

'In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

III.

'Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas

IV.

'Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

'Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

'Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

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[1] *i. e.* by himself. So early had a spirit of piety taken possession of this excellent man's mind!

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

'In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.

X.

'My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.' "

No. 494. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè detestabilem, quorum est tandem Philosophorum? Cic.

About an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and, in particular, to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous Independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent minister, whom I have before mentioned, was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After

a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul, whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, "Whether he was prepared for death?" The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frighted out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and especially by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening,

or a marriage-feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsocial state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how[1] such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the Land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer has made a discourse to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. "For my own part, (says he,) I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as

[1] The two *hows* in this sentence do not correspond to each other, either, in sense or construction. *I have* shown *how great*—that is—in what degree; I have shown *how* such a frame of mind is—that is—*on what account*. The first *how* is applied to the *adjective;* the second *how*, to the *verb*. Both these anomalies may be avoided by altering thus—"I have shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion. *and how lovely, and even commendable, such a frame of mind is, in a virtuous person.*"

Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman."

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul; it banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

No. 495. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido
Per damna, per cædes ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

As I am one, who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have anything new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence; they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are

but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views: first, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to show, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The Rabbins, to express the great havoc which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks of a hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East, and are settled in the remotest parts of China: they are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies; not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostasies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the Land of Promise, and within sight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their ex-

emption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages, for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and the holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the Land of Promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution; for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure, to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reason may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses, that attest the truth of the Old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon

them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretend to foretell.

No. 499. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2.

—Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges— PERS.

My friend Will. Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

"DEAR SPEC.,

I was, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

"The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men of any town in Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not

have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this, my very good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame, if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was so sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above-mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream.

"I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the gate flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several ladings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care: upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shoot out of it, I found it was filled with china ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back: I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till upon her setting him

down, I heard her call him dear Pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her; and the fifth a Bolonia lap-dog: for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, loaden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature, could not expect to live long; and that to show her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

"It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbon, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women having a husband that was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so over-loaden, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, and kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

"I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec., without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

"Dear SPEC., thine, sleeping and waking,

WILL. HONEYCOMB."

The ladies will see by this letter, what I have often told them, that WILL. is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot, however, dismiss his letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built, does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

No. 500. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3.

—Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generosque nurusque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.

OVID. MET.

"SIR,

You, who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at least, for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it: for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time, I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

"Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account, by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on

human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the Centurion, "I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." In short, sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small deputy-governors presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any bachelor in England of my own rank and condition.

"There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share, I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated: and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the Holy Scripture represented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grand-sons, that rode on three-score and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the Eastern countries! How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounted upon their hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to ex-

cel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question but He who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is, a virtuous education. I think it is Sir Francis Bacon's observation, that in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest, by being the darling of the parent; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and overtopped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means, I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army, or in the fleet; in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason, I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now, perhaps, in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

"If you are a father, you will not, perhaps, think this letter impertinent; but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire: whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

"Your most humble servant,
and well-wisher,
PHILOGAMUS."

No. 505. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9.

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,
Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium;
Non enim sunt ii aut scientia, aut arte divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sui quæstus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt;
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera. ENNIUS.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations, take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is past, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes, is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read men's fortunes on the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched, more or less, with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can anything be more surprising, than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing,

with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate: and infinite observations of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, everything prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived, how many wizards, gipsies, and cunning-men are dispersed through all the counties and market-towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed, in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually, than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits to resort to that place, either for their cure or for their instruction.

"*Moorfields, October* 4, 1712.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

Having long considered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find, in any quarter of the town, an *Oneirocritic*, or, in plain English,

an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together, without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candlelight all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great-uncle, by my wife's side, was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My Christian and surname begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

"If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who, every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of anything that is unexpected, cry, 'My dream is out;' and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happened, which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit, therefore, of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall, in the first place, tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it; and, in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains: not questioning, at the same time, that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument, which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality, or others, who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in a week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty, after the rate of half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I

have several rooms and apartments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniencies for dreaming at their own houses.

"TITUS TROPHONIUS."

"*N. B.* I am not dumb."

No. 507. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges. JUV.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that "Truth is his body, and Light his shadow." According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature, as error and falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to everything which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribe several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shown wherein the malignity of a lie consists, and set forth in proper colours the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of party-lying. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle-conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is, however one ad-

vantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it: but at present every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily in to a lie when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person, had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite

portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a lie, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to show the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither[1] by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party-lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "It is necessary for me (says he) to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live:" every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the fathers has carried this point so high as to declare, "He would not tell a lie,

[1] *Neither.*] The disjunctive "*neither*" is improperly used, when more than two things come under consideration. The author should either have left out—"*the suggestions of true honour,*" or, he should have said, "*is not determined by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, or the principles of religion.*"

though he were sure to gain heaven by it." However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonbly, "He would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it;" or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

No. 511. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? OVID.

"DEAR SPEC.,

Finding that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest, all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit's window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met the following account. He tells us that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec., it happened in Persia, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as

beauties or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order, therefore, to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

"What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with cobblers and carmen, or describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shopkeepers' and farmers' daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid, that as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

"I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was enclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do unsight unseen. The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase:

upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she promised him.

"I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pound; upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance: the purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast: as we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market; and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound a-head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, prythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay, lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

"Thine, HONEYCOMB."

No. 512 FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. HOR.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shows for our good on such an occasion, as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and, indeed, all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable! some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is fable, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves.[1] We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions, than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-

[1] *Ourselves.*] Two small inaccuracies in this sentence. 1. Instead of "*upon reading of a fable,*" it should have been, "*upon the reading of,*" or, "*upon reading a fable.*"—2. The sentence is involved and complicated—"We reflect *that*—we are made to believe *that* we advise ourselves." —To conceal or palliate the last defect, the second *that* is left out, but must be supplied by the reader

reached as to think he is directing himself, whilst he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; everything appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder, therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the Absalon and Achitophel was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose[1] to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do[2] not like the worse for that little Oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to this great sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, on their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall, out of an heap of rubbish. "I would fain

[1] *Chose.*] To avoid the fault just now taken notice of, we might say, "*choosing* to give," &c.

[2] *Which I do—which is.*] The same fault again.

know," says the sultan, "what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word everything that the owls had said. "You must know then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, "Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion." To which the father of the daughter replied, "Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages."

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus, namely, that [1] if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand everything they said to one another. Whether the dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.

No. 513. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18.

—Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei - VIRG.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once, as

[1] "*That*—it would produce—of such virtue *that*—."] Still the same fault of a too complicated construction; whence we may conclude that this paper was written carelessly, and in haste.

one of that society who assist me in my speculations. It is a "Thought in Sickness," and of a very serious nature; for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

"SIR,

The indisposition which has long hung upon me is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

"Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works: or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which everywhere surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow.

"'That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us that it is only our union to these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world: the other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God, indeed, is at a great remove from this earth, above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these

bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still,) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them, is to remove into the next: for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: so that though within this visible world there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world: but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our view; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before; and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it: thus St. Paul tells us, 'That when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord,' 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And, methinks, this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with! There are such things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive: death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh: which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes which hinders our sight.'

"As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being, 'whom none can see and live,' he must be much more affected, when he considers that this Being whom he appears before will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess, that I think there is no scheme of religion besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person

under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to 'stand in his sight.' Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

"It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
  O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
  O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
  And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
  And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
  In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
  O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
  Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
  Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
  Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
  To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
  Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
  To make her pardon sure.

"There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur Des Barreaux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité:
Toûjours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté,
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:
Ton interest s'oppose à ma félicité,
Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
Contente ton desir, puis qu' il t' est glorieux;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre:
J' adore en perissant la raison qui t' aigrit,
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnere,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ.

"If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light; and am ever, with great sincerity,

"Sir, Yours," &c.

No. 517. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!— VIRG.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the country sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have let-

ters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,

Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom: and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are

grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"Honoured sir, your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT."

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner[1] of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club.

[1] *The poor butler's manner.*] As if that *manner* was not the very thing that melts us. There is a little vanity in this apology for the *poor butler*

Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was, in particular, the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

No. 519. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus. VIRG.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean[1] that system of bodies, into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are, therefore, subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are, in the same manner, the basis of other animals that live[2] upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavi-

[1] *By which I mean.*] He had better have said—*or*—and so below, after "*world of life*"

[2] "*Which* are—*that* live."] This complicated construction, though against rule, has a grace here.

ties that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the Plurality of Worlds draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as, indeed, it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with lies waste and useless, those great bodies which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shellfish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow[1] to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a

[1] *That grow.*] Better, *and grow*—for "*and immediately die*,"—read, —"*but immediately die.*"

gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense, which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, specified, in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. The intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees and perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence

of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made[1] by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the power which produced him.

"That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy regions: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids and sea-men. There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find everywhere that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually

[1] *This consequence—is made.*] To *make a consequence* is strange English: and, *the consequence of so great a variety*, &c., is almost as strange. He might have said more briefly and properly—*This conclusion is drawn by Mr. Locke*, &c.

descend from us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species, we have no clear, distinct ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi.* So that he, who in one respect being associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, "Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

No. 523. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30.

—Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor— VIRG.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a poem that is just published "On the Prospect of Peace," and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons, as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well-pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at anything of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's Metamorphoses, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of

school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon Venus or Helen, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or description of Polypheme. At other times when I have searched for the actions of a great man who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram, with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.[1]

No thought is beautiful which is not just, and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.[2]

In mock-heroic poems, the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the Pastorals of Mr. Philips One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry

[1] The way of writing, here very justly condemned, sprung up with the revival of letters; and was to be expected in that state of things, when every poet was in effect a school-boy; when those agreeable stories of the Pagan gods were new to most people, and the knowledge of them gave so much distinction. But this puerile mode of writing would not have continued to Mr. Addison's days, if Mr. Waller had not made it his own, and set it off with the utmost grace and ingenuity.

[2] *Or at least in that which passes for such.*] This *exception*, which must be admitted, reduces the general rule of Bouhours and the French critics, from whom Mr. Addison took it, to just nothing: for what is that thought, which in the hands of an able writer may not be so turned as *to pass for truth*, with most readers?

to have subsisted[1] without fauns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty, to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the Pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order, therefore, to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

"Whereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to show their talents on so happy an occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person, who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own poem without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or despatch relating to the peace; and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the

[1] Without doubt, "*to subsist*."

Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear, that Neptune will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil,[1] I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no Pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be constructed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall be still left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written."

No. 529. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter. Hor.

Upon the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the author of a *folio*, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a *quarto*; the author of a *quarto* above the author of an *octavo*; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in *twenty-fours*. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a *folio* writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of *duodecimo* has, out of a just defer-

[1] *Upon the stocks*, had been better in this place, for an obvious reason.

ence to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for a pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.[1]

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared. After which I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every *octavo* writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six *octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *folio*, which I take notice of, the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised, if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another, according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a

[1] *Is yet settled.*] Humorously, perhaps modestly, said. But there was no doubt in the writer's time about that precedency; at least, there can be none now.

class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to the present state of England, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another kind of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body. I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known, the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, "Once a king, and always a king." For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of a hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add, that, by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before comic writers; those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former, but Mr. Dryden and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

No. 530. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. HOR.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will. Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but Will. in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will. was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed Dear Spec., which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into My worthy Friend, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will. Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for about thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have

made my friend Will. often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

"My worthy Friend,

I question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces, but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of 'The marriage-hater matched;' but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air

I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father, (when it shall so happen,) and as

"Your most sincere friend,
And humble servant,
WILLIAM HONEYCOMB."

No. 531. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum. HOR.

SIMONIDES being asked by Dionysius the tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and, since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection, but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in a human soul, becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge; the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by

joining all these different kinds of perfections in one Being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks, must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. "If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection: *v. g.* having, from what we experiment in in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex idea of God."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be, therefore, a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the Great Author of Nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add, under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will

fall infinitely short of what he really is. "There is no end of his greatness:" the most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. "By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short; wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify Him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? there are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works."

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards men. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature, than any other our nation has ever produced. "He had the profoundest veneration for the Great God of heaven and earth, that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which one that knew him particularly above twenty years has told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it."

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason, to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

No. 535. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Spem longam reseces— Hor.

My four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of anything in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreason-

able and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose[1] in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

[1] *Such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose, &c.*] *As* is here improperly used for *that*, the relative for the conjunction. It has its right use in the next sentence—*such as we are pretty sure of attaining*. But the whole had better been given thus—*Such as are likely to yield us what we propose, &c.—and such as we are pretty sure, &c.* It may seem capricious in the author to say—whether they *be* such, in the first sentence, and whether they *are* such, in the last. But the conjunction, *whether*, admitting both the *subjunctive* and *indicative* mood, the ear has its choice of either; and Mr. Addison's was a very nice one. Besides *whether they be*, is rather the more exact construction of the two, and therefore the repetition of it in the following sentence might appear to Mr. Addison like an *affectation* of exactness, or, what we call, *formality*, which his gracious prose is always studious to avoid. However, to palliate this change of the mood, and introduce it with less offence, he does not say,—"whether they *be* such"—and "*are* such," which, by bringing the two moods so close together, would point out their incongruity; but, "*whether they be such*," and then again, "*and whether they are such*,"—in two distinct complete sentences.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often insnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself,[1] if he reflects on the several amusements of hope

[1] *The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, &c.*] This sentence deserves to be well considered: 1. The repetition of *but*—"such a wild, *but* natural"—"I questioned not *but*"—has an ill effect. 2. *But*, in "I question not *but*" may seem equivalent to *that*, for so it follows in the next sentence—"and *that* he will consider," *i. e.* I question not, that he will consider.—Why then did he not say—I question not *that*, in the first instance? Certainly, to avoid the repetition of *that—that* I question not *that*.—After the intervention of a whole sentence, he ventures to assume the regular form—and *that* he will consider; still the fault is only palliated, not removed. Taking the construction in this light, he had better have expressed himself thus:—"The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and will consider himself," &c. But, 3. *But* is not equivalent to that.—The sense of this particle is, according to its name, always *adversative*, though the use of it, in our language, be frequently such as may lead a careless reader to think otherwise. The mystery is only this: *but*, refers very often to something that passes in the writer's or speaker's mind; and is not expressed. In all cases, the sentence in which it occurs is *elliptical;* as that before us, which, when filled up, would run thus—I question not but [believe that] my reader, &c. Sometimes, the ellipsis is only of the *verb*, as when we say—I question not but that.—All the forms of speaking in which *but* occurs, and in a sense seemingly not adversative, may be explained in the same manner. The sentence before us is, then, not

which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket (says he) cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all

ungrammatical; and is only faulty because it is long and complicated, and something unharmonious, by what could not be avoided, the repetition of *that* in the last part of it; for, *I question not*, to which *but* is opposed, being at a considerable distance, he could not say—*but he will consider*—as he had said before, but *my reader will*; and even then, the sound of *but*, thus repeated, had been offensive. The way of rectifying the whole passage, is this:—"The fable has in it a very wild and natural air; and I question not but [or but that] my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and will consider himself (if he reflects on the several amusements of hope, which have sometimes passed in his mind) as a near relation to the Persian glass-man."

As for the ellipsis, it is very frequent, and natural in all languages; the mind hastening to its main conclusion, without stopping to deduce explicitly its intervening ideas: as in the following passage of Euripides—

> βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,
> Ἵν' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ' ἔχω σέθεν
> Μνημεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πειθῇς λόγοις.
>
> IPHIG. IN AUL. 1238.

—Yet, the perspicuity of a sentence is something hurt by elliptical forms, and the main character of a polished language is perspicuity. One would, therefore, as much as may be, and when custom has not made them necessary, or sufficiently intelligible, always avoid them.

sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I'll give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter with tears in her eyes will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical

vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

No. 536. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

O verè Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!— VIRG.

As I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, stept out of her coach, and brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the further end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller, that I was the man of the short face, whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a curtsey. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter, subscribed, "To the ingenious Spectator," which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it, therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

"MR. SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom;

I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of the women's-men, or beaus, &c. Mr. Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you would recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short, in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies, (except at church; be pleased to forbid it there, to prevent mistakes,) it will be easily complied with. It is, beside, an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the beaus more readily come into it; it shows a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts, and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it further, by speaking of the satisfaction these male-knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you further at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer,

"C. B."

"P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work, the better; there being at this time several fine fringes that stay only for more hands."

I shall, in the next place, present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

"Mr. Spectator,

Since you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you will discourage every practice that rather proceeds from a regard to interest,

than to happiness Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service, by some small encouragement, as great a number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whifflers, and commonly call "Shoeing-horns." These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady, Madam Matchwell, that it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements about the house, to clap on as occasion serves, and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a shoeing-horn, before he be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady, whom I could name if it was necessary, has at present more shoeing-horns of all sizes, countries, and colours in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a shoeing-horn for several years, and finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a shoe. I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. William Honeycomb, was not a cast shoeing-horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an arrant shoeing-horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their applications to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her shop, and it was not till a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than her shoeing-horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look upon myself to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very short time after, she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate shoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, sir, it would very well become a man in your post to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed, with honour, to make use of a shoeing-horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five and twenty, or a

widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a privilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject.

"I am, sir,
With the most profound veneration,
Your's, &c.

No. 538. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

—Ultra
Finem tendere opus. Hor.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces; but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of Antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprisers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to show in it its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the

miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner: others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the shape which had affected them is altered. From thence they passed to eels, then to parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, till we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in, we inquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in the company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility amongst us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may be all satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance: "As I was going through a street of London, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and a faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung."

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on: some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not, all this while, disbelieve everything that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had, for some time, been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally take to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character, or a caution against danger, make us suppress our opinion, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense, when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expense becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: and, indeed, (if we should even go no further,) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition; because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shows another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprise, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the hint

from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different causes, for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear, should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the rest, with an appearance of severity, and, with the known old story in his head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of anything can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it: thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame which we fondly take to increase our character. It is, indeed, a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to ourselves: he seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is, that you are struck dumb, immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying: then it is, that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expense: and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the public.[1]

"Mr. Spectator,

The other day, walking in Pancras church-yard, I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your readers.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatched by early, not untimely, death.

[1] I cannot tell how this paper came to be inserted in Mr. Tickell's edition. It certainly was not written by Mr. Addison.

Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

"I am, sir, your servant."

No. 542. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Et sibi præferri se gaudet— OVID.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the Spectator are as good, if not better than any of his works. Upon this occasion, many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: such are those from the Valetudinarian; the Inspector of the Sign-posts; the Master of the Fan-exercise; with that of the Hooped-petticoat; that of Nicholas Hart, the Annual Sleeper: that of Sir John Envill; that upon the London Cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me anything which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the playhouse, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must, therefore, inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a

letter, for these reasons: first, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud anything whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the Spectator. Fourthly, because the dignity spectatorial would have suffered, had I published, as from myself, those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others, who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find his accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous, perhaps to a fault, in quoting the authors of several passages, which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is, in reality, an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made

use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm that a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of anything in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the mean while, I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of everything that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

"Sir,

I was this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read over, with great satisfaction, Tully's observations on action adapted to the British theatre: though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying. Captain Sentry has taken possession of a fair estate; Will. Honeycomb has married a farmer's daughter, and the Templar withdraws himself into the business of his own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new mem-

bers, we are under apprehensions of losing the British Spectator. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on the subject, and question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly oblige .

"Your most sincere friend and servant,

PHILO-SPEC."

No. 543. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

—Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen— OVID.

THOSE who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded, from the outward and inward make of a human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of a human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handiwork. There are, indeed, many parts, of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom, for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses[1] the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends

[1] *Several important uses for those parts, which uses.*] The ungraceful repetition of the word *uses* seemed necessary, in order to prevent the relative *which* from being coupled with *parts*, as it regularly should be. Besides, uses *for* parts, is not exact. The whole is badly expressed.

upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the work of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of a human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy. I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more, in number than the throw which immediately preceded it; who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are pub-

lished, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still further: every living creature considered in itself has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other, in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated a hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so won-

derful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we consider how the several species in the whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concourse of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem entitled Creation, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

No. 547. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier— HOR.

It is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has

celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

"SIR,

I am often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favourite speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the Spectator the same compliment that is often made in our public prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moor the apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they laboured. The proposal took, and the lady where we visited having the two last volumes in large paper interleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the window, whither every one in the company retired, and writ down a particular advertisement in the style and phrase of the like ingenious compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our newspapers. When we had finished our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at the fire-side, and agreed, *nemine contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and sent to the Spectator. The gentleman who made the proposal entered the following advertisement before the title-page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

"*Remedium efficax et universum*; or, an effectual remedy adapted to all capacities; showing how any person may cure himself of ill-nature, pride, party-spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human system; with an easy way to know when the infection is upon him. This panacea is as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires no confinement. It has not its equal in the universe, as abundance

of the nobility and gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.

"*N. B.* No family ought to be without it."

Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first in the third volume.

"I, William Crazy, aged threescore and seven, having been for several years afflicted with uneasy doubts, fears, and vapours, occasioned by the youth and beauty of Mary my wife, aged twenty-five, do hereby for the benefit of the public give notice, that I have found great relief from the two following doses, having taken them two mornings together with a dish of chocolate. Witness my hand," &c.

For the benefit of the poor.

"In charity to such as are troubled with the disease of levee-hunting, and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I, A. B., do testify, that for many years past I laboured under this fashionable distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I bought of Mrs. Baldwin, contained in a half-sheet of paper, marked No. 193, where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the price of a single penny.

"An infallible cure for hypochondriac melancholy. No. 173, 184, 191, 203, 209, 221, 233, 235, 239, 245, 247, 251.

"*Probatum est.* CHARLES EASY."

"I, Christopher Query, having been troubled with a certain distemper in my tongue, which showed itself in impertinent and superfluous interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal of the prescription marked No. 228."

"The Britannic Beautifier, being an Essay on Modesty, No. 231, which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend: is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either wash, powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best beautifier in the world.

"MARTHA GLOWORM."

"I, Samuel Self, of the parish of St. James's, having a constitution which naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions, marked No. 177, recommending a healthful exercise called Good-nature, and have found it a most excellent sweetener of the blood."

"Whereas I, Elizabeth Rainbow, was troubled with that distemper in my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and discovered itself in the colour of their hoods, having made use of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days."

"I, George Gloom, have for a long time been troubled with the spleen, and being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of Steele,[1] did for that end make use of Remedies conveyed to me several mornings in short letters, from the hands of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the bottom, Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c., which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself cheerful, lightsome, and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper."

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

No. 549. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen— Juv.

[2]I BELIEVE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retire-

[1] *A course of Steele.*] The joke lies in the ambiguity of the expression —*a course of Steele*: which may either mean *a course of steel-medicines*, which are thought good in hypochondriac cases, or a course of *those speculations* which were first published by *Sir Richard Steele*. This observation will have its use, if these papers should outlive (as they possibly may) the *memory* of the invisible doctor.

[2] This paper is not so well written as might be expected from Mr. Addison, on so critical an occasion as that of winding up the plot of the *Spectator*. Yet, on the whole, it might possibly be his.

ment, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people, there are none who are so hard to part with the world, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why, in a very few days after, he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then,[1] he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. "Now, (says he,) you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner, with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved, however, to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place."

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwith-

[1] *In the temper of mind he was then.*] Elliptically expressed, for—*in the temper of mind in which he was then.*—We sometimes take this liberty in the familiar style.

standing the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

"GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

Notwithstanding my friends at the club have always rallied me when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, 'That a merchant has never enough till he has got a little more;' I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment of my possessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds; it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improvable lands, and in my own thoughts am already ploughing up some of them, fencing others, planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her Majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships; I hope, as a husbandman, to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain or a glimpse of sunshine shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by

myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an almshouse, which I intend to endow very handsomely, for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their own thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus.* You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace, it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding, fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you, and, in a word, such a hearty welcome as you may expect from

"Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT."

The club, of which I am a member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week, upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

No. 550. MONDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor Hiatu? HOR.

SINCE the late dissolution of the club,[1] whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many per-

[1] It was very injudicious (and certainly, therefore, not Mr. Addison's advice) to continue this paper, after *the dissolution of the club.* The drama was naturally at an end, when the characters disappeared: and much of the grace and spirit of this work depended on the *dramatic* air which those characters bestowed upon it. What should we think of a supplemental act to a play, when the story was concluded?

sons who, by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman begun to tap upon the first information he received of Sir Roger's death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased,[1] he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will. Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interests in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me, that he has one and twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters, dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain Sentry's place, and as many from a coffee-house in Paul's church-yard of such who[2] would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which, on such an occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of

[1] *In the place of the deceased.*] Better, *into the place.*

[2] *Of such who.*] The correlative of *such* is sometimes *who*, but more frequently *as*. The form of expression, in either case, I take to be elliptical, and to be supplied thus—*such as they are who:* sometimes we connect the extremes, *such—who*, and omit the intermediate terms—*as they are;* sometimes, again, (and this more usually,) we take the two first terms, *such as*, and omit the following—*they are who.*—In all cases, I take it to be an error to consider *as* in the light of a relative, properly so called. It is a conjunction only; but is mistaken for a relative, because, in this construction, it *implies* one, though it be not expressed.

the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself, if I act with so regal an air; and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the "King of Clubs."

But to proceed on my intended project, it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it[1] with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions, in the conversations which I have related, beyond a yes or a no. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now, in order to diversify my character, and to show the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design upon the first meeting of the said club to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myself, in this particular, by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence,

[1] *Violated it.*] There is no pronouncing—*ed* and *it*, when they come together, especially when the accent, as here, does not fall on *ed*, but is even thrown back as far as *vi*, in *violated*. But the author allowed himself to commit this fault (for we may be sure his ear admonished him of it) rather than part with *violated*, the most happily chosen word, in this place, that ever was.

was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great Britain, they will inform the world, that the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next. I may, perhaps, publish a very useful paper at that time, of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

No. 556. FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. VIRG.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club,[1] and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years' silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Crœsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead

[1] *A new club* would never be endured, after the old one: and without a club, to what end is his *mouth opened?* Everything shows that Mr. Addison was much embarrassed in contriving how to protract this paper beyond its natural term. We find him, therefore, after much expense of humour in describing this *ceremony* of opening his mouth, obliged to proceed *in his old way*, that is, of formal essay, instead of *conversation*. See the conclusion of this paper.

of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring, however, to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not, for my life, get in a word among them; and found, that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffee-houses have, ever since, been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which, I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Child's; a friend to the Englishman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.[1]

—Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi—

My old acquaintance scarce know me; nay, I was asked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who used to come to that coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the university know, that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the

[1] *Another man to what I was.*] To account for this construction, *another—to*, we are to fill up the sentence thus: "I am quite another man [compared] to what I was." But *another*, as here used, having the sense of *different*, we borrow its construction, and say, without scruple,—another man *from*—as we should do, if the word *different* was employed. This form of expression is now generally followed, and is plainly better than the other elliptical one.

world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men, and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their care the properties of all their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers, to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: till which time I must entreat the courteous reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.

No. 557. MONDAY, JUNE 30.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues. VIRG.

"THERE is nothing (says Plato) so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of truth." For this reason there is

no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the prætor told him, "That where the law required two witnesses, he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself." Such a speech, from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shows us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man, however, ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher.[1] I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

"The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

"The dialect of conversation is, now-a-days, so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he

[1] *Great British preacher.*] Deservedly called great, for the manliness of his sense, and the unadorned dignity of his expression. But they who have little relish for the chaste graces of Mr. Addison's style, may be excused if they have still less for the graceful negligence of Archbishop Tillotson's.

would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way."

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles the Second's reign, by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

"Master,

The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another; truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, "That he was extremely sorry for the storm I met with just before my arrival." I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account: but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another, who came with him, told me by my interpreter, 'He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.' Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired me 'to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.' Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present: but the false varlet no sooner

saw me falling to work, but[1] he sent word to desire me to give over, for that[2] he would have no such doings in his house. I have not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had 'eternally obliged him.' I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, 'What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity?' However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

"At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking 'ten thousand pardons' of me, for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negociate anything with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, How I do? I have this question put to me above an hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though, at the same time, they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities, as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also, in the same manner: but I have more reason to expect it from the good-

[1] *But.*] We now say, *than*, and rightly: not that *but* ever stood for *than*, as our grammarians suppose. To account for this use of *but*, we must supply a whole sentence, that may be supposed to have passed in the writer's mind.—"The false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, [than he did not allow me to proceed] *but* he sent to me," &c.—We see, then, how *but* came to signify, or rather to *imply*, *than*. See the note on p. 57.

[2] *For that.*] For [this reason, viz.] that—which the French express by *parceque*, *i. e.* par ce que, *for this that*.

ness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam."

No. 558. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur? horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.—Hor.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us, than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their

several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see[1] my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burthens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burthens, composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles; and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among his collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts, though I could

[1] *My heart melted within me to see.*] Yet he says before, that *he saw with a great deal of pleasure.*—These two things may be consistent, but should have been expressed with more care.

not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen.* But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question,[1] came loaden[2] with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle, I found, that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

[1] *Who, I did not question, came.*] *i. e.* Who, *as* I did not question, came, &c.—*as*, is to be understood and supplied in all sentences of this form, which should be pointed accordingly.

[2] *Came loaden.*]—load*ed* had been better after quest*ion;* but the author had an eye to *laid* in the close of the sentence, on which word, indeed, the emphasis falls. "*I did not question,*" being parenthetical, the monotony in *question* and *loaden* is not so much regarded.

No. 559. FRIDAY, JUNE 25

Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet: neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? HOR.

In my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him, in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede[1] from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by

[1] We say *incapable of receding*, not, *incapable to recede*. But having said, *either of them*, to avoid the repetition of *of*, he said, *to recede*.—It should be—*But they were not allowed, either of them, to recede*, &c

the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu[1] of what he had parted with; whether it be, that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two

[1] *In liqu.*] I know not why the author preferred French to English, *in lieu*, to *instead*, unless it were to avoid the monotony of, *instead*, *what*, *parted*.

long trapsticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the others made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down, under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent, in her stead, a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.[1]

[1] It was necessary to correct the moral of these humorous papers with this humane reflection.

No. 561. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

—Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda. VIRG.

"SIR,

I am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learnt several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the name of widow-hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves 'The Widow club.' This club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a week round a large oval table.

"I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follow.

"II. Mrs. Snapp, who has four jointures, by four different bed-fellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the countries in England, on this side the Trent.

"III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club, after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

"IV. The widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

"V. Lady Catherine Swallow. She was a widow at

eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

"VI. The lady Waddle. She was married in the fifteenth year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the fifty-fifth year of her age, she was married to James Spindle, Esq., a youth of one and twenty, who did not outlive the honey-moon.

"VII. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir Sampson Conquest, some time justice of the quorum. Sir Sampson was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth, from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years' time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sir Sampson's three victories to hers, and gave her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

"VIII. The widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much to heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight, for the sake of a young Templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favourite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the thirty-seventh year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdasher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

"IX. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club: but soon after left it, upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a despatch of,

that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will, probably, be in the president's chair before she dies.

"These ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room, but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls: upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husbands in miniature.

"As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the cholic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not weep so much for the loss of a husband, as for the want of one.

"The principal rule, by which the whole society are to govern themselves, is this, to cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the whole world to themselves.

"They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

"Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their arts and stratagems, with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, until at last, to use the club phrase, 'They sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.'

"The politics which are most cultivated by this society of she-Machiavels, relate chiefly to these two points, How to treat a lover, and How to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the

compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

"The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen anything of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue, of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection, until he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.[1]

"After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

"Your humble servant," &c.

No. 562. FRIDAY, JULY 2.

—Præsens, absens ut sies. Ter.

"It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself (says Cowley): it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him." Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will, upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. "Does he think (says Brutus) that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting

[1] After all the severity of this satire, it should be remembered, that the author ventured on a widow, *the Countess of Warwick;* who, to speak in the language of this letter, *fairly laid him out,* within the compass of four years: an exploit, for which her ladyship seems to have been well entitled to the chair of this society.

Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the ides of March, as he is of the nones of December?" I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the ides of March Brutus destroyed Cæsar, and that Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Catiline in the calends of December. How shocking soever this great man's talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character,[1] and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides, that there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentlemen of Port-Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as arising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To show their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an egotism; a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolsey, *Ego et rex meus*, "I and my king;" as perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world, was Montagne, the author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works, and after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though, perhaps, he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an essay promises, perhaps, a discourse upon Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montagne than either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words; *La grande fadaise de Mon-*

[1] *Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character*—without doubt: and he might have said—*raise one's ideas of it*, when the writer or speaker has such a heart to *lay open* as Cicero had.

tagne, qui a escrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc——que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime? "For my part, (says Montagne,) I am a great lover of your white wines." "What the devil signifies it to the public, (says Scaliger,) whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?"

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists for whom I have always had a mortal aversion, I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces savour very strongly of the egotism. Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle hours, that it was published at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, studies, or conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject.

—Id populus curat scilicet.

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character; though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are egotists in conversation: these are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of egotists which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty, conceited fellows, who repeat as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, "That

as he and Jack such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion;" upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence, "*Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.*" But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use,[1] had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

No. 565. FRIDAY, JULY 9.

—Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum. VIRG.

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me.[2] I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as

[1] *What he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use.*] The reader may, perhaps, think (for the writer himself, in a careless humour, appears to have done so) that the copulative *and* connects the verbs *thought* and *appropriated*, whereas it connects the verbs *was* and *appropriated*, and even then the last of these verbs has no substantive belonging to it. For the passage, if regularly pointed and filled up, stands thus—*what* [as] *he thought was a new conceit, and* [he] *had appropriated to his own use.* Still, to make *what* the *nominative case* in the former part of this passage, and the *accusative* in the latter, even though it had been repeated in its place, as it is not, is very irregular, and even barbarous. The whole may be reformed by changing *was* into *to be*—"what he thought to be a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use"—Quod novum putabat esse dictum, et sibi vindicaverat.

[2] The fine imagery of this introduction is presented to us in all the force and beauty of expression.

they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it, in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us;—in short, whilst I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many

stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought[1] so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be[2] stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it: but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard to one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to him, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, till

[1] *This thought*—] I would say—*this speculation*. See the next note.
[2] *That he does not think it impossible* [that] *there may be*—] Better thus—*as to think it not improbable that there may be*.

our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: his Being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so[1] distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions, of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turns within a very narrow circle.

[1] *That is either so*—he had better said—*be it ever so*—for, *which* refers to *nothing*, not to *so*.

But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to Omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start[1] beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him! (says Job.) Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 567. WEDNESDAY, JULY 14.

—Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes. VIRG.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have, indeed, observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader gener-

[1] *Should start*. *Should* has no substantive. We may correct thus—"Were the soul separate from the body, and should it, with one glance of thought, start beyond the bounds of the creation, nay, should it," &c.

ally casts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An M and an h, a T and an r, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written &c——'s.

A sprinkling of the words Faction, Frenchman, Papist, Plunderer, and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, hath also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to the peruser of these mysterious works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter in it.

Some of our authors, indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T-m Br-wn of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire, and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

"If there are *four* persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Engl-shm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his first friend and favourite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch, as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely proverb,

"The proof of the p-dd-ng's in the eating." This I am sure of, that if a *certain prince* should concur with a *certain prelate*, (and we have Monsieur Z——n's word for it,) our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must the British nation suffer forsooth, because my Lady Q—p—t—s has been disobliged? or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——. I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a bl-nd-rb-ss," &c. &c.

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas, and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might, in a little time, be as great a master of the political scratch, as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that, in order to outshine all the modern race of Syncopists, and thoroughly content my English readers, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator, that shall not have a single vowel in it.

No. 568. FRIDAY, JULY 16.

—Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus. MART.

I WAS yesterday in a coffee-house[1] not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that

[1] The Spectator appears, in this paper, under his newly-assumed person of a *talker*. And, indeed, by the specimen, one is tempted to wish that he had written more of these essays on the same plan.

stood before them; and, after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle, is looked upon, among brother smokers, as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, "The Spectator (says I) is very witty to-day;" upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, "Ay, (says he,) more witty than wise I am afraid." His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time, all the while he was speaking: "This fellow, (says he,) cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?" I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. "Asterisks, (says he,) do you call them? they are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines! Ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him." Upon this, the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither; "For, (says he,) you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding." "A fig for his dash, (says the angry politician,) in his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? why does he not write at length, if he means honestly?" "I have read over the whole sentence, (says I,) but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who (says I) is my Lady Q—p—t—s?" "Ay, answer that if you can, sir," says the furious statesman to the poor Whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, "I

do assure you, (says he,) were I my Lady Q—p—t—s, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum.* What is the world come to? must everybody be allowed to——?" He had, by this time, filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, puts us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters in my Lady Q—p—t—s's name; "But, however, (says I,) he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us! I mean, (says I,) after those words, The fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a——; after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough." "Sir," says my antagonist, "you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B—y's and T—t's, treated after so scurrilous a manner?" "I cannot for my life, (says I,) imagine who the Spectator means." "No! (says he,)——Your humble servant, sir!" Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The Whig, however, had begun to conceive a good-will towards me, and seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself, upon that gross tribe of fools, who may be termed the Over-wise, and upon the difficulty of writing anything in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty, pragmatical fellow, in the country, who upon reading over "The whole Duty of Man," had written the names of several persons in the village at the

side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author: so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before: upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the 'squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place having, at that time, a controversy with some of his congregation, upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England.

No. 569. MONDAY, JULY 19.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus— HOR.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will. Funnell, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of champaigne; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young

men who are as vain in this particular as Will. Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as, indeed, there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher, that his wife was not handsome, "Put less water in your wine, (says the philosopher,) and you will quickly make her so." Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man,

and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, "That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults." Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem;* "He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects, which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual, which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to show the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

No. 571. FRIDAY, JULY 23.

—Cœlum quid quærimus ultra? Luc.

As the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

"Sir,

In your paper of Friday the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and, at the

same time, to show, that as he is present to everything, he cannot but be attentive to everything, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are co-existent, and run together, through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light, wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

"First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

"Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

"Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

"First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and the planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this Divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it which are perfective of his nature and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and everywhere about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is, indeed, impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures, but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may,

perhaps, be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

"We may assure ourselves, that the Great Author of Nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven, but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within their flames, to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

"But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! 'Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?' But, Thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

"The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is, doubtless, a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one

another, as our senses do material objects: and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will, by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the Divine Presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may, however, taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions, which are perpetually springing up and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy, therefore, is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than anything else can be which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than anything that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

"If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts,

that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in Divine revelation: 'If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'"

No. 574. FRIDAY, JULY 30.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. HOR.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about the Great Secret. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret, as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted everything that was near it to the highest perfection it was capable of. "It gives a lustre (says he) to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short, (says he,) its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven." After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into

the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but Content.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has, indeed, a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of, for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him[1] upon the loss of a farm; "Why, (said he,) I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost, than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly

[1] *Condoled him.*] In verbs of Greek or Latin derivation and construction, to which the preposition *σὺν*, or *cum*, softened into *sym*, and *con*, is prefixed, we now repeat the preposition, i. e. its equivalent in English, after the verb. Thus, we say, *con*dole *with*, *sym*pathize *with*, &c. The reason why we do not compound *with* with verbs of our own growth, as the Latins do *cum*, is, because this preposition, so placed, has an adversative sense: as *withhold*, &c.

called rich, who have not more than they want;[1] there are few rich men, in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, "Luxury is artificial poverty." I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher: namely, "That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the

[1] *For this reason, as there are none [who] can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want.*] The irregularity of this sentence is made apparent by the insertion of *who* after *none*, where it must of necessity be understood. He should either have said—*as none can be properly called rich, who*, &c. or else—*as there are none who can be properly called rich, unless they have*, &c.

unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by, "It was a great mercy that it was not his neck." To which, since I have got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one (says he) has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose, in the Life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system, besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce, in the mind of man, the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us, is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwise. These and the like considerations rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again. "It is for that very reason (said the emperor) that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to

human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

No. 575. MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

Nec morti esse locum— VIRG.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father, (says he,) you are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world."—"True, son, (said the hermit,) but what is thy condition if there is?" Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second, permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life, as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are?

Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty, by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a scheme of duties, quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years! and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures, are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations! Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider, that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing

that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are, to the imagination, as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as a unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason, therefore, tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part of this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration,[1] and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it

[1] "Under the consideration *of* the great length *of* the first part *of* this this duration."] The connecting of so many genitive cases together, in this sentence, by means of the preposition *of*, though generally a fault, and for the most part studiously avoided by Mr. Addison, has here an extreme grace, as the length of the chain serves to express more emphatically the length of that duration which he describes.

may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.[1]

No. 576. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4.

Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi. OVID.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two a-clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable, to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is, indeed, nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences, as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider, that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to; and it is the nature of

[1] These two moral papers, though on the commonest of all subjects, and without the appearance of a new sentiment to recommend them, are perhaps, as pleasing as any in the Spectator. The reason is, that they are exquisitely well written; by which I only mean, that the style is perfectly clear and pure; that is, such as it should be on the occasion, which requires, and only permits, that plain good sense should be suitably expressed.—

Tantùm de medio sumptis accedit honoris!

actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in anything that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country-gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them, that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent, than drink the king's health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer;

the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and, indeed, from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate, but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's Dialogue of the Dead. "The ambitious and the covetous (says he) are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy hors d'œuvre;" that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.

No. 579. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11.

—Odora canum vis. VIRG.

IN the reign of King Charles I. the Company of Stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions; for instead of "Thou shalt not commit adultery," they printed off several thousands of copies with "Thou shalt commit adultery." Archbishop

Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that Company in the Starchamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives for bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though, by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon Mount Ætna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, (says the historian,) that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master Vulcan; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

"These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite of Venus, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour, according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple

several years, but were such snappish curs that they frighted away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful (says the author) to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shown to their mothers. It is said that a prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, insomuch, that she solicited her husband to send him away, but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, 'Love me, love my dog.' From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to come to court till he was discarded. There were, indeed, some of them that defied his sagacity, but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple: after they had lived here in great repute for several years, it so happened, that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him if his brethren had not come in to his assistance: upon which, (says my author,) the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct."

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing, that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and show the world the difference between Pagan women, and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

No. 580. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.

—Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia cœli. Ov. Met.

"Sir,

I considered in my two last letters that awful and tremendous subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shown that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is that place which is marked out in Scripture under the different appellations of 'Paradise,' 'The third Heaven,' 'The Throne of God,' and 'The Habitation of his Glory.' It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God, with Hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God, which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestic, presence. He is, indeed, as essentially present in all other places as in this, but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendours which can affect the imagination of created beings.

"It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer, that is, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the Supreme powers seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated

with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But, to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the Pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion, that heaven is the habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

"As in Solomon's Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the figures of the Cherubims, and into which none but the high priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the High Priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

"With how much skill must the throne of God be erected! With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by Him who inspired Hyram with wisdom! How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent manner! What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom! A spirit cannot but be transported, after an ineffable manner, with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: 'Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight.' The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendours which encompass the throne of God.

"As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide

and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect!

"This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that[1] they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but, at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the Scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

"I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight, and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul, than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in Holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why, therefore, should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and

[1] *Because that*—is equivalent to *by reason that*, or, *on this account that*. This way of speaking is now out of use. We omit *that*, and say more concisely, though, with regard to the etymology of *because* [*by cause*], less properly—*because they are able*, &c.

which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature; 'objects which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in Christ (says St. Paul, speaking of himself) above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for man to utter.' By this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely different from anything which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

"It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are some time or other tc make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and useful curiosity, to get what informations we can of it, whilst we make use of revelation for our guide. When these everlasting doors shall be opened to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations, and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves with many other speculations on this subject, from those several hints which we find of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there may not be different mansions and apartments of glory, to beings of different natures; whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the sabbath-day, in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

"I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated on

the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the Omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blest. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy,[1] but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before Him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy."

No. 582. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18.

—Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes— Juv.

There is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensary. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *cacoethes*, which is a hard word for a disease, called, in plain English, the itch of writing. This *cacoethes* is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers; that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease, when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is, indeed, one kind of this malady

[1] An apology for the popular manner in which he has treated this sublime and abstract subject.

which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a Tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But, to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days, and at stated times. We have not the consolation, in the perusal of these authors, which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are sure, if we have but patience, we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired a humorous saying of Diogenes, who, reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, "Courage, lads, I see land." On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers, I am now speaking of, is never at an end. One day makes work for another; we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, entitled, "William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology." This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: "The absence of the sun is not the cause of night, forasmuch as his light is so great, that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day, but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light."

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light, as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen, who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of

these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.[1]

No. 583. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.

> Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
> Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
> Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
> Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres. VIRG.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who[2] are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are, indeed, more happy than those who are determined by necessity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry, which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen, in their busy hours, apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion, which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath: "I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these, I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of PLANTING. I could

[1] The humour of this paragraph should not divert the reader from observing the nice conduct of the allegory.
[2] Perspicuity requires, "*those persons, who.*"

mention a nobleman, whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which show he has been there: he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posteriy of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been, at this time, as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is, indeed, something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement; it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason, the pleasure of one who plants, is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know, when a man talks of posterity, in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by

the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: "We are always doing (says he) something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

But I think men are inexcusable who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers, that the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is, perhaps, making one of his own descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expense, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This, therefore, is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that "You may trace him:" which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honest husbandman, who has left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt[1] to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain ourselves with the prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy

[1] Better,—"which *are* apt."—It seems more natural to refer *which* to *those* than to *none*.

to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on the subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the Art of Planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

No. 584. MONDAY, AUGUST 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo. VIRG.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of Mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty, contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason, the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Sha-

lum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of Mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a despatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age, and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head, if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called, to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum, falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole

region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now tc look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills; which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and Hilpa 170.

Shalum, master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, mistress of the Valleys.

In the 788th year of the Creation.

"What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the tops of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of men is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a

mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains."

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

No. 585. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta— VIRG.

The sequel of the story of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelve-month after the following manner.

Hilpa, mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, master of Mount Tirzah.

In the 789th year of the Creation.

"What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valley, than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah: are these like the riches of the valley?

"I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such

a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous."

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat, in one of the neighbouring hills, to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. The wood was made up of such fruit trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled, from one end of the year to the other, with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands; and as, by this means, he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure, she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit, from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments, which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the convenience of life. In the mean time,

Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa, for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her, or spoke of her, during a whole revolution of Saturn; but, finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer, between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood, that stood in the city of Mishpach, having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods, with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and, therefore, appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh, and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.[1]

[1] It is hard to say, whether the beauty and novelty of the subject, or the Oriental cast of thought and expression, so finely imitated by the writer, contributes most to our entertainment, in reading these two papers. It was difficult to preserve (as the author has done) an air of seriousness, and even of sublimity amidst the liveliest strokes of humour.

No. 590. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

—Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
Ov. Met.

We consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist, as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions; which we may call in English, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *æternitas a parte ante,* and *æternitas a parte post,* may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us, first of all, consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it "has been," but, at the same time, can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present, and whatever was once present, is at some certain distance from us; and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so

remote,[1] cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present, is actually included in the idea of its being past. This, therefore, is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is a successive duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but, at the same time, we are sure, that whatever was once present, does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that anything may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some de-

[1] Be the distance *never* so remote.] Some have thought this mode of expression incongruous and ungrammatical: but, *never*, is the same as *not ever;* and the sentence is to be filled up thus—"*be the distance not* [near, but] *ever so remote.*" This, then, is one of those elliptical forms (see No. 535) which are to be explained, *by observing nicely the posture of the mind in discoursing*, (to use Mr. Locke's words,) and not by attending merely to the obvious sense of the terms employed. For, in *discoursing*, we love to contrast our ideas, though the opposition be not always, or but imperfectly, expressed. *Never so remote*, if we regard this *posture* of the mind, is, therefore, as intelligible, and as proper, as—*ever so remote*—and, till of late, was more commonly used. We now say —*ever so remote*—more clearly, indeed, but with something less force; for—*never so*—implies an effort, or vehemence in asserting, which—*ever so*—has not. However, as perspicuity is the main object of grammar, I acknowledge it to be a good general rule, to avoid not only real, but *seeming* incongruities of speech.

termined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here, therefore, is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that anything which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonstrations which leads us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs of this matter which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That, therefore, some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or, according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, "the Ancient of days," who, being at infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the school-men, who would not be thought ignorant of anything, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, "That he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good

sense, an Infinite Instant: that nothing with reference to his existence is either past or to come:" To which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven,

> Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal NOW does always last.

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us, therefore, with the utmost humility, acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this Being doth exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the Divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation that he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, "I am that I am;" and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that, "I am hath sent you." Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude everything else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a

shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider, that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is, indeed, a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words.[1] The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is, however, some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall never be able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will, however, be the work of an eternity.

[1] This sublime passage, with many others of the like stamp, dispersed through Mr. Addison's works, may let us see how unjust the observation is, that he was an *agreeable* writer only. But the natural turn and easy perspicuity of his expression, imposes on the judgment, when we would make an estimate of his capacity. There is so little effort in his manner, that he appears to want force; especially to those who have formed their idea of this quality on some later models. Such will tell us, that this Attic writer has not the nerves of Montesquieu, or the pomp of Bolingbroke. Without doubt. But neither has Livy the convulsions of Tacitus, nor Cicero, let me add, the swagger of Seneca.

No. 592. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

—Studium sine divite vena. HOR.

I LOOK upon the play-house as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shreded for that use. Mr. Rimer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of King Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not, indeed, wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were not to please. Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself: if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune, that some who set up for professed

critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what passes for beauties in any celebrated piece, are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason, that in the heathen mythology, Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people. by not considering, that, First, There is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, Secondly, That there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.[1]

[1] Some have made so ridiculous an use of this maxim, as to conclude

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shown their judgment in this particular, and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians calls the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time:

> Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
> Potiùs, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play, as Dr. South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated? Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.[1]

from it, that to be knowing in the rules of art, is the mark of a little genius, and to transgress them all, the glory of a great one.

This is the prettiest and *justest* compliment, that was ever paid to our great poet. For, though *all the seeds of poetry* are to be found in his works, it is only for the true critic to point them out, and tell us which

No. 598. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? JUV.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers, and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; whilst they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives* of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must, indeed, be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any

they are: just as what we call *Lusus Naturæ* owe much of their beauty, and sometimes, in a manner, their existence, to the taste and ingenuity of the virtuoso.

temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistánce of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, "Be serious."

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind, he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the workhouses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

No. 600. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

—Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. VIRG.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religion, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under; we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, "That everything we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, (say they,) our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, (say they,) every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert rises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies." This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of

belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in this manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy everything we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding and the will, with all the senses, both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are, likewise, to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and

other kinds of truth. The memory, likewise, may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question, but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature, in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy, by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question, but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent.

The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation, likewise, very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination. In very many places, it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies, or governments, in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the rabbins tells us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this, perhaps, according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our

great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man. How wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator! We may, therefore, look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore, at all times, take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.[1]

[1] The speculations, from No. 557, that is, from the time when the Spectatorial Club was dissolved, are extremely well written; but we may observe of them all, that they turn on general subjects, and are such as might have found a place in any other paper, as well as this. So that it was high time to drop the name of *Spectator*, and to continue these essays on a different plan.

SWIFT'S WORKS, VOL. XVII.

Letter 68. *Dr. Swift to Mrs. Dingley.* Lond. Aug. 7, 1712. "—now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Observator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post;* the *Examiner* is deadly sick; *the Spectator keeps up and doubles its price.*"—p. 224.

Letter 87. *Dr. Swift to Mrs. Dingley.* Lond. Mar. 21, 1712-13. p. 357. (Apr. 1st.) "—Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the *Guardian?* they say good for nothing.—I have not seen it."

VOL. XX.

Letter 6. London, Oct. 10, 1710. *Dr. Swift to Mrs. Johnson.* "—— Mr. Addison's election * has passed easy and undisputed; and, I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused."

Letter 11. London, Dec. 9, 1710. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "—— Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still, as well as ever though we seldom meet."—p. 136.

Letter 12. London, Dec. 23, 1710. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "—— Steele's last *Tatler* came out to-day: you will see it before this comes to you; and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew dull and dry."—p. 167.

Letter 14. Lond. Mar. 10, 1710-11. *Dr. S. to Mrs. J.* "—— Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty.—I believe *Addison* and he club."—p. 259.

Letter 21. Lond. Apr. 14, 1711. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addison's* help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his *Travels* into *England*. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in that paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or *Addison*."—p. 312.

VOL. XXI.

Letter 30. Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "This evening I met *Addison* and *Pastoral Phillips*, in the Park, and supped with them at *Addison's* lodgings: we were very good company, and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is."—p. 60.

Letter 33. Lond. Oct. 23, 1711. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "—— The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and, indeed, people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written."—p. 118. Nov. 2, in the Journal.

Letter 40. Lond. Jan. 26, 1711-12. *Dr. S. to Mrs. Johnson.* "—— I will not meddle with the *Spectator*, let him *fair-sex* it to the world's end."—p. 236.

* For Member of Parliament.

THE GUARDIAN,[1]

BY

NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

No. 67. THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1713.

—Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo. HOR.

It has been remarked, by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond[2] the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the Olympic games; the last has signalized himself on the same occasion, by the ode that begins with—"To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse." My reader

[1] The part which Mr. Addison took in the Guardian seems to have been accidental, and owing to the desire he had of serving poor D'Urfey: for his first appearance is on that occasion, at No. 67, though, when he had once broken through his reserve, for this good purpose, we afterwards find his hand very frequently in it.

[2] *Run beyond.*] i. e. *Their lives run beyond:* so that the substantive is understood to be contained in the adjective, *long-lived.* This way of speaking is very incorrect. It should be, — *and outlast the usual age of man,*— that is —*the poets outlast.*

will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned are Pindar and Mr. D'Urfey. The former of these is, long since, laid in his urn, after having many years together endeared himself to all Greece, by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the Moderate Man, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties, by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate[1] my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the playhouse, and desired them that they would, in their turn, do a good office for a man, who, in Shakspeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the Plotting Sisters, (a very taking play of my old friend's composing,) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. D' Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must, therefore, heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady Lizard to be at

[1] *Extricate* is not used *absolutely*: he should have said, *to extricate my old friend out of his difficulties.*

the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself, at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of, has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by "Joy to great Cæsar," which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in everybody's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord-mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-ball, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gilian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johnny, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled "Pills to purge Melancholy," would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations, from the beginning of King Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. *May* flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good-natured man.[1]

No. 71. TUESDAY, JUNE 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. Hor.

I question not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them, that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And, whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian, without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are, near the Doge's palace, several large figures of lions,

[1] This exquisite paper is above all praise. It, apparently, gave Mr. Pope the hint of his ironical compliment to Dennis; which, indeed, is finely written, but has not, I think, altogether, the grace and unforced pleasantry of his original.

curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed, it is the lion that tells everything. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess, this etymology is plausible enough, and I did, for some time, acquiesce in it, till, about a year or two ago, I met with a little manuscript, which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out everything that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers, and volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him, whether he would or no. By this means, he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion, whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed, the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But, however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them, out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could

expect from any other minister, whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who professed himself his opponent) say, one day, to a friend, "Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles everybody, he will not so much as let a man hate him in private." True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: he had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them; all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the tailor in Shakspeare's Pyramus and Thisbe, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing, that a lion, in our British arms, is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, has several jack-calls under him, who are his retailers of intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of everything it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose, he quits the chase, and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his

prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions, to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would insnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of newsmongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators, in places of public resort. If there is a whispering hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive[1] to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the Postman, and snuffs the candle, that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider, that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment! there is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next, the skin of the dead one will be hung up, *in terro-*

[1] *More than ordinary attentive.*] He uses the adjective *ordinary* instead of the adverb *ordinarily*, because the accent falling on *or*, that is, the fifth syllable from the last, this word is scarcely to be pronounced; and in fact, when we do make use of it, we pronounce with a stuttering rapidity, as if it were written *ord'narily*, though even then the double *i* in *rily* sounds ill. Perhaps the sentence is elliptical, and equivalent to —*more attentive than* is *ordinary*. On the whole, I think he had done better to say *more than commonly attentive.*

rem, at Button's coffee-house, over-against Tom's in Covent Garden.

No. 96. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. VIRG.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in everything comformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means, his whole

fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world, perhaps, knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamped, perhaps, upon an hundred thousand pieces of money, like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread it through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine[1] drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace, which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it. For I do not question, but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE English have not been so careful as other polite na-

[1] The writer speaks in the person of the *Guardian.* But if we compare the *third dialogue on Medals* with this paper, we shall, perhaps, have reason to conclude, that the Guardian's *friend* was Mr. Addison.

tions, to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottos and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present nowhere to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Everything glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or high-way, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are, at present, only a dead

treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the same time, perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

No. 97. THURSDAY, JULY 2.

—Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum. Juv.

"Sir,

I was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man, to my thinking, very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my applications to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man beside myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman; now, you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement, so that to mend the matter, I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit anything that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness, or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day she disliked another: so that in six months' space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As

I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted anything, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, sir, do you judge if after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth, I have run out of my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you know, sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All, therefore, that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

"Your most humble admirer,

SIMON SOFTLY."

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points; first of all, what it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and, secondly, what it is that amounts to a promise. Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that would undertake his cause in *forma pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall ac-

quaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it, and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularized in it the several expenses he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplett at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of May cherries.

Last summer, at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first, who stood sentry near her door.

The second, who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third, who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurors kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigal) an Indian fan, a dozen

pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret service-money to Betty at the ring

Ditto, to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

No. 98. FRIDAY, JULY 3.

In sese redit— VIRG.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers, was Isaac Bickerstaffe of famous memory. A man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together, for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue, with great applause, for two years together.

I, Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us,[1] that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

Hovever it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing: some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art.[2] Their projects have always

[1] *Some of us.*] Humorously glancing at the quickness with which himself and his friend Steele had resented the *advice*, as one may say, of the *Examiner*.

[2] This, the reader sees, is in the old style of—*quasitam meritis sume*

dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me[1] by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaffe or an Ironside, there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow,[2] in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the public. *Provoco ad popu-*

superbiam: but the boast is so true, that it stands uncontradicted to our days; when the list of competitors, here given in, has been prodigiously increased, and is still increasing; and yet, this way of writing is as much the *family-secret* as ever. But how should it be otherwise? He, who invents a species of polite composition, must needs be *inimitable*, unless he have the disadvantage of living in a barbarous age, or unless his rivals be very much his superiors in ability; neither of which exceptions can be pleaded in the present case. For, otherwise, the very consideration of *originality* decides the question in favour of the inventor; of whom, besides, it may be presumed, that he had a genius singularly turned to the cultivation of what he *first* conceived.

[1] This modern story is, in fact, the old *Lesbian fable* of Lucian, concerning the lyre of Orpheus; but finely varied and improved.—Mr Addison, I have observed from many passages in his works, was a great reader and admirer of Lucian; and very naturally so: because, of all the ancients, he is the only one that had any considerable tincture of that elegant *humour* which our countryman so highly relished, and so perfectly possessed. In other respects, the writings of that ingenious libertine must have been peculiarly offensive to our author, and are, indeed, the very reverse of his own.

[2] "Ulysses *his* bow."—See what Dr. Wallis has said against this use of *his*.—*De Adjectivis*, c. 5.

lum, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any disputes with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules[1] of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old cynic, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.

It is not, therefore, the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some, who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with anything in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy,[2] (though I hope this will not be often,) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it

[1] *Suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules.*] This way of making a *substantive*, and a *whole sentence*, depend on the same verb, is not accurate, because it does violence to the mind, in turning the attention suddenly two different ways. He might have said—"*suspect his own judgment, and conclude that he misapplies*,"—or, what I think better—*suspect his judgment and the application of his own rules*."

[2] Pleasantly said; but with a secret reference, I make no doubt, to certain papers in this collection by his coadjutor, though bearing the name of Nestor Ironside.

is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent Garden, who is directed to show the way to the lion's-head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.[1]

No. 99. SATURDAY, JULY 4.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised

[1] This whole paper is excellent. But the project of the *lion*, so finely introduced by No. 71, is above all to be admired. This highly humorous idea came very seasonably to the relief of Nestor Ironside, who was almost, as we may say, at his wit's end, when his friend started this new object for him. Lady Lizard and her tea-table was grown a stale joke; and if the lion had not roared in the nick of time, the public was in imminent danger of falling asleep; and then the *Guardian* had shared the fate of so many other *projects*, which are said *to have dropped after a few unsuccessful essays*.—The reader will own the obligation he has to the *lion* when he feels, as he goes along, how much the humour of this paper, henceforth, depends upon him.

in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and Omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

> When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
> The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
> And lay the uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

When a nation once loses its regard to justice;[1] when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by anything but law, or a cause may be recommended by anything that is foreign to its own merits; we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever past in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted[2] in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never past; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national

[1] Though this paper be drawn in very general terms, it might possibly glance at certain partialities, then felt or apprehended in the judicature of the nation, when the rage of party so much prevailed.

[2] *Posted*—see the note in No. 48 of the *Freeholder*.

blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days, the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the

house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in, upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating anything from that time till this very moment."

No. 100. MONDAY, JULY 6.

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Osculo ferre humero, quà patet, usque libet. OVID.

THERE is a certain female ornament, by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description, of the tucker, I must take notice, that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed, in its primitive nakedness, that gentle swelling of the breast, which it was used

to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she visitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally, as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed, by my looks, that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great-grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them, had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had enclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower, so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider, that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy, to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe, last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable term of the art) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed,[1] that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus. As that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it, he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that, upon putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of, by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the

[1] *What most troubles, &c.—I have observed.*] Imperfectly expressed, for—What most troubles, &c., is this, viz. I have observed. This negligent way of speaking was *affected* by the author, to intimate his concern in entering on this part of his subject, as if he hardly durst speak out, or, as if the portentous object so occupied him, that he was not at liberty to mind his expression.

male part of the commonwealth: her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs, and complexion of her body, had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral, which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy, retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

No. 101. TUESDAY, JULY 7.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur. VIRG.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

"SIR,

Since I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

"My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

"I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here, I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been, I think, the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is everything done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Æsop.

"I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or with all your descriptions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainbleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work, that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues; and would as

soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king, till the year 16, is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

"The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

"But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversable, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant, gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

"I am, sir," &c.

"SIR, *Blois, May* 15, N. S.

I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is to see the manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts

and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

"I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but, at the same time, it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable, for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy, or abundance of wine, can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

"Sir, Yours," &c.

No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JULY 8.

—Natos ad flumina primùm
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis. VIRG.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The

present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently, in one day, all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of Posture-master) in King Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it, as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third trial, found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humped back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves, by custom, to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body, by the same means, might contract the same firmness and

temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, "Because we are all over face." Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which the mother held in her hand during this immersion, which, by that means, lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves, by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without-doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past, he has been clothed in frieze of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture, and though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was threadbare, he dares not do it, lest he should take cold when the nap is off.[1] He could no more live without a frieze coat, than without his skin. It is not, indeed, so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself. It is, indeed, the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough, and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to souse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water, and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of

[1] A fine comic stroke, and, I think, an original one, on this well-worn topic of avarice.

true-tempered Steele,[1] and can say, with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

No. 103. THURSDAY, JULY 9.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi. VIRG.

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and, we are informed, that some years ago the virtuoso's[2] of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together, for the entertainment of his present Majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking, by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars, mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strewed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Oedipus,

> Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
> Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during the whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man

[1] A quibble, so contrived as to introduce a handsome compliment to the editor of this paper.

[2] The plural number of *Virtuoso* is *Virtuosos*, without a comma, which is the sign of the apostrophe in the genitive case. But perhaps, as the word is foreign, he had better preserved the proper termination, *Virtuosi.*

who, on all occasions, is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present,[1] begun to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. "I am mightily pleased, (says he,) with that burning cipher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice, indeed, may be furnished out of this element, as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases."

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pandæmonium, where

—From the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light,
As from a sky—

is might be finely represented by several illuminations ... posed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits, at the same time, might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this, a friend of mine gave us an account of a firework, described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it on a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a

[1] This description of a *critic* is, I doubt, very applicable to the editor, who, in reading so fine a paper as this, is only on the catch for some little slip or inaccuracy in grammar.

signal given, the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's shop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flames issued out incessantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. Venus stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot[1] several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see anything that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was four-score millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and, at the same time, wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and, at the same time, with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without

[1] The verb *forget* has two participles passive—*forgot*, and *forgotten*, (as many other verbs have). The ear directs very much in the choice of that we employ; but, in general, we say *forgot* in the familiar style, and *forgotten* in the more solemn.

suffering the least disorder or confusion by it What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may, hereafter, be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time, they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

No. 104. FRIDAY, JULY 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. TACIT.

On Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

"SIR, *Blois, May* 15, N. S.

Because I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

"I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

"In the reign of King John, there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Tourraine. His brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English.

The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who, at that time, was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed, amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; till, after some toil and bloodshed, they were parted by the seconds, to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you, after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the king of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

Le Roi d'Angleterre, par permission du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidelité envers leurs rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d'argent cantonée de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux croix que portent les dits rois en la guerre.

"I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder that I should send you, for news, a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of King John, especially at the time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it

brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though, at the same time, I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself,

"Sir, yours," &c.

"SIR, *Blois, May* 20, N. S.

I am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where everybody is so very courteous and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud, any hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is, indeed, extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

"The face of the whole country, where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature than in the new style. I have past one March in my life without being ruffled by the winds, and one April without being washed with rains. "I am, sir, yours," &c.

No. 105. SATURDAY, JULY 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec fœtus ausa leæna suos.
At teneræ faciunt, sed non impunè, puellæ;
Sæpe suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit. OVID.

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter Change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear[1] touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her Majesty did not see this assembly of objects so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

[1] We do not say of an abstract idea, that it *forbears*. It should be —*could not but touch*—or,—*could not fail of touching*.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had the early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late, and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away with by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence: not to mention those who, by unnatural practices, do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, (which is not to be expressed by words,) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly de-

serves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they gave life to. I shall, therefore, show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanthorns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent, or her friend, who leaves the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who, without such a provision, might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and, perhaps, have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 13.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. PERS

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better enter-

tainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

"SIR,

Your two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory, were very famous for their dreams and visions,[1] and contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the *second-sight* generally runs in the blood; and, sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers till such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

"You must understand, sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is from his speeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or, if not, who is the happy person.

"I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and

With looks of cordial love hung over her enamoured.

As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every

[1] Mr. Addison knew where his strength lay, and, with all his modesty, could not help taking the advantage of a fictitious letter to pay this just compliment to himself. His *dreams and visions* have more than all the grace and invention of Plato's. In *them*, at least, he was a true poet.

thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silks, ribbons, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that ran through the heart one after the other in very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A play-house, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a guinea-pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering, and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for upon applying my eye I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart between Love, Avarice, and Ambition. For we jostled one another out by turns, and disputed the point for a great while. But at last to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

"This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

"O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart that I had in the visionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine till eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always

went by contraries. I did not, indeed, before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid, 'as cold as crystal, never to be thawed.' Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle, all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

"Your humble servant,

PETER PUZZLE."

No. 107. TUESDAY, JULY 14.

—tentanda via est— VIRG.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller: his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself, I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New River, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin and copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I de-

clare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

"SIR,

A man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men, in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who could call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these Nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose, I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a Nomenclator to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and, at the same time, point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

"I have a wife who is a Nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows anything of but herself, and thirty clandestine

marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

"*N. B.* She is a near kinswoman of the author of the New Atalantis.

"I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

"Your humble servant."

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, A Scheme of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. No. 297, founded on Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by Wm. Whiston, M. A.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq., at Button's Coffee-house, near Covent Garden.

"Sir, *London, July* 11, 1713.

Having a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in anything that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be

entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

"'Tis well known, sir, to yourself, and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward; as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward: the several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors to the great inaccuracy of a long-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and readily to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but we do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature, until Sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on,

"His very humble servants,

WILL. WHISTON,
HUMPHRY DITTON."

No. 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15.

Abjetibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui. VIRG.

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and, at the same time, promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

"MR. GUARDIAN,

I was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themselves, since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to over-look us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim. Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak anything to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them, had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shade of oaks and cedars, but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us, who are men of figure, to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots would grow a fashionable diet. In order, therefore, to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a Tall Club.

"As the short club consists of those who are under five

foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as neuters who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is an hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

"We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her Majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together, you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held, like the old Gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster Hall when it is not term-time. I must add, to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal is a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

"I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his Pentameters upon us, but if he does, he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus's treatise concerning the sublime. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elizium. I shall therefore, confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla,
Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

"If, after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we

have set apart for that use, till they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim. Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg till he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

"This is, sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst, I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming[1] into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time, we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists, for I do assure you, sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,

"Sir, Yours," &c.

No. 109. THURSDAY, JULY 16.

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi. OVID.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions, in reference to my late discourse concerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me, in a very pert manner, mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninnyhammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella, indeed, expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if, on the one side, I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers,) I have, on the other side, received great

[1] *Hindering it from coming.*] The two participles here have an ill effect. It had been better to say—*and by taking care that it may not come into fashion.*

applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

"Sir,

I am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the *beau monde*. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life, and how much further I must go nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms (in which, perhaps, we vie with the youngest of the sex,) they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

"Most venerable Nestor,

Your most humble servants and sisters."

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess, I have always looked on the tucker

to be the *decus et tutamen*, the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old lady, the Lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex, at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time, I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

"DEAR GUARDEE,

This comes to you from one of those *untuckered* ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se'nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face, when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women, therefore, thought of this fashion, to insult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

—Her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

"Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies, who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good Father Nestor, do not let us alone till you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard.

"I am your most obliged humble servant,
OLIVIA."

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though,

at the same time, I cannot but observe, that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

No. 110. FRIDAY, JULY 17.

—Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura— Hor.

The candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a cavalier. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, "Remember, sir, that you are a man." I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work[1] of an author, who, I am sure, would not care for being praised at the expense of another's reputation. I must, therefore, desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

"Sir,

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"Our tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee's Alexander discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page of Œdipus.

[1] The tragedy of Cato, without doubt.

—The sun's sick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth—

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

I am pleased with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss—

"I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebastian before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's Metamorphoses when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics in the following lines:

Why didst thou not engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?

"Almeyda, at the same time, is more book-learned than Don Sebastian. She plays an Hydra upon the emperor, that is full as good as the Gorgon.

Oh that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last—

"She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids him 'lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff;' and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

No, were we joined, e'en though it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renewed,
And my divided flame should break from thine.

"The emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets, as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain.

Serpent, I will engender poison with thee.
Our offspring, like the seed of dragon's teeth,
Shall issue armed and fight themselves to death.

"Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author, witness the lines that follow.

She 's still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.

"I shall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco.

The God of Love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.

"Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux.

—May we ne'er meet!
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount
He gallops down the skies—

"As for the Mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason, he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

"The Mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and Cardinal Wolsey, by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is, indeed, generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when, all of a sudden, he drops the Pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

—Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite;
And infinite would rather want perfection
That punish to extent—

"I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the Great Mogul and his Empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

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"I am," &c.

No. 111. SATURDAY, JULY 18.

Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ centurionum
Dicat: quod satis est sapio mihi; non ego curo
Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones. PERS.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge, which may make them easy to themselves, and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion, by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must, therefore, earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle, upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

"You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to everybody? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.

"Farewell."

We see, by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixed governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the Conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the

steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does, at the same time, take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ; and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as

thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream."

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, are introduced successively, in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids.

No. 112. MONDAY, JULY 20.

—Udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. HOR.

THE philosophers of King Charles's reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with

the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

"MR. IRONSIDE,

Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above an hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day, it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet Street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's Park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's pond. This, I doubt not, will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains till I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade, dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention, as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new *high-ways*, and how all family-accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In

short, sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in threescore and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am,

"Your most humble servant."

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing! every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of gibier, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon.

No. 113. TUESDAY, JULY 21.

—Amphora cœpit
Institui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit? Hor.

I last night received a letter from an honest citizen, who, it seems, is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may, perhaps, please the public as much as myself. I shall not, therefore, scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

"Good Mr. Ironside, *Cheapside, July* 18.

I have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day, I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours, upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy everybody observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every-day clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want anything else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord-mayor's feast, that the sweetmeats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef

and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But, instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife won't repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button.

"I am," &c.

"*P. S.* I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say, too, I must wear all the first month."

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding-suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday-suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing anything

disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue[1] to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse." I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done; upon which she asked him how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? "No, madam, (says Tom,) I mention this now, because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it." In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

No. 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite.
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet. PHÆD.

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public, that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffee-house, in Russel Street, Covent Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains everything that he swallows. He is, indeed, a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must, therefore, desire, that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that

[1] Better strike out—*to continue.*

his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirize those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor, indeed, fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions, contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by this means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes, observe that the Leos have been the best and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable, good-natured, well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, the *Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins, which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which, I believe, will not weigh anything with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, who may not put her hand in the mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand, upon this occasion, to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time, I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall

there erect an unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom, prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

"MR. GUARDIAN,

Your predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas, before, it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her Majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young lady fall down, the other day, and believe me, sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of that befall themselves as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.

"I am, sir, your daily reader and admirer,

TOM PLAIN."

No. 115. THURSDAY, JULY 23.

Ingenium par materiæ— Juv.

When I read rules of criticism, I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if, in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, by what they write.
Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise, no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show, by his practice, that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just,

pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known, that Pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes, of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the Muses, Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine, which was under his conduct, and was, indeed, of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But

as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet, with great difficulty, kept himself from sliding off his back, insomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not, perhaps, have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

No. 116. FRIDAY, JULY 24.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius— Hor.

There are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her

forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason, I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry Andrew has his separate packet for the meagrims and the tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise, before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

"Nestor Ironside,

Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon; for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

"Rome, July 8, 1713. 'A placard is published here, forbidding women, of whatsoever quality, to go with naked

breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion; neither are they to enter the cathedrals under severe penalties.'

"These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tuesday, July the 21st.

"Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar, till all the beasts of the forests shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

"Thine,
In everything that is praiseworthy,
TOM TREMBLE."

Tom's Coffee-house in Birchin Lane, the 23rd day of the month called July.

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion, from hence, to show their zeal for the Protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to Popery.

No. 117. SATURDAY, JULY 25.

Cura pii Diis sunt— OVID.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He

there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athaliah of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

> Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
> Sçait aussi des mechans arrêter les complots.
> Soumis avec respect à sa volonté Sainte,
> Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

"He who ruled the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him." Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a Divine Power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man: it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions, without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? a Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? a Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world,

is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of Divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan history, which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity

of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion[1] should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 27.

—Largitor ingenî
Venter— PERS.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

"MR. GUARDIAN,

I am a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours, and seeing them both dressed and undressed, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your Honour pleases)

[1] *A man of Timoleon's religion.*] Ambiguously, and therefore ill expressed: for, *a man of Timoleon's religion*, may as well mean *a pagan*, as *a pious man*. He should have said—*a man of so much religion as Timoleon*, &c.

in the nature of a lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion, and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you, from time to time, such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

"Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it: but that you will first hear me roar, before you treat with anybody else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which in defiance of your gravity is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should, in a little, become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament, for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being, as it were, a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is, therefore, by a particular name, called the modesty-piece. Now, sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended, at the same time, to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few, indeed, objected to this last improvement, but were overruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

"I am, SIR,
(if you please,) your secret servant,
LEONILLA FIGLEAF."

"DEAR SIR,

As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but, by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes,

whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

"JACKALL."

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

"SAGE NESTOR,

Lions being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. I will roar (says the clown in Shakspeare) that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again. Such success and such applause I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

"At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who, by distance of place, are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way, at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think anything that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty, the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance.

"I am your most constant reader and admirer,

N. R."

"DEAR NESTOR,

It is a well-known proverb, in a certain part of this kingdom, 'Love me, love my dog;' and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your lion." * * *

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.

No. 120. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

—Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote. MILTON.

A Bit for the Lion.

"SIR,

As soon as you have set up your unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their Gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are, perhaps, a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see a Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or, how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of the female gamesters, and a great loser by it, both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

"Your humble servant."

I should ill deserve the name of GUARDIAN, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice, which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful but one that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may pro-

ceed in method, I shall consider them, first as they relate to the mind; secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *trumps* and *mattadores*. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her, until the play-season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered, in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and, at the same time, told that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card! Who can consider, without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved, when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is

forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with everybody, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make!

I come, in the next place, to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered, that almost everything which corrupts the soul, decays the body.[1] The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye, and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now, when the female body is once *dipped*,[2] if the creditor

[1] *Decays the body.*] *Decay* is a verb neuter, and cannot be used transitively. He should have said—"*makes the body decay.*"

[2] *Dipped.*] A cant term, to express the demands which one has on the

be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

No. 121. THURSDAY, JULY 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum. VIRG.

Roarings of the Lion.

"OLD NESTOR,

Ever since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's Coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London 'prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am a member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's Alley in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that 'Talking spoils company.' The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which, in the rest of us, is owing to industry alone. I find, upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home: hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence, (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays,) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake of our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate, but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you

effects of another; as when we say, such an one's estate is *dipped*, that is, in part mortgaged, or made over to his creditor: humorously applied, in this place, to the *body* or person of a female gamester.

that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallib.e interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of the barbarians. Ben Johnson has gained an eternal reputation among us, by his play called the Silent Woman. Every member here is another Morose while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage, which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely to be met with,) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that, if ever we debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers' ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

"I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too: that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking: others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons, nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us; you may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our

undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to

"Your humble servant,
NED MUM."

"*P. S.* We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstat, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius; and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty."

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakspeare's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars an it were any nightingale.

"MR. IRONSIDE, *July* 28, 1713.

I was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, till we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design, mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday, should take effect, sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and

when I am a matron will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in everything to behave myself as becomes

"Your most obedient ward."

No. 119. TUESDAY, JULY 28.

—poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi— Hor.

There is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer, than the decrying of any author in gross, especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer, and Virgil, and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Prolusion which was the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account, in prose, of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterized in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before the august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which, at the same time, makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade, they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells

them, if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. "But, (says he,) if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose." Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted to it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of those needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same

manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at: by this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment[1] which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been anything more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the

[1] *To the novelty—and to the experiment*—it should be *on*, in both places.

lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Phillips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings-off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several, however, of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this prolusion shall be the work of another day.

No. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 31.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa. HOR.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show, at least, how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

THE SEQUEL OF STRADA'S PROLUSION.

The poet who personated Ovid gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron.

The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

"As I was sitting by a well, (says he,) when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father, fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations, according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew her treasures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of man, however, persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrifaction."

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, how-

ever, were of a contrary opinion, until, at length, it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next with a swelling haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this, both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitudes that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while, the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right-arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword and the other the shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction among the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke

out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges, who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if anything was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's commentaries. This prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

No. 123. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

—hic murus aheneus esto
Nil conscire sibi—

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed[1] him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous. CATO.

I have often wondered that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself? nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in

[1] *Fortune or birth have placed.*] Though two things are spoken of, the disjunctive, *or*, shows that each is considered singly; the verb, therefore, should not have been in the plural number. But, perhaps, the turn of the sentence may admit the subjunctive mood, and then, *have placed* will be right, *have*, in that mood, being singular as well as plural. My meaning will be conceived by reading thus:- *though his fortune or birth have placed him in as low a station as any whatever*

a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

"Sir, ——*shire, July*, 1713.

The other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman, very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind."

"My Lord,

Last night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters!——I know you swell with indignation at

the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? and must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider, and may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? at this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind, I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow, nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven: the divine laws have been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do.

"My lord,

Your conscience will help you to my name."

No 124. MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentius? Juv.

More Roarings of the Lion.

"Mr. Guardian,

Before I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

"The vast emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar either long enough or loud enough against all the things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *Præfectus Provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain, and 'tis my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town, and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

"I shall follow my metropolitan's example in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates, and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

"I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called Loungers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

"I have, sir, a raven, that shall serve, by way of Jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chaw and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing

to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their informations to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

"Your) humble servant,
LEO THE SECOND."

From my Den, at ——
College, in Cambridge,
July 29.

N. B. The raven won't bite.

"MR. IRONSIDE,

Hearing that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a *cornu-copiæ* to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

"My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shan't be able to bear the charge of printing it without a subscription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have anything by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to,

"Sir, your humble servant,
HUMPHRY BINICORN."

"SIR,

I humbly beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field—
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare—
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her song suspends our talk—
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream—
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown upon the grass—
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye—
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over she gives her lover!
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name—
Who on, &c."

"MR. IRONSIDE, *July* 30.

I have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show: I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit

any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather; and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen he has grandeur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy mane and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the unicorn: you must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly, as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am, venerable Nestor,

"Your friend and humble servant, P. N."

"I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue, but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency."

No. 134. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis. Hor.

My lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that, upon examination, he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for

want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion, has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this: my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense, that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French Tory, and the day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

"GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly betwixt jest and earnest, that, 'I will tell the lion of her.' Dear sir, do not let them alone till you have made them put on their tuckers

again. What can be a greater sign that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen which will hardly cover a silver groat, their modesty-piece? It is observed, that this modesty piece still sinks lower and lower, and who knows where it will fix at last?

"You must know, sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and lived several years in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England, I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty countrywomen laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine, for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

"In short, sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home, she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half dressed. Now, sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong, to think of reforming this fashion by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that, if they would get husbands, they must not show all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the

door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, 'Pray, gentlemen, walk in.'

"I have told you, at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us, from the foreign newspapers, of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to show no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

"You know, sir, that in the beginning of the last century, there was a sect of men among us who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Evites.

"I am, sir," &c.

No. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

—meâ
Virtute me involvo— HOR.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: "How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman bestows them

on me." In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us, are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

"The way to silence calumny," says Bias, "is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy." Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. "Anytus and Melitus," says he, "may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me." This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though, at the same time, they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You," says he, "who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them." Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: "Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you."

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of the mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not, in this case, the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast

upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus. "If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing: "Ay," says he, "then I must learn to sing better." But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; "I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, "a good conscience."

I designed, in this essay, to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author,[1] having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

"The third and last instance, in which, above all others, this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of

[1] Dr. South was a divine of great eminence in the last age. With sense and learning, he had the common infirmity of ingenious men, to value his *wit* above either. The affectation of saying lively things, and the too natural occasion, which the times threw in his way, of saying many severe ones, have so clouded his reputation, that most men now see him only in the light of a petulant, indiscreet writer, who reasoned from prejudice, and railed out of vanity or ill nature. The truth, however, seems to be, that he was a generous man, as well as fine genius, and that his faults, both as a man and a writer, (which, indeed, are glaring enough,) sprang out of these characters ill directed and uncontrolled.

every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life and his former extravagancies, stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt. What is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours, under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

"No; at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

"And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or a shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnests and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

"And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

No. 136. MONDAY, AUGUST 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis. VIRG.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of death metamorphosing himself, like another Proteus, into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man; death enters first of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill: after this, he transforms himself, of a sudden, into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design, by this allegory, was to show the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see, that there was scarce anything in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to[1] overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember Monsieur Paschal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwell's death. "That usurper," says he, "who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand," says he, "that would have been of no significancy in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind." In short, swarms of distempers are everywhere hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as

[1] The construction had been easier and more exact, if the author had said—*there was scarce anything in nature, however mean and inconsiderable, which was not able to,* &c.

battles,[1] sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions, that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been, therefore, observed by curious men, that, upon a strict examination, there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it, by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining, he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribed the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quickset hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitchfork	1

[1] *As battles*, &c.] *Battles, sea-voyages, trades, and professions*, are not themselves *casualties*, but situations of life, from which they arise. The author should have said—*such, for instance, as befall them in battles, sea-voyages or in several dangerous trades*, &c. Or it might be sufficient to change *as* to *from*.

Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Crossed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder, by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	2
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a Will of the Wisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the parson's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the Squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the Merry Andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	0

No. 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18.

—sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem— Juv.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself

upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we[1] ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must, however, take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them upon this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a *new* man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality

[1] —*Who have raised—and by whose labours we*, &c.] This construction is, indeed, in frequent use, but not so natural as the following would have been—"*who have raised—and who, by their labours, have made ourselves more happy*," &c. The mind loves to proceed in the construction with which it set out, and suffers a kind of torture in having another presently forced upon it.

sits uppermost in all discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has, indeed, nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always dicussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn begun a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time——" upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, "I would fain know what that gentleman means: is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?" The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants, or flatterers, that lose[1] all the respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation-sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, "My Lord such a one, (says he,) your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank, are you there?

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

[1] *Many who have had—that lose.*] To avoid the two unconnected relatives, *who* and *that*—read thus—*many who having had*, or, *who, in consequence of having had*, &c.—*lose all the respect.*

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the 'change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew anything of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate *pish!* and asked, "What was all this to me?" upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours

together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides. After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

No. 138. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. VIRG.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields,
In India east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand— FIFTH BOOK.

If, by this method, I can furnish out a *splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem published among the exercises of the last Oxford act, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to everything that is great and virtuous; I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when, after having shown him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

> Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?
>
> And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
> The paths of honour?— MR. DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason, Anchises, who shows Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world,[1] breaks his method for

[1] *In the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world.*] This sentence is only elliptical in omitting the preposition *in*; for the relative, *that*, is used for *which*; and the *preposition* is omitted in sentences of this form, to avoid the ill effect which a repetition of *in* would have on the ear. Our language loves these ellipses, in the *familiar* style, especially; and gains this advantage by the use of them, that it emulates the conciseness of those languages, where the case includes the preposition; as—"*eodem ordine quo.*"

It is true, the perspicuity is not equal in the two cases; and, therefore, we do not take this liberty, or we take it with more caution, in the *solemn* style, that is, when we treat matters of importance, or, when we would express what we say with energy. But in *conversation*, to which the familiar style conforms itself, it is graceful to be concise where there is small danger of being obscure. In this case, to insert the *preposition*, or sometimes the *relative* itself, would be to *affect* perspicuity, which, too, would only serve—"*nugis addere pondus.*"

the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice, the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival[1] one another on that subject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir, hic est, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, shall his power obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way;
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their light are crowned.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threatening oracles denounced the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates;
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipped his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car.

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[1] *Tried to out-rival.*] Ill expressed, and means no more than—*tried to out-try*. It should be *tried to out-go*, or *exceed*, one another.

From Nisus' top descending on the plains;
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?—

I could show out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them; but instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the Oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

"Adam, (say the Rabbins,) a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultrà
Esse sinent.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly (say the Rabbins) Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70."

This story was invented to show the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist cf Israel.

No. 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20.

—prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis. VIRG

"MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

I find that everybody is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal, that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Æsop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican, by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to this king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery in almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for

the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no further in it if he has read it already.

"Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled[1] into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they

[1] *And fled.*] Better, *and fly*—it is more natural to connect *fly* with *escape*, than *fled* with *found;* not only from the greater distance of these last verbs, but because the verb *found* is transitive, and the other two, *escape* and *fly*, neutrals, which, therefore, have a more immediate relation to each other.

might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that, for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a huge, monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned, at Rome, the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people everywhere gathering about them, and repeating to one another, *Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.* "This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

No. 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21.

—Quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit. Juv.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, (whose other name he observes is Daniel, a good omen still with regard to the lion his co-

habitant,) he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that, by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity, and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted, from whence he foretells the influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat, and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw, five years ago, that both the pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. "The bosom of the coquette," says he, "may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head." In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and, at the same time, show us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty country-women. They could find no

colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall, therefore, persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of, for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expense in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

"To Pope Clement the Eighth, Nestor Ironside, greeting.

"Dear Brother,

I have heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring, as much as in me lies, to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you will send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length, some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and, indeed, some who may be said to be all neck and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is

to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex) I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of before-hand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time, I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it.[1] Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and, in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

"Yours, *usque ad aras*,

NESTOR IRONSIDE."

I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good Protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused, by an author of unexampled stupidity, for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.

No. 152. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus— VIRG.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire, than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say, with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated

[1] *Which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it.*] Badly expressed. It should be—*of which, I believe, it will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use.*

Shakspeare's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also, by this means, revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some ages. I shall, in this place, only mention those allegories, wherein virtues, vices, and human passions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spencer is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive, in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown[1] into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spencer, and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates[2] among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other: between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

[1] *Their appearing difficult to have been thrown.*]—Clumsily expressed. Better thus—*as also from their being such as it may seem difficult to throw.*

[2] It may seem more exact to say—*each* of which *hath* very frequently had *its* advocates—or parenthetically thus—which *have, each of them,* very frequently, had *their* advocates.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the female by Beauty. Fortitude begun[1] the onset on Beauty, but found, to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it, gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle begun to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the female side by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, begun to think of yielding. When on a sudden, a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a Drawcansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by men HONOUR, and by the gods PRIDE. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole

[1] *Begun*, is the participle,—*hath begun*. It should have been *began*, in the imperfect tense.

squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed, by consent, under the conduct of Virtue, who, in a little time, drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about[1] by the delusion of these two impostors.

[1] *Had it not been brought about.*] *It*, i. e. their being joined together. This careless manner of expression might have been avoided, by saying simply—*had he not been deluded by these two impostors.*

No. 153. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum. VIRG.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think, if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps, this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds, in some measure, from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not, indeed, any single view of human nature, under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride;[1] and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are, notwithstanding, the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness

[1] *Seeds of pride.*] We say, indeed, *seeds* of fire, and we may *extinguish* such seeds. But this is a poetical, that is, an uncommon sense of the word *seeds*. It had been easier and better to say, (as the author himself has done on another occasion,) *to kill in us the secret seeds of pride*, &c. Spect. No. 531.

assured; or, in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be anything which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours, on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light,[1] we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them. You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has, at least, fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

[1] The comparison here carried on with so much vivacity of humour is equally a favourite with the *religionist* and *free-thinker*, but on very different considerations; with the *religionist*, who intends to mortify human pride, and with the *free-thinker*, who employs it to degrade and vilify human nature. The *former* would show how man becomes *ridiculous*, by departing from the rule of his nature, *reason;* the *latter* would have us infer from it, that the most *reasonable* pursuits of man are *insignificant*. But to make out this last conclusion, more must be taken for granted than the parallel implies, or the libertine will ever prove; I mean, that the reasonable conduct of the passions has no influence on the enjoyment of this life, or of another.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age, but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

No. 154. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum. VIRG.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

Per viam Leonis.

"SIR,

I could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest myself in it, and acted before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented these diversions. You must understand, I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should, in this character, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who

unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long wished for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned top-side turvy; women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses; I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

—worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire. MILTON.

"In the middle of the first room I met with one dressed in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corse was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female Quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, 'D——n you, you son of a ——,' upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden, resuming her character, 'Verily, (says she,) I was to blame, but thou hast bruised me sorely.' A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down[1] by a shepherdess, for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a Presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring Garden to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper, made up of black crape and velvet, (with a huge diamond in his mouth,) making love to

[1] *I had like to have been knocked down.*] The past time *had*, in *had like*, fixes the time of *being knocked down* to the *present*. It should, then, be—"*I had like to be knocked down.*"

a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers: but what took up my attention most was, one dressed in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and, indeed, was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in discourse with a running footman, but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that it was his master. I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman, hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god, for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent Garden. I was by this time exceeding hot, and thirsty, so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician, seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour; until I recollected who I was: this, however, drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass, adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a Scaramouch, that cried out, 'Avaunt Satan!' and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a suitable voice, 'Past twelve o'clock.' This put me in mind of bed-time: accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my dress very attentively; and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me whom I had been tempting; I could not tell what was the

matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found, after a little discourse with him, that his Indian Majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship; for it inspired her with such tender sentiments that I married her the next morning.

"How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

"And now, sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular, of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid; but in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am,

"Sir, &c.

LUCIFER."

No. 155. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

—libelli Stoici inter sericos
Jacere pulvillos amant. HOR.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or

fortune. Since they have the same improvable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same methods? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other.

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters' working; and at the same time heard all Dr. Tillotson's Sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased, the other day, to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over The Plurality of Worlds. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have the natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where, perhaps, there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side!

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a Stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she-cynic,[1] who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This, therefore, is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance[2] of this

[1] An oddly chosen instance, if the author meant, in earnest, to recommend philosophy to his female disciples. But his *badinage*, by being pursued too far, has led him out of his subject. He was sensible of the escape, and returns to it again, though not with the best grace, in what follows.

[2] *Madam Maintenon.*—The character of this lady was but imperfectly

kind, but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means, that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudocia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

known at that time. We now understand that she was the most virtuous, as well as the most accomplished, woman in the world.

No. 156 WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

—Magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepit, et illis utitur ante
Quæsitis patiens— HOR.

In my last Saturday's paper I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects, in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French Academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

"In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in suitable and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

"Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order

observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics; and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

"I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box everything that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moonshiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy; one would think that they never sleep. Everybody knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn which they keep under-ground in the night: those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under-ground in the day-time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence; pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time: it is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frighted the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew, some days after, that they had nothing to fear, and begun to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear,

they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

"There is a straight hole in every ants' nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

"The corn that is laid up by ants would shoot underground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and, therefore, the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under-ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

"They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under-ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn, and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

"If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of bricks or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion, nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be

filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another, and, therefore, those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

"As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastich, which those insects could not divide. Those particles, sticking together, could not come out of any ants' nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

"When ants have brought out those particles of earth, the[illegible]g out their corn after the same manner, and place [illegible] that earth: thus one may see two heaps surrounding [illegible]ir hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of [illegible] earth, on which, dou[illegible]ess, their corn was laid up.

"Those insects never go [illegible] work but when the weather is clear, and the sun [illegible] hot. I observed, that those little animals having [illegible] day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon; the sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold that there would be no rain upon that day.

"I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: there was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

"I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

"Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept: and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and

stopt all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and, therefore, they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing, for some time, to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way, looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

"The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the further end of the garden, and others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burthen for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest took up four hours, whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders, almost every day, for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them.

Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

"I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste, that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times: sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last, her strength failed her: she stopped; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something: this I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it."

No. 157. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
SOLOMON.

It has been observed, by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves or those that grow up under them: the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about

him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burthen or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

"Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them.

"In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another: for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in Holy Scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

"I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their

neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

"Though the box-full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest, in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. About fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain; they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaster, one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any encumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants' nests that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

"M. de la Loubere says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees; no ants' nests are to be seen anywhere else. I need not insert

here what that author says about those insects; you may see his relation.

"Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants' nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ants' nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards, I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it: they went away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

"Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was very much surprised to see the ants' nest which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went to repair their old habitation; but, finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

"An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; an-

if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole; stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend, and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

"They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed,

that they punished those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty: nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

"Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Everything is common among them; which is not to be seen anywhere else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals: they frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants; they have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock: it is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community: there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

"Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Anybody may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury."

No. 158. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna:
Castigatque, auditque dolos: subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem. VIRG.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man

with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ,[1] after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and, I believe, of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "the day hangs heavy on them," that "they do not know what to do with themselves," that, "they are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream.[1]

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges

[1] *Constant employ*—he expresses himself thus, because *constant employment*, would hurt the ear. But, to make a substantive of the verb *employ*, is not allowable in exact prose. He might have said—*to keep ourselves constantly in employment.*

[2] Very injudicious in Mr. Addison, to treat such a subject in the *manner* of Lucian; which, it must be owned, he has copied but too well.

of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam, (says he, to the first of them,) you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?" "Doing! (says she,) really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which, Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. "And you, madam, (says the judge,) that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands, (says she,) being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances." "Very well, (says he,) you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her." The next was a plain country woman: "Well mistress, (says Rhadamanthus,) and what have you been doing?" "An't please your Worship, (says she,) I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. "And you, fair lady, (says he,) what have you been doing these five and thirty years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir" (says she). "That is well, (says he,) but what good have you been doing?" The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But

Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing; "Truly, (says she,) I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well, (says Rhadamanthus,) but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why, truly, (says she,) I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam, (says Rhadamanthus,) be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, (says he,) I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world?" "Ah, sir! (says she,) I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam, (says he,) you will please to follow your leader;" and spying another of the same age interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in everything that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands, so that, pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in

the world? "I have endeavoured (says she) ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—" Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done."

No. 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. HOR.

"SIR,

Having read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

"About twelve years ago, I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expenses. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her and teach her to work, but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

"About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain, sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often

discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mistress Betty rejected him with disdain. Insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

"Meanwhile days and years went on, Miss lived high and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays, and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When, of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after, I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicions increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon or speaking to me. 'Madam, (said I,) are not you Mistress Such-a-one?' at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant: but, supposing her to be the first, 'I am glad, madam, (said I,) after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place.' These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder that it was some time before she could re-

cover herself; but, as soon as she was able to speak, 'Sir, (said she,) you are mistaken; I am but a servant.' Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. 'Alas! sir, (said she,) my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own or her husband's acquaintance: so that they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar than a servant. But being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a servant.

"I went home full of this strange adventure, and about a week after, chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the usual pleasure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head I saw his eyes all red with

weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and parted.

"About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

"DEAR SIR.

I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to, a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of showing her the constant and sincere affection, which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

"Yours, R. T."

No. 160. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis. HOR.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants, but, to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will, several of them, have it, that my last Thursday and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess, that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person, the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *Expect*.

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good will to my countrymen. I must, therefore, declare, that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative, who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish, that

the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

"Mr. Ironside,

I have laid a wager, with a friend of mine, about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it, that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings which frighted them away, were Pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

"Daily Readers."

"Old Iron,

Why so rusty? Will you never leave your innuendoes? do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of the neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they? Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

"Will. Wasp."

"Dear Guardian,

Calling in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man, reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her, in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him, whether he had found anything in it of dangerous import. 'Sir, (said he,)

it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts'——He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; until, after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice——'Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers: and, therefore, they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived, for several days, that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment.' Then throwing the paper upon the table; 'Sir, (says he,) these things are not to be suffered ——I would engage, out of this sentence, to draw up an indictment that——' He here lost his voice a second time, in the extremity of his rage, and the whole company, who were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

"This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides, that it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct, as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science, to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not to be acquainted with those

objects which are everywhere before their eyes. To which I might further add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures, than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

"I am, sir,
Your constant reader, and humble servant."

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim, never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

"MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

As you are a person that[1] very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town, what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault, under the Exchange in Cornhill, over against Pope's-Head Alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good-humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with

[1] *As you are a person that.*] In our management of the relatives, *who, which, that,* it may be a good general rule, to apply *who* to persons; *which,* to things; and *that,* to things chiefly. But, when the antecedent is the *second* person, not only *that,* but *which,* is used for *who,* by our best writers. And this use, which is enough authorized, may be worth retaining, not merely for the grace of variety, but for the convenience of pronunciation.

As to the second person *singular,* we have an instance of *that,* for *who,* in the passage before us—"You are a person *that* very eminently distinguish yourself;" and elsewhere, frequently. But, when a *vowel* follows the relative, it seems preferable to *who,* as "It is thou, O king, *that* art become strong." *Dan.* iv. 22.—And again, "Thou *that* art named the house of Jacob." *Micah* ii. 7.—*Which,* in the same circumstance, is preferred to *who,*—"Our Father, *which* art in heaven"—plainly, to avoid the ill effect, which the open vowels in—who art—would have on the ear, in both cases. So, likewise, in the second person *plural,* "Ye *that* are of the fountain of Israel," *Ps.* lxviii. 26, [marginal reading in our Bibles,]—and, "Ye *which* are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." *Gal.* vi. 1.

integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time, please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

"I am, sir," &c.

No. 161. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

—incoctum generoso pectus honesto. PERS.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper, therefore, is chiefly designed for those who, by means of any of these advantages, are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *scorns* to do an ill action. The one considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being; the one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that, were there no God,

to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head[1] with the description of honour in the part of young Juba.

[1] *I shall conclude this head.*] Mr. Addison here applies, and, in applying, *explains*, his own famous verses, in Cato.

The *honour*, which the Guardian celebrates in the *first* division of this paper, is *true honour*: so he expressly calls it; and the *false* is considered distinctly under the *second* head.

Now *true honour*, as contrasted to *religion*, may be well enough given, as it is here, under the idea of *philosophical or stoical virtue*; but, as opposed to *false honour*, in the days of paganism, it could only be that principle, which we call a *love of honest fame*. This last, then, is Juba's *honour*, in his panegyric, as is clear, indeed, from his own words in the close of the scene, where, speaking of Cato, he says—

> "I'd rather have that man approve my deeds,
> Than worlds for my admirers."

And what Mr. A. has been describing in this paper, under the name of *true honour*, is pagan virtue itself. It was proper to begin with this observation, because it lets us see in what manner, and to what purpose, he applies Juba's panegyric to the present subject. It is as if he had said, —What Juba says of *true pagan honour*, when compared with *stoical virtue*, holds, in proportion, of stoical virtue, i. e. *true philosophical honour*, when compared with *religion*. Each is assistant or supplemental to the other.

This being premised, let us now consider the verses themselves.

Honour, in these verses, means *true pagan honour*, and is that principle of human action, which respects honest fame, that is, *the esteem of wise and good men*: as the *virtue* celebrated in them is *stoical virtue*, which regulates itself by the sense of the *honestum* simply, or, in other words, *by self-esteem*.

These principles are clearly distinct from each other, but may subsist together; and, when they do so, they as clearly *draw* the same way. Hence we see, that the principle of honour must needs

> "———aid and strengthen virtue where she is,"

i. e. when it associates with her in the same breast; for it adds its own impulse to that of virtue, and in the same direction. It likewise

> "Imitates her actions where she is not,"

i. e. when virtue, properly so called, is not the principle of action; for *honour*, by itself, prompts to the same conduct which virtue prescribes. *Honour*, then, *enforcing* the virtuous principle, or *doing its work*, is either way *a sacred tie*, and *not to be sported with*.

Such is the natural, unforced reasoning of the poet: and that *honour* in the ideas of a Roman, was a different principle from *virtue*, is further manifest, because Rome had temples of both; though the way to the *former* lay through the *latter*; by which contrivance was only expressed this moral lesson, that the surest means of obtaining *the consentient praise*

Honour 's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with— CATO

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour; and these are such as establish anything to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary, either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is, indeed, so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several, who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means, we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon anything as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some vir-

of the good (so Cicero, somewhere, defines true honour) was, first to secure the suffrage of our own *hearts*.

Besides, *in fact*, these two principles governed, separately, in ancient Rome. *Honour* was the ruling principle of Cicero's splendid life; and *virtue*, of Cato's awful one. Whence it may appear, that *virtue* is the stronger and steadier principle; but that *honour* is qualified to be a good *second*, or even *substitute* of virtue; that is, in the poet's words, to *aid* her enthusiasm, or to *imitate* her actions.

The conclusion is, that the learned poet has not violated decorum, in transferring to Juba the ideas of modern times; but has made him speak in the true Roman style, when he distinguishes between *honour* and *virtue*: for a *distinction*, we see, there was; but not the same which our Gothic manners have since introduced.

The mistake might arise from the poet's calling his honour—*the law of kings*—that being the common boast of Gothic honour. But he only means, that *public persons* are chiefly governed by the law of *honour* or *outward esteem*; which, of course, is a more obvious, and, generally, a more binding law, to men so employed, than that of *virtue* or *self-esteem*; the first rule of which is—*tecum habita*—a hard injunction to such as are taken up with the great affairs of the world.

tues and not of others, is, by no means, to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and, at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed[1] a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow, in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play-debts,[2] or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are acted by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young, unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are, generally, persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule everything as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and

[1] *To have betrayed.*] It should have been, *to betray.*

[2] *In the paying off his play-debts.*] He should have said—*in the paying off of his play-debts*—or, rather, to avoid the offensive sound, *off of*—*in paying off his play-debts;* that is, *paying* should be a participle, properly so called, and not a substantive, as it is when preceded by the article.

dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of Honour by any other way than through that of Virtue.

No. 162. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum et ad usus suos adjungere. CICERO.

I WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country 'squires, that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively, impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband: and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, "If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty?" I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when, without taking notice of what I said, "Mr. Ironside," says he, "you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them, can you teach them to make a pudding?" I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner, I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to

make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion[1] of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature, which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

—The poor man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses, as much as possible, out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, "a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently." I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favour of the great than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

"Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble

[1] *Confusion.*] The abstract idea is here out of place. He meant, and should have said—*a rout of savages.*

Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup? Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, 'If I did not like it, you may be sure (says he) I should not eat so heartily of it.' 'You oblige me mightily, (replied the Barmecide,) pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb, fed with pistacho nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, 'Here is a dish (says he) that you will see at nobody's table but my own.' Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. 'Come, then, (says the Barmecide,) the cloth shall be removed and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia.' He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different

wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, 'Sir, (says he,) I beg ten thousand pardons; but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink.' The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, 'I find, (says he,) thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest.' Upon which calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pistacho-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after another; and Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination."

No. 163. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

—miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ. Juv.

When I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into the magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself, in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as, I am persuaded, no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician, to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Dr. Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since, in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and, for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance, in a great estate or title, that it qua-

lifies a man for choosing, out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order is as follows:

"MR. GUARDIAN,

I hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

"I have had the honour, many years, of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

"Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation, an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with 'Prosperity to the church' in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and show all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, 'I find, by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private.' I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at, since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron, but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside

my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought, in any age or country, to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this, perhaps, will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant,

"G. W."

"VENERABLE NESTOR,

I was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas More; it is inscribed to a friend of his, who was then seeking out a wife: he advises him, on that occasion, to overlook wealth and beauty, and, if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow.

Proculque stulta sit
Parvis labellulis
Semper loquacitas,
Proculque rusticum
Semper silentium.
Sit illa vel modò
Instructa literis,
Vel talis ut modò
Sit apta literis.
Felix, quibus bene
Priscis ab omnibus
Possit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata.
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa prosperis
Superba turgeat,
Nec illa turbidis
Misella lugeat
Prostrata casibus.
Jucunda sic erit
Semper, nec unquam erit
Gravis, molestave
Vitæ comes tuæ,
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere,
Dum grata te fovet,
Manuque mobili
Dum plectra personat
Et voce (quâ nec est
Progne sororculæ
Suæ suavior)
Amœna cantilat
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen dies
Noctesque ducere,
Notare verbula
Mellita maximis
Non absque gratiis
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia,
Quibus coerceat
Si quando te levet

Inane gaudium:
Quibus levaverit
Si quando deprimat
Te mæror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuisse conjugem,
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curasset improbo
Labore fæminam
Referre rusticam.
Talemque credimus
Nasonis inclitam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine
Fuisse filiam.
Talemque suspicor
(Qua nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit,
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus:
Nec profuit minus
Magistra quàm parens.

The sense of this elegant description is as follows:

"May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will soothe you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

"Such was, doubtless, the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor than their parent."

No. 165. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile—— Hor.

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits[1] at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after their father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's

[1] *Who sits.*] Better *who sit.*

way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not, indeed, lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which, though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times as a prodigy of science. His wife, Theano, wrote several books; and after his death, taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? "If it were her husband, (says she,) the next day; if a stranger, never." Pythagoras had by his wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant,

and very much admired in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Myia was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in, called by the name of the Musæum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher under his character as a master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shows us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished; and which is[1] more easy to lament than to reform.

No. 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

—Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo. Ov. Met.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything.

[1] *Which is.* *It*, is understood before *is*, and should have been expressed.

Charity is therefore a habit of good will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue, than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have, however, made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which had since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was

to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that, as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart, was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year, (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life,) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of Impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them; this made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all matters to bear.

After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a

scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message; but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for, with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

"SIR,

After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and, therefore, must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you yourself can best tell.

"Your humble servant to command,
THOMAS WHITE."

"I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public, suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

No. 167. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Fata viam invenient— VIRG.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an Oriental tale, and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be acceptable to my reader.

'The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin, the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in his country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim, (said he,) I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble, unambitious pursuits after knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they

were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who, pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services: and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had thus been advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be it, (said he,) from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and, after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king that so unex-

pected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch, that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter: however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire, that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey, in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called, from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and

night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care, some time after, to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect.' Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of the gates, being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon, of the month Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparations for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared everything, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but[1] he privately opened the gate of Paradise,

[1] *But.*] Fill up the sentence thus—*the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness,* [than he did not lose the opportunity,] *but he privately opened,* &c. See note on Spectator, No. 535.

and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth, till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon, by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous.[1] He here met them and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on Mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and so mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch, that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want anything that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was, for some years, inconsolable for the death of his

[1] *Rendezvous.*] I know not how this word came to make its fortune in our language. It is of an awkward and ill construction, even in the French.

brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it, by any means, come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought for a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of Mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so sensible a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had past. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!"——having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king, at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country, as far as they could see from the top of Mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is, therefore, called the garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards

fixed the imperial residence upon Mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

With this amusing paper Mr. A. took his leave of the *Guardian*; which, wanting his support, could not but drop, as it did, soon after. Of these fine diurnal essays, which have engaged us so long, it is to be observed, that, next to the *humorous* and *allegorical*, those of an *Oriental cast* are the most taking. The subject of them was well adapted to the author's dramatic genius and flowing imagination.

THE LOVER.

No. 10. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1714.

—*Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I HAVE lately been very much teased with the thought of Mrs. Anne Page, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. Anne was, in a particular manner, very fond of china ware, against which I had, unfortunately, declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a china dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap, till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and china. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian Mandarin, as her great-grand-daughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast clothes and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason, my friend Tradewell in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with china, his wife's ward-

robe. "In yonder corner (says he) are above twenty suits of clothes, and on that scrutoire above a hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays, and mantuas went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, (says he,) a suit of clothes is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality, this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife." There is, likewise, another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants' wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. "If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider, (says Epictetus,) that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not, therefore, so void of reason, as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass." In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot, or a china cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: first, that all china ware is of a weak and transitory nature: secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: the fragility of china is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though, at the same time, I am afraid I may complain with Seneca on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice, our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where[1] it is hard for the poor to

[1] *Things where.*] The adverb *where* includes the idea of *place*, and is, therefore, inaccurately used, when what precedes does not suggest that idea. If he had said—"Which puts the possessors of it upon striking out into those *paths*, where," the use of it had been proper.

follow them. For this reason, I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But, as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance, that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered, that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember, when there were few china vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present which are capable of holding half a hogshead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

But, in the last place, china ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity, that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses, and herds of cattle, in this fine sort of porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in the services of the family, besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

No. 39. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres— Hor.

Since I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will. Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for advice. Will. is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon everything to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor Wormwood is devoured with the spleen: you may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has, in less than three months, reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still sours upon her hands. Will. is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him: and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor Will., and makes him lie awake all night.—As I was going on with Will. Wormwood's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be the Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek into English, by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, "A discontented Temper," which gives a livelier picture of my cousin Wormwood, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows:

CHAP. XVII.

A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

"A discontented temper is 'a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason.' When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of anything that is nice, 'What, (says he,) your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his mistress, at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, 'I wish (says he) all this came from your heart.' In a dry season, he grumbles for want of rain, and, when a shower falls, mutters to himself, 'Why could not this have come sooner?' If he happens to find a purse of money, 'Had it been a pot of gold, (says he,) it would have been worth stooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, 'I am sure, (says he,) thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.' When a messenger comes with great joy, to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, 'That is as much as to say, my friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.'—Though he has gained a cause, with full costs and damages; he complains that his counsel did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry, 'How is that possible, (says he,) when I am to pay every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?'"

The instances of a discontented temper, which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and, though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving every-

where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate, when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue, as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a "faithful interpreter;" but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is everywhere a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades everything that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

"Slovenliness is 'such a neglect of a man's person, as makes him offensive to other people.' The sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may outdo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a

mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company. In drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of music he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the musicians 'whether they will never have done?' He always spits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him."

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon's.

> None yet have been with admiration read,
> But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.
>
> LORD ROSCOMMON'S Essay on translated Verse.

If after this the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former English version, which was published some years since, and is done from the French of Bruyere.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

"Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him He has ulcers in his thighs, and biles upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, a

uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in sordid ragged clothes. If he goes with his mother to the soothsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and profane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he cannot forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full upon the servants who waited there."

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other Greek or Roman author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet. The world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into English, and translating him.

THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE WAR,

AND

THE NECESSITY OF AN AUGMENTATION,

CONSIDERED.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following essay has endeavoured to draw into one continued scheme the whole state of the present war, and the methods that appear to him the most proper for bringing it to a happy conclusion.

After having considered that the French are the constant, and most dangerous, enemies to the British nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will still increase, till their present union with Spain be broken, he sets forth the several advantages which this union has already given France, and taken from Great Britain, in relation to the West Indies, the woollen manufacture, the trade of the Levant, and the naval power of the two nations.

He shows how these advantages will still rise higher after a peace, notwithstanding our present conquests, with new additions, should be confirmed to us; as well because the monarchy of Spain would not be weakened by such concessions, as because no guarantee could be found sufficient to secure them to us. For which reasons, he lays it down as a fixed rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire disunion of the French and Spanish monarchies.

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove, from the progress we have already made towards it, and the successes we have purchased in the present war, which are very considerable, if well pursued, but of no effect if we acquiesce in them.

In order to complete this disunion, in which we have gone so far, he would not have us rely upon exhausting the French treasury, attempts on the Spanish Indies, descents on France, but chiefly upon out-numbering them in troops, France being already drained of her best supplies, and the confederates masters of much greater forces for multitude and strength, both in men and horse, and provided with generals of greater fame and abilities.

He then considers the wrong measures we have hitherto taken in making too small levies after a successful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies' forces, and hiring them of our confederates; showing at the same time the inconveniences we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure ourselves against a prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two particular objections, that we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the allies, and, that we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject.

November, 1707.

The French are certainly the most implacable and the most dangerous enemies of the British nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealousy of the British power, as well as their prosecutions of commerce, and pursuits of universal monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animosities and aversions towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of subverting our constitution, destroying our religion, ruining our trade, and sinking the figure

which we make among the nations of Europe: not to mention the particular ties of honour that lie on their present king to impose on us a prince who must prove fatal to our country if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural state of war, if I may so call it, with the French nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the most inveterate, but most formidable of our enemies: and have the greatest power, as well as the strongest inclination, to ruin us. No other state equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearness and conveniency of their situation, and in the number of friends and well-wishers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For these reasons, our wars with France have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to say, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our *all* is at stake, and irretrievably lost, if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonourable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort ourselves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or, perhaps, strengthening it with new confederacies, and, by that means, of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every British heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second trials, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the French king be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when Spain affords him no greater assistance; what will he do when the trade of the Levant lies at his mercy? when the whole kingdom of Spain is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the Indies flows into his coffers? and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the states that now make war upon him? It is no wonder, therefore, that our late king, of

glorious memory, who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a prince that perfectly understood the interests of Europe, should, in his last speech, recommend to his parliament the declaring war against France in those memorable words: "You have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigour of the English nation: but, I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another."

We have already a dreadful proof of the increase of power that accrues to France, from its conjunction with Spain. So expensive a war as that which the French monarchy hath been carrying on in so many and so remote parts at once, must long since have drained and exhausted all its substance, had there not been several secret springs, that swelled their treasury from time to time, in proportion as the war has sunk it. The king's coffers have been often reduced to the lowest ebb, but have still been seasonably refreshed by frequent and unexpected supplies from the Spanish America. We hear, indeed, of the arrival but of very few ships from those parts; but, as in every vessel there is stowage for immense treasures, when the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandise of as great a value; so we find by experience they have had such prodigious sums of money conveyed to them by these secret channels, they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is distressed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the last four years, by a modest computation, there have been brought into Brest above six millions of pounds sterling in bullion. What then shall we suppose would be the effect of this correspondence with America, might the wealth of those parts come to them on squadrons of men-of-war, and fleets of galleons? If these little by-currents, that creep into the country by stealth, have so great a force, how shall we stem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our case, unless we find a means to dissolve the union between France and Spain. I have dwelt the longer on this consideration, because the present war hath already furnished us with the

experiment, and sensibly convinced us of the increase of power, which France has received from its intercourse with the Spanish West Indies.

As there are many who look upon everything which they do not actually see and feel as bare probability and speculation, I shall only touch on those other reasons of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The woollen manufacture is the British strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandise. The French, at present, gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and, since the accession of the Spanish monarchy, supply with cloth, of their own making, the very best mart we had in Europe. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of Spanish wool to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in those places where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most considerable gain for the British merchant. Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from Portugal, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies, if this great source be dried up, and our traffic with Spain continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the Levant must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the Spanish monarchy. The late conquest of Naples will very little alter the case, though Sicily should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The Straits' mouth is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are kings of Spain. We may only add, that the same causes which straiten the British commerce will naturally enlarge the French; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of France become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt us, of such numbers of regular troops on the enemy's side, of so small a standing force on our own, and that too in

a country destitute of all such forts and strong places as might stop the progress of a victorious army, hath something in it so terrifying, that one does not care for setting it in its proper light. Let it not, therefore, enter into the heart of any one that hath the least zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honour or safety of his country, or a well-wish for his friends or posterity, to think of a peace with France, till the Spanish monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the house of Bourbon disabled from ever giving the law to Europe.

Let us suppose that the French king would grant us the most advantageous terms we can desire; without the separation of the two monarchies they must infallibly end in our destruction. Should he secure to us all our present acquisitions; should he add two or three frontier-towns to what we have already in Flanders; should he join the kingdoms of Sicily and Sardinia to Milan and Naples; should he leave King Charles in the peaceable possession of Catalonia; should he make over to Great Britain the town and harbour of Cadiz, as well as that of Gibraltar, and, at the same time, resign his conquests in Portugal; it would all be of no effect towards the common safety of Europe, while the bulk of the Spanish continent, and the riches of America, remain in the possession of the Bourbon family.

Boccalini, when he weighs the states of Europe in his political balance, after having laid France in one scale, throws Spain into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoise. The Spaniards upon this, says he, begun to promise themselves the honour of the balance; reckoning that if Spain of itself weighed so well, they could not fail of success when the several parts of the monarchy were lumped in the same scale. Their surprise was very great, when, upon the throwing in of Naples, they saw the scale rise, and was greater still when they found that Milan and Flanders had the same effect. The truth of it is, these parts of the Spanish monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out vice-royalties for the grandees, and posts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are encumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we, therefore, continue in the

possession of what[1] we have already made ourselves masters with such additions as have been mentioned, we should have little more than the excrescences of the Spanish monarchy. The strength of it will still join itself to France, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the Spanish dominions, would, in a very few years, not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

The French king hath often entered on several expensive projects, on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening, waterworks, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humour his pleasures and his ambition; but if he once engrosses the commerce of the Spanish Indies, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means, in a short space of time, he may heap up greater wealth than all the princes of Europe joined together; and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the same thing. Let us therefore suppose that, after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring state; to revive the pretensions of Spain upon Portugal, or attempt the taking those places which were granted us for our security; what resistance, what opposition, can we make to so formidable an enemy? Should the same alliance rise against him, that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the states engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a stand, will have received so many new accessions of strength.

But I think it is not to be imagined that, in such a conjuncture as we here suppose, the same confederates, or any

[1] *What*—is properly, *that which*, but is here used for, *that of which*—to prevent the repetition of *of*. I think, allowably. See the note on *whom*, in the *Freeholder*, No. 49, where the same liberty is taken.

other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down so exorbitant a power. Some might be bought into his interests by money, others drawn over by fear, and those that are liable to neither of these impressions, might not think their own interest so much concerned as in the present war; or, if any appeared in a disposition to enter into such a confederacy, they might be crushed separately, before they could concert measures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the present alliance can be ascribed to nothing else, but the clear and evident conviction, which every member of it is under, that, if it should once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing, by all the joint efforts of such an union. Let us, therefore, agree on this as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms against France, till we have utterly disjoined her from the Spanish monarchy. Let this be the first step of a public treaty, the basis of a general peace.

Had the present war, indeed, run against us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obstinacy and despair, to be determined on so impracticable an undertaking. But, on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within view of the end that we have been so long driving at. We remain victorious in all the seats of war. In Flanders, we have got into our hands several open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossessed him of his strongholds, and ruined his allies in Germany. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but possessed ourselves of the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, and the avenue of France in Italy. The Spanish war hath given us a haven for our ships, and the most populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In short, we have taken all the outlying parts of the Spanish monarchy, and made impressions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the French from all their advanced posts in Europe, and driven them into their last entrenchments. One vigorous push on all sides, one general assault, will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender themselves at

discretion. Another Blenheim or Ramillies will make the confederates masters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithstanding the advantages already gained are very considerable if we pursue them, they will be of no effect, unless we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy staggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him respite, he will recover his strength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him several repeated wounds, that have enfeebled him and brought him low; but they are such as time will heal, unless you take advantage, from his present weakness, to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in Cæsar's character, and what comes home to our present purpose, that he thought nothing at all was done, while anything remained undone. In short, we have been tugging a great while against the stream, and have almost weathered our point; a stretch or two more will do the work; but if, instead of that, we slacken our arms, and drop our oars, we shall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence[1] we first set out.

After having seen the necessity of an entire separation of the kingdoms of France and Spain, our subject naturally leads us into the consideration of the most proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourselves with the prospect of reducing France to our own terms, by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the public treasury; but have been still disappointed by the great sums imported from America, and the many new expedients which the court hath found out for its relief. A long consumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than disable France from maintaining sufficient armies to oppose it. An arbitrary government will never want money, so long as the people have it, whilst they can send what merchandise they please to Mexico and Peru. The French, since their alliance with Spain, keep thirty ships in constant motion, between the western ports of France and the south seas of America. The king himself is an adventurer in this traffic, and besides

[1] *From whence.*] *From* is redundant when joined with *whence*, which, of itself, means *from which.*

the share that he receives out of the gains of his subjects, has immense sums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further consider, that the French, since their abandoning Bavaria and Italy, have very much retrenched the expense of the war, and lay out among themselves all the money that is consumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the most probable way of bringing France to reason, would be by the making an attempt upon the Spanish West Indies, and, by that means, to cut off all communication with this great source of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This, I must confess, carries so promising an appearance, that I would by no means discourage the attempt: but, at the same time, I think it should be a collateral project, rather than our principal design. Such an undertaking (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cause: but certainly, an enterprise that carries in it the fate of Europe, should not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befall a naval expedition.

Others there are, that have long deceived themselves with the hopes of an insurrection in France, and are, therefore, for laying out all our strength on a descent. These, I think, do not enough consider the natural love which the gross of mankind have for the constitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been used from his infancy, as of cold climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Besides, there is a kind of sluggish resignation, as well as poorness and degeneracy of spirit, in a state of slavery, that[1] we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themselves out of it; as we find in history instances of persons, who, after their prisons have been flung open, and their fetters struck off, have chosen rather to languish in their dungeons, than stake their lives and fortunes upon the success of a revolution. I need not instance the general fate of descents, the difficulty of supplying men and provisions by sea, against an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which, it is im-

[1] *That*,—had been right, if *such* had preceded. He should have said—*so that*—

possible to secure those conquests that are often made in the first onsets of an invasion. For these, and other reasons, I can never approve the nursing up commotions and insurrections in the enemy's country, which, for want of the necessary support, are likely to end in the massacre of our friends, and the ruin of their families.

The only means, therefore, for bringing France to our conditions, and what appears to me, in all human probability, a sure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itself as much to annoy the enemy as they themselves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and, in one summer, overset the whole power of France.

The French monarchy is already exhausted of its best and bravest subjects. The flower of the nation is consumed in its wars: the strength of their armies consists, at present, of such as have saved themselves by flight from some or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper persons to recruit them, are but the refuse of those who have been already picked out for the service. Mareschal de Vauban, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of France, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions less, at the peace of Ryswick, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath, as yet, lasted but six, yet, considering that their armies are more strong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the present war; and that their losses sustained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, suppose, that the present war hath not been less prejudicial than the foregoing one, in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is, in France, so great a disproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between those who are capable of bearing arms, and such as are too young, sickly, or decrepit for the service; and at the same time, such vast numbers of ecclesiastics, secular and religious, who live upon the labours of others; that when the several trades and professions are supplied, you will find most of those that are proper for war absolutely necessary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their super-

fluous hands, and every new levy they make must be at the expense of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand alliance have innumerable sources of recruits, not only in Britain and Ireland, the United Provinces, and Flanders; but in all the populous parts of Germany, that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the French have only Switzerland, besides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a single regiment: whereas, the allies have not only the same resource, but may be supplied for money from Denmark, and other neutral states. In short, the confederates may bring to the field what forces they please, if they will be at the charge of them; but France, let her wealth be what it will, must content herself with the product of her own country.

The French are still in greater straits for supplies of horse than men. The breed of their country is neither so good nor numerous as what are to be found in most of the countries of the allies. They had last summer about threescore thousand in their several armies, and could not, perhaps, bring into the field thirty thousand more, if they were disposed to make such an augmentation.

The French horse are not only few, but weak, in comparison of ours. Their cavalry, in the battle of Blenheim, could not sustain the shock of the British horse. For this reason, our late way of attacking their troops sword in hand, is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robust, and our horses of a stronger make than the French; and in such attacks, it is the weight of the forces, supposing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The English strength turned very much to account in our wars against the French of old, when we used to gall them with our long bows, at a greater distance than they could shoot their arrows; this advantage we lost upon the invention of fire-arms; but, by the present method, our strength, as well as bravery, may again be of use to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to send what numbers we are able into the field, because our generals, at present, are such as are likely to make the best use of them, without throwing them away on any fresh attempts, or ill-concerted

projects. The confederate armies have the happiness of being commanded by persons who are esteemed the greatest leaders of the present age, and are, perhaps, equal to any that have preceded them. There is a sort of resemblance in their characters; a particular sedateness in their conversation and behaviour, that qualifies them for council, with a great intrepidity and resolution, that fits them for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noise and heat in the ordinary circumstances of life, but shows itself sufficiently in all great enterprises that require it. It is true, the general upon the Rhine hath not had the same occasion as the others to signalize himself; but, if we consider the great vigilance, activity, and courage, with the consummate prudence, and the nice sense of honour, which appears in that prince's character, we have great reason to hope, that, as he purchased the first success in the present war, by forcing into the service of the confederates an army that was raised against them in the very heart of the empire, he will give one of the finishing strokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he so happily begun. The sudden check that he gave to the French army the last campaign, and the good order he established in that of the Germans, look like happy presages of what we may expect from his conduct. I shall not pretend to give any character of the generals on the enemy's side; but I think we may say this, that in the eyes of their own nation, they are inferior to several that have formerly commanded the French armies. If, then, we have greater numbers than the French, and at the same time better generals, it must be our own fault, if we will not[1] reap the fruit of such advantages.

It would be loss of time, to explain any further our superiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horse. We see plainly, that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only consider what use the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their side; and is it not very strange, that we should not be as active and industrious for our security, as they would certainly be for our destruction? But before we consider, more distinctly, the method we ought to take in the prosecution of the war, under this par-

[1] *It must be our own fault if we will not.*] Certainly, *if we will not:* but the hypothesis should have been—*if we do not.*

ticular view, let us reflect a little upon those we have already taken in the course of it for these six years past.

The allies, after a successful summer, are too apt, upon the strength of it, to neglect their preparations for the ensuing campaign, while the French leave no art nor stratagem untried, to fill up the empty spaces of their armies, and to swell them to an equal bulk with those of the confederates. By this means, our advantage is lost, and the fate of Europe brought to a second decision. It is now become an observation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year, after a very successful one. Blenheim was followed by a summer that makes no noise in the war. Ramillies, Turin, and Barcelona were the parents of our last campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raised their whole country up in arms. Had we, on our side, made proportionable preparations, the war, by this time, had been brought to a happy issue. If, after having gained the great victories of Blenheim and Ramillies, we had made the same efforts as we should have done had we lost them, the power of France could not have withstood us.

In the beginning of the winter, we usually get what intelligence we can, of the force which the enemy intends to employ, in the campaigns of the succeeding year, and immediately cast about for a sufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I must confess, would be a good method, if we were engaged in a defensive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our business is, not only to secure what we are already in possession of; we are to wrest the whole Spanish monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country, by dint of arms. We should, therefore, put forth all our strength, and, without having an eye to his preparations, make the greatest push that we are able on our own side. We are told that the enemy, at present, thinks of raising threescore thousand men for the next summer; if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing; let us perform our utmost, as they do, and we shall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power, at least, to be four times as strong as the French, but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their superiority?

It seems, therefore, to be the business of the confederates, to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horse; and, by that means, out-number the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the same reason, it must be for the interest of the allies to seek all opportunities of battle, because all losses on the opposite side are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; besides that the French do their business by lying still, and have no other concern in the war, than to hold fast what they have already got into their hands.

The miscarriage of the noblest project that ever was formed in Europe, can be ascribed to nothing else but our want of numbers in the several quarters of the war. If our armies, on all sides, had begun to busy and insult the enemy, at the same time that the forces marched out of Piedmont, Toulon had been at present in the hands of the duke of Savoy. But could that prince ever have imagined that the French would have been at liberty to detach whole armies against him? or will it appear credible to posterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of so many populous and powerful nations, France could send so great a part of its troops to one seat of the war, without suffering in any of the rest? Whereas, it is well known, that if the duke of Savoy had continued before Toulon eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of sixty thousand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was strong enough everywhere else to prevent the confederates from making any impression upon them. However, let us fall into the right measures, and we may hope that the stroke is only deferred. The duke of Savoy hath secured a passage into Dauphiny, and, if the allies make such efforts in all parts, as we may reasonably expect from them, that prince may still make himself master of the French dominions on the other side of the Rhone.

There is another part of our conduct which may, perhaps, deserve to be considered. As soon as we have agreed with the States-General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negociate with some or other of the German princes, who are in the same confederacy, to furnish out our quota in mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance: first, as it may have an ill influence on the resolutions of those princes in the diet of the empire,

who may be willing to settle as small a quota as they can for themselves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and, in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have settled. This actually happened in the last campaign, when we are told the Germans excused themselves for their want of troops upon the Rhine, as having already put most of their forces into the British and Dutch service. Such an excuse, indeed, is very unjust, but it would be better to give them no occasion of making it; and on such occasions, to consider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reason.

It might, therefore, be for our advantage, that all the foreign troops in the British pay should be raised in neutral countries. Switzerland in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great use to us; not only in respect of the reinforcements which we might draw from thence, but because such a draught of forces would lessen the number of those that might otherwise be employed in the French service. The bulk of our levies should, nevertheless, be raised in our own country, it being impossible for neutral states to furnish both the British and Dutch with a sufficient number of effective men; besides that the British soldiers will be more at the disposal of their general, and act with greater vigour, under the conduct of one for whom they have so just a value, and whom they do not consider only as their leader, but as their countryman. We may, likewise, suppose, that the soldiers of a neutral state, who are not animated by any national interest, cannot fight for pay with the same ardour and alacrity, as men that fight for their prince and country, their wives and children.

It may, likewise, be worth while to consider, whether the military genius of the English nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring states, if it hath no occasion to exert itself. Minds that are altogether set on trade and profit often contract a certain narrowness of temper, and at length become uncapable of great and generous resolutions. Should the French ever make an unexpected descent upon us, we might want soldiers of our own growth to rise up in our defence: and might not have time to draw a sufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of Germany. It is generally said, that if

King Charles II. had made war upon France, in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it, by the many veterans which were scattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to service in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we shall never have such another nursery of soldiers; but if the present war gives a more military turn to all other nations of Europe, than to our own, it is to be feared we may lose in strength what we gain in number. We may apply the same consideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in Scotland or Ireland, may not those two parts of the British monarchy, after the disbanding of the present army, be too powerful for the rest, in case of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at present. However, as these considerations do not concern the more essential part of our design, it is sufficient to have mentioned them.

The sparing of ourselves in so important a conjuncture, when we have but this single opportunity left for the preserving everything that is precious amongst us, is the worst sort of management that we can possibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may entail an endless expense upon all posterity. We must venture the sacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at present, if we will effectually secure both for the future. The British kingdom is so well stocked with people, and so much abounds in horse, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmost use of it, to humble France, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more disagreeable thought to the people of Great Britain, than that of a standing army. But if a peace be made before the disunion of France and Spain, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a settled body of numerous forces indispensable for the safety of our country. We have it, therefore, in our choice, to raise such a strong reinforcement of troops, as at present may be sufficient, in conjunction with those of the allies, for breaking the strength of the enemy; or, when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot such an army as will be necessary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped, that those who would be the most zealous against keeping up a constant body of regular troops

after a general peace, will the most distinguish themselves for the promoting an[1] augmentation of those which are now on foot; and, by that means, take care that we shall not stand in need of such an expedient.

We are, indeed, obliged, by the present situation of our affairs, to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the French are retired within their lines, and have collected all their strength into a narrow compass, we must have greater numbers to charge them in their intrenchments, and force them to a battle. We saw, the last campaign, that an army of fourscore thousand of the best troops in Europe, with the Duke of Marlborough at the head of them, could do nothing against an enemy that were too numerous to be assaulted in their camps, or attacked in their strongholds.

There is another consideration which deserves our utmost attention. We know very well, that there is a prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to side with either party. I cannot presume to guess how far our ministers may be informed of his designs: but unless they have very strong assurance of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not opposing it, they cannot be too circumspect and speedy in taking their precautions against any contrary resolution. We shall be unpardonable, if, after such an expense of blood and treasure, we leave it in the power of any single prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the posture of our affairs in the last campaign, this prince could have turned the balance on either side; but it is to be hoped, the liberties of Europe will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not speak this, because I think there is any appearance of that on the prince's uniting himself to France. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great sentiments of honour, I think it is not improbable we should draw him over to the confederacy, if we press him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his sense of glory, will both have their

[1] *For the promoting an.*] He has expressed himself in this careless way two or three times in this page. He should have said—*the promoting of an*—but the preposition, *for*, is also wrong. It should be, *by—distinguish themselves by*—

effect on a prince who hath already distinguished himself by being a patron of Protestants, and guarantee of the Westphalian treaty. And if his interest hath any part in his actions, the allies may make him greater offers than the French king can do in the present conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the empire; doubtful successions, to which the king of Sweden seems to have very just pretensions; and, at the same time, a great title not yet disposed of, and a seat of war on the Moselle, where none of our generals signalized themselves. It would be presumption to be particular in any proposals on such an occasion; it is enough to have shown in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wisdom of the confederates may make use.

Common sense will direct us, when we see so warlike a prince at the head of so great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendship, or secure ourselves against the force of his arms. We are sure, whatever numbers of troops we raise, we shall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may spare us the expense of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parsimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is still a great popular objection, which will be made to everything that can be urged on this subject. And indeed it is such a one as falls so much in with the prejudices and little passions of the multitude, that when it is turned and set off to advantage by ill-designing men, it throws a damp on the public spirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous resolutions for its honour and safety. In short, we are to be told, that England contributes much more than any other of the allies, and that, therefore, it is not reasonable she should make any addition to her present efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not see any tolerable colour for such a conclusion. Supposing, among a multitude embarked in the same vessel, there are several that in the fury of a tempest will rather perish, than work for their preservation; would it not be madness in the rest to stand idle, and rather choose to sink together than do more than comes to their share? Since we are engaged in a work so absolutely necessary for

our welfare, the remissness of our allies should be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than slacken them. If we must govern ourselves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy, than the supineness and negligence of our friends.

We have, indeed, a much greater share in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The French king makes at us directly, keeps a king by him to set over us, and hath very lately augmented the salary of his court, to let us see how much he hath that design at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, should they ever fall into his hands, would lose their religion, or form of government, or interfere at present with him in matters of commerce. The Dutch, who are likely to be the greatest losers after the Britons, have but little trade to the Levant in comparison with ours, have no considerable plantations or commerce in the West Indies, or any woollen manufactures for Spain; not to mention the strong barrier they have already purchased between France and their own country.

But, after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the same complaint, and fancies itself the greatest sufferer by the war. Indeed, in so common a pressure, let the weight be never so equally distributed, every one will be most sensible of that part which lies on his own shoulders. We furnish, without dispute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the question is, whether others do not exert themselves in proportion according to their respective strength. The emperor, the king of Prussia, the elector of Hanover, as well as the States of Holland and the duke of Savoy, seem at least to come up to us. The greatest powers in Germany are borrowing money where they can get it, in order to maintain their stated quotas, and go through their part of the expense: and if any of the circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more, in their late contributions, than what would have furnished out their shares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furnishing greater supplies to the war than it doth at present. To this we might answer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it should be an argument for enforcing rather than diminishing our present efforts against France. The

sinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occasion far greater impositions, than those which are now laid upon us. Whereas the seasonable expense[1] of part of our riches, will not only preserve the rest; but, by the right use of them, procure vast additions to our present stock. It may be necessary for a person languishing under an ill habit of body to lose several ounces of blood, notwithstanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining mass, and draw into it fresh supplies.

But we can by no means make this concession to those who so industriously publish the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the same extent in Europe. France, notwithstanding the goodness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbours, both for the Ocean and Mediterranean, and its present correspondence with the West Indies, is not to compare[2] with Great Britain in this particular. I shall transcribe, word for word, the passage of a late celebrated French author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the reader to make the counter-part of the parallel between the two nations.

"According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during several years, in which I have applied myself to this sort of remarks, I have observed, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom are reduced to beggary, and are actually beggars. That among the nine other parts, five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to those aforementioned, being very near reduced themselves to the same miserable condition. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very uneasy in their circumstances, and embarrassed with debts and law-suits. In the tenth part, I reckon the soldiers, lawyers, ecclesiastics, merchants, and substantial citizens, which cannot make up more than a hundred thousand families. And, I believe, I should not be mistaken if I should say, that there are not above ten thousand of these families, who are very much at their ease: and if, out of these ten thousand, we should take the men that are employed in public business, with their dependants and adhe-

[1] *Expense*—for, *laying-out*—not usual.

[2] *Is not to compare.*] Somewhat vulgar. We generally prefer the passive form—*is not to be compared.*

rents, as also those whom the king supports by his bounty, with a few merchants, the number of those who remain will be surprisingly little." *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people! for so many the author reckons in that kingdom. How can we see such a multitude of souls cast under so many subdivisions of misery, without reflecting on the absurdity of a form of government that sacrifices the ease and happiness of so many reasonable beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at present.

If we run over the other nations of Europe that have any part in the present war, we shall only pass through so many different scenes of poverty. Spain, Portugal, and Savoy are reduced to great extremities. Germany is exhausted to the last degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all she had left. Holland, indeed, flourishes above the rest in wealth and plenty: but if we consider the infinite industry and penuriousness of that people, the coarseness of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleasure[1] and excess, it is no wonder, that notwithstanding they furnish as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not so many overgrown estates as in monarchies, the wealth of the country is so equally distributed, that most of the community are at their ease, though few are placed in extraordinary points of splendour and magnificence. But, notwithstanding these circumstances may very much contribute to the seeming prosperity of the United Provinces, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republic is worth; and if we consider the variety of taxes and impositions they groan under at a time when their private dissensions run high, and some of the wealthiest parts of the government refuse to bear their share in the public expense, we shall not think the condition of that people so much to be envied as some amongst us would willingly represent it.

Nor is Great Britain only rich as she stands in comparison with other states, but is really so in her own intrinsic wealth. She had never more ships at sea, greater quantities of merchandise in her warehouses, larger receipts of customs, or

[1] *Their little indulgences of pleasure.*] Concisely, but inaccurately, expressed, for—*the little indulgence they give themselves in pleasure.*

more numerous commodities rising out of her manufactures than she has at present. In short she sits in the midst of a mighty affluence of all the necessaries and conveniences of life.[1] If our silver and gold diminishes, our public credit continues unimpaired; and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to supply ourselves. The old Roman general, when he heard his army complain of thirst, showed them the springs and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own case; the rout of a Spanish army would make us masters of the Indies.

If Prince Eugene takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in Catalonia, and meets with that support from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair prospect of reducing Spain to the entire obedience of the house of Austria. The Silesian fund (to the immortal reputation of those generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that prince to make a conquest of Italy, at a time when our affairs were more desperate there than they are at present in the kingdom of Spain.

When our parliament had done their utmost, another public-spirited project of the same nature, which the common enemy could not foresee nor prepare against, might, in all probability, set King Charles upon the throne for which he hath so long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the Spanish continent.

Let us, therefore, exert the united strength of our whole island, and by that means put a new life and spirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increase their preparations according to the example that is set them. We see the necessity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reason, or rescue our country from the miseries that may befall it; and we find ourselves in a condition of making such an augmentation as, by the blessing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorously, we shall gain for ourselves and our posterity a long, a glorious, and a lasting peace; but if we neglect so fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treasures, when it will be too late; and shall be tormented with one of the most melan-

[1] The image in this sentence is fine; but the expression somewhat exceptionable on the account of three *ofs* coming together.

choly reflections of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made ourselves and our children happy.[1]

[1] I am by no means a judge of the subject debated in this paper; which was, apparently, written to serve the cause, and to promote the views, of the author's friends and patrons, then in the direction of affairs. What every one sees, is, that, if all political pamphlets were composed with the clearness, the good sense, and the good temper, so conspicuous in this, they would be very useful to the public, or, at least, could do no hurt. When Mr. Addison submitted, sometimes, to become a party-writer, he knew how to maintain the fairness, the elegance, and even dignity, of his character.

THE LATE

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF COUNT TARIFF.[1]

The whole nation is at present very inquisitive after the proceedings in the cause of Goodman Fact, plaintiff, and Count Tariff, defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of June, in the thirteenth year of her Majesty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I shall therefore give my countrymen a short and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, must in the first place premise some particulars relating to the person and character of the said plaintiff, Goodman Fact.

Goodman Fact is allowed by everybody to be a plain-spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms everything roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters nobody. Yet so great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best-contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard. He never applies to the passions or prejudices of his audience: when they listen with attention and honest minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a suit of English broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Everything he wore was substantial, honest, home-spun ware. His cane,

[1] This humorous paper relates to the *Tariff*, as it is called, or *treaty of commerce*, declaring the duties of import and export, which the ministry had agreed to, at the peace of Utrecht. A bill, which the Commons had ordered to be brought in, for the confirmation of that treaty, occasioned great debates, and was at length thrown out by a small majority. This fate of the *Tariff* was thought to reflect no small disgrace on the makers of the peace, and was matter of great triumph to the Whig-party. See the particulars in *Burnet*, under the year 1713, and in *Tindal's Continuation*.

indeed, came from the East Indies, and two or three little superfluities from Turkey, and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat Port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by several thousands of weavers, clothiers, fullers, dyers, packers, calenders, setters, silk-men, spinners, dressers, whitsters, winders, mercers, throwsters, sugar-bakers, distillers, drapers, hosiers, planters, merchants, and fishermen; who all unanimously declared that they could not live two months longer, if their friend Fact did not gain his cause.

Everybody was overjoyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for, indeed, he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against Count Tariff was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the French interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the paintiff speak in derogation of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders, and others; who were the persons whom the said plaintiff had always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of three great farms, which had long flourished under the superintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these, and many other wicked devices, he would

have starved many honest day-labourers, have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farms with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars, Goodman Fact was very short but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain, home-spun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had further so much of the Quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that Count Tariff endeavoured to browbeat the plaintiff all the while he was speaking; but though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old Fact so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion, to attest Goodman Fact's veracity, than ever were seen in a court of justice. His cause was pleaded by the ablest men in the kingdom; among whom was a gentleman of Suffolk,[1] who did him signal service.

Count Tariff appeared just the reverse of Goodman Fact. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with flower-de-luces. He wore also a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the French assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world besides Goodman Fact.

The Count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the Tariffs, viz. by railing and calling names.

He, in the first place, accused his adversary of *scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with sauci-

[1] Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, at first, had favoured the treaty, but afterwards spoke warmly and with effect against it.

ness and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at court, he was a little startled at this accusation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impossible for any of his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the court, that is, "To speak the truth, and nothing but the truth."

The Count in the next place assured the court, that his antagonist has taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not Fact, but Faction. The court was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the sons of faction; the testimonies of his witnesses, the dictates of faction: nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people, begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the Clamours of Faction.

As soon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the court, that Fact was not an Englishman by birth, but that he was of Dutch extraction, and born in Holland. In consequence of this assertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of Mynheer Van Fact; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar, a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner that it was impossible to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay, in the very language, of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name, he said the world called him Mercator:[1] but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which, for certain reasons, he was obliged to conceal. The court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside, as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a court of justice; advising him, at the same time, as he ten-

[1] A ministerial paper, so called, written by *Daniel de Foe*, in vindication of *the treaty of commerce.*

dered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious falsehoods as he had then published. The witness, however, persisted in his contumacy, telling them he was very sorry to find, that notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witness,[1] who spoke much to the reputation of Count Tariff. This was a tall black, blustering person dressed in a Spanish habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a Golillio about his neck, and a long Toledo sticking out by his side: his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles, that at a distance he seemed to be made up of silver and gold. He called himself Don Assiento, and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count: and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The court was at first very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examination, found him a true Spaniard: nothing but show and beggary. For it was fully proved, that, notwithstanding the boasts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat; nay, that upon casting up his annual expenses, with the debts and encumbrances which lay upon his estate, he was worse than nothing.

There appeared another witness in favour of the Count, who spoke with so much violence and warmth, that the court begun to listen to him very attentively; till, upon hearing his name, they found he was a notorious knight of the post, being kept in pay, to give his testimony on all occasions where it was wanted. This was the Examiner;[2] a person who had abused almost every man in England, that deserved well of his country. He called Goodman Fact a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down, if he could have come at him. It was allowed by everybody, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared

[1] By this witness is meant, *the Assiento Contract*, or grant made by the king of Spain, for the importation of negroes into his American dominions, to the South-sea Company; the supposed benefits of which contract, being part of the treaty of commerce, were much insisted upon by the ministerial advocates.

[2] The famous political paper of that name, in which Swift, and some other writers of credit, were concerned.

in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence, who had maintained the cause of Goodman Fact, he called them idiots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends, and devils: never did man show so much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was, at length, so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had shown any friendship or inclination for the plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness, overhearing the word Pillory repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, Count Tariff was cast, and Goodman Fact got his cause; but the court sitting late, did not think it fit, at that time, to give him costs, or, indeed, to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time, when the Count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman Fact's success created in the city of London; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

THE WHIG-EXAMINER.

No. 1. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

> Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
> Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
> Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
> Intactum Pallanta, et cum folia ista diemque
> Oderit—

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner. As that author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the Executioner.[1] At least, his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this author has made upon Dr. Garth's poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? "The collective body of the Whigs have already engrossed our riches:" that is, in plain English, the Whigs are possessed of all the riches of the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there anything more reasonable, than that those

[1] We are to impute to this provocation, the peculiar keenness of our author's reproof, in these papers. But one is surprised to observe how much of that keenness is directed against the style of his antagonist.—The reason is, that the good taste of that time would not endure a want of correct and just composition, even in a party writer.

who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or, if he likes his own phrase better, as, indeed, I think it is stronger, that those who have already engrossed our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: "Their representative, the Kit-cat, have pretended to make a monopoly of our sense." Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means anything, it is this; that, to prevent such a monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity, both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows.

THE RIDDLE.

Sphinx was a monster, that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclosed
The subtle riddle she proposed.
  Œdipus was resolved to go,
And try what strength of parts could do;
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

The first part of this little mystical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the author given himself the trouble of explaining it; but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: "What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at

night?" This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and not according to Rabelais, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: "What creature, (says he,) is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs?" Were I disposed to be splenetic. I should ask if there was anything in the new garland of riddles so wild, so childish, or so flat: but though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the author has stolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the Nile, when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus: Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and snatched away one leg; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon legs. That I may deal more ingeniously with my reader than the above-mentioned enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle: which, upon application, he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint stool, which in the sphinx's country was called a tripode; as four legs is a dog, who, in all nations and ages, has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the author's words:

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the poet tells us, was proposed by Œdipus to the sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the sphinx had proposed to him. This Œdipus, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a king of Thebes, and bore a particular grudge to the tre——r of that kingdom, which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this enigma.

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;

By which he intimates that this great man at Thebes, being "weak by nature," as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that, in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen Jocasta's court, which the author calls his third leg. Now it so happened that the treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, "Then loses one"—Thus far, I think, we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loses one,—

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which, I must confess, has kept me awake for these three nights:

—Then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the treasurer of Thebes might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore, upon mature consideration, do find that the words (then gets two more) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall, therefore, restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Œdipus speaks:

Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, "then gains two more,"
And rides away at last on four?

I must now inform the reader, that Thebes was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it "in an open boat;" for to say of an Englishman, in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd, as

to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Hague.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the author, for the future, to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggerel, when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us, in plain intelligible language, how Syrisca's ladle was lost in one hole, and Hans Carvel's finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but, when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever Persius did. After this cursory view of the Examiner's performance, let us consider his remarks upon the doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the doctor's considering the treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller, or any other writer, who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: and though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with[1] the Examiner, upon the phrases of "passions being poised," and of the "retrieving merit from dependence," which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same cavilling spirit,

[1] *Dissent with.*] They who delight in Latinizing the English tongue, would correct without scruple—*dissent from.*—But the matter is not quite so clear as they pretend. *Dis*, in the compound words of our language, is not always a preposition, properly so called, like the Latin *de*, but an article, expressing very strongly *negation*, or *contrariety;* as, *disallow, disown, disagree*, &c., which mean the same thing as *I do not allow, do not own, do not agree*, &c. The prepositive article, *dis*, thus understood, not only may, but frequently must, be followed by the preposition *with:* as, *I dispute with you, I disagree with you, I differ with you*, (which is unquestionably good English,) and, agreeably to this analogy, we may say, *I dissent with you*—the sense being respectively, I do *not understand, agree, hold*, or *think with* you.

But *dissent with*, it will be said, must be wrong, because the word *dissent*, being of Latin derivation, must follow the idiom of that tongue. Here, again, there is some doubt: for the Latin writers do not only say, *dissentire ab aliquo*, but *cum aliquo*, as *cum Catone meo sæpe dissensi.* [*Cic. de Off.* lib. iii. c. 22, *Ed. Pearce.*]

To compromise the matter, however, I would lay down this rule—"that, where the compound verb is purely of Latin original, there the most *usual* idiom of the Latin tongue is to be followed." And, because that is evidently the case in the verb *dissent*, I would choose rather to say, *dissent from*, than *dissent with;* it being, I believe, more customary with the Latin writers to say, *dissentire ab*,—than—*dissentire cum*, though the practice be not universal.

that finds fault with that expression of the "pomp of peace among the woes of war," as well as of "offering unasked." As for the Nile, how Icarus and Phaëton came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess, they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash, ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the author should deprive us of those particular similes for the future. The next criticism upon the stars seems introduced for no other reason, but to mention Mr. Bickerstaff, whom the author everywhere endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the Examiner to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

—Non si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris—

The allusion to the victim may be a gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit. And as for the Examiner's remarks on the word *bleed*, (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself,) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line "Ingratitude's a weed of every clime." Here he is very much out of humour with the doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which Dryden only terms the *growth* of every clime. But, for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments; and I do not question, but the same who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the Dispensary was no poet, will very suddenly undertake to show that he who gained the battle of Blenheim is no general.

No. 2. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

—Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares—

I NEVER yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson. The

Examiner had not written two half-sheets of paper, before he met with one that was astonished at "the force he was master of," and approaches him with awe when he mentions state subjects, as "encroaching on the province that belonged to him," and treating of things "that deserved to pass under his pen." The same humble author tells us, that the Examiner can furnish mankind with an "antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation." This crying up of the Examiner's antidote puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy walked before him, publishing with a shrill voice, *Mon pere querit toutes sortes de maladies*, "My father cures all sorts of distempers;" to which the doctor, who walked behind him, added, in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, "The child says true."

That the reader may see what party the author of this letter is of, I shall show how he speaks of the French king and the duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest allies, the emperor of Germany and the States-General. "In the mean while the French king has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld." What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! The panegyric on the duke of Anjou, is by much the best written part of this whole letter; the apology for the French king is, indeed, the same which the Post-boy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great prince. There are many strokes of the author's good-will to our confederates, the Dutch and the emperor, in several parts of this notable epistle: I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-

General, and the emperor expressed for the ministry, by their humble applications to her Majesty, in these words.

"Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the ministers.

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, are called in as confederates to the ministry." This, in the mildest English it will bear, runs thus: "They are resolved to look for help wherever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it;" that is, to the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna. The French king, the pope, and the devil, have been often joined together, by a well-meaning Englishman; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, in such company. We may still see this gentleman's principles, in the accounts which he gives of his own country: speaking of "the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to," which, every one knows, comprehends the Whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, "For the queen and the whole body of the British nation,—

Nos numerus sumus."

In English,

We are cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging; and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to her Majesty, as to separate her, in so saucy a manner, from that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, "have engrossed the riches of the nation;" and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of We; that is, "We queen and Tories are cyphers." *Nos numerus sumus*, is a scrap of Latin, more impudent than Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the same particle, "WE," used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this letter; "But nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Toulon, which WE suffered to be defeated before it began." Whoever did,

God forgive them; there were, indeed, several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to France.

Having done with the author's party and principles, we now shall consider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The first lash of his satire falls upon the censor of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous censor of Rome in nothing but espousing the "cause of the vanquished." Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan,

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

"The gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished." The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the censor, but of Cato of Utica. How Mr. Bickerstaffe, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who was not a Roman censor, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say, therefore, that the censor of Great Britain resembles that famous censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished, is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths, and secret histories, that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of these new revelations resembles the ancient author of the Revelations "in nothing but venturing his head." Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, should he thus mistake one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the evangelist, which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him?

Another smart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and, instead of writing a letter to the Examiner, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: "Paint, sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her Majesty, and of those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weak-

ness of a shattered constitution." By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves is a figure which this gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems, the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: "And when this is done, D——n shall blush in his grave among the dead, W——le among the living, and even Vol——e shall feel some remorse." Was there ever anything, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in satire. But we see a master-piece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a duchess of Great Britain, a princess of the empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her royal mistress, he calls a great lady "an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;" and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon Alecto. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries either from this great lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled "An Essay towards proving that Gratitude is no Virtue." This author is so full of satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the queen's singing-men, who, it seems, did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an anthem; as you may see in that passage: "Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the Stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of S——m has deafened his audience from the pulpit." Thus you see how, like a true son of the high-church, he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not, to animate people with devotion and grati-

tude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised, in the next place, to consider the language of this excellent author, who, I find, takes himself for an orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they "profusely scatter" through the nation; that is, in plain English, "for squandering away their poison." In the second, he talks of "carrying probability through the thread of a fable;" and, in the third, "of laying an odium at a man's door." In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that the "G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to, are the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of the fears of the enemies." I would advise this author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign minister should address her Majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her Majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid,) "Madam, you are the object of the confidence of the allies;" or, "Madam, your Majesty is the only object of the fears of the enemies." Would a man think that he had learned English? I would have the author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as page seven, where he tells us, "that the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious." What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him, in a passion, that his "scales were precarious;" and mean by it that they were "not fixed?" In the thirteenth page he speaks of "certain profligate wretches, who having usurped the royal seat, resolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it." A plain-spoken man would have left the chariot out of this sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this gentleman, in the next edition of his letter, to change the chariot of government into the chaise of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an *anti-climax*, an instance of which we have

in the tenth page; where he tells us, that Britain may expect to have this only glory left her, "that she has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to the whole world." I never met with so sudden a downfal in so promising a sentence; a jest to the whole world gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember, in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden:

> Not only London echoes with thy fame,
> But also Islington has heard the *same.*

The other are in French.

> Allez vous, luy dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,
> Où vous avez laissé votre honneur et *vos gans.*

But we need not go further than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. "Mankind remains convinced, that a queen possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne." Is this panegyric or burlesque? To see so glorious a queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks liker Scarron's character of the great Queen Semiramis, who, says that author, "was the founder of Babylon, conqueror of the East, and an excellent housewife."

The third subject, being the argumentative part of this letter, I shall leave till another occasion.

No. 3. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

> —Non defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.— VIRG.

I WAS once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately reassumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, "but, sir, as I was telling you." The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of Don Quixote, who inserts

several novels in his works, and, after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. Hudibras has broke off the Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle. The Tatler has frequently interrupted the course of a lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the Examiner, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of the Letter to the Examiner to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

"Alcibiades was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of Socrates; and one of the best orators of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when learning was at its highest pitch; he was likewise very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the Lacedæmonians, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against the Great King of Persia, but were at that time in alliance with the Persians. He had been once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his enemies, that the priest cursed him. But after the great services which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their curses, and changed them into applauses and benedictions.

"Plutarch tells us, in the Life of Alcibiades, that one Taureas, an obscure man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himself to the Athenians by an oration. The speech which Alcibiades made on that occasion, has been lately discovered among the manuscripts of King's College in Cambridge; and communicated to me by my learned friend Dr. B——ley; who tells me that by a marginal note it appears that this Taureas, or, as the doctor rather choses to call him, Toryas, was an Athenian brewer. This speech I have translated literally, changing very little in it, except where it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by an English reader. It is as follows.

"Is it then possible, O ye Athenians, that I, who hitherto have had none but generals to oppose me, must now have an

artisan for my antagonist? That I, who have overthrown the princes of Lacedæmon, must now see myself in danger of being defeated by a brewer? What will the world say of the goddess that presides over you, should they suppose you follow her dictates? would they think she acted like herself, like the great Minerva? would they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would they not rather say, she has a second time chosen owls for her favourites? But, O ye men of Athens, what has this man done to deserve your voices? You say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling; and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your custom, but not your votes: you are now to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the common enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne the dust and heat of the day, while he has been sweating at the furnace? behold these scars, behold this wound, which still bleeds in your service; what can Taureas show you of this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he any other wound about him, except the accidental scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O Athenians, let it not be said, that your generals have conquered themselves into your displeasure, and lost your favour by gaining you victories. Shall those achievements that have redeemed the present age from slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the benefits of them? Shall those names that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your posterity blush at their forefathers, when they shall read in the annals of their country, that Alcibiades, in the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered the Lacedæmonians, and recovered Byzantium, contended for a prize against Taureas the brewer? The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful. I shall not, however, slacken my endeavours for the security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is still Athens. On the contrary, as she will stand more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a people; I will pursue my victories till such time as it shall be out of your power to hurt your-

selves, and that you may be in safety even under your present leaders. But oh! thou genius of Athens, whither art thou fled? Where is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of Thermopylæ, and fought upon the plains of Marathon? Are you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at Agraulos, 'That you would look upon the bounds of Attica to be those soils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?' Consider your enemies the Lacedæmonians; did you ever hear that they preferred a coffee-man to Agesilaus? No, though their generals have been unfortunate, though they have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the troops of Athens, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay, celebrated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their generals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there not men of Taureas's temper and character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the Great King of Persia? who have been *against* entering into a war with him, or *for* making a peace upon base conditions? that have grudged those contributions which have set our country at the head of all the governments of Greece? that would dishonour those who have raised her to such a pitch of glory? that would betray those liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased or recovered with their blood? and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common enemy? I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of Athens; you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his vats and tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards which were employed against you, and which I have wrested out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O ye gods! let not the king of Persia laugh at the fall of Alcibiades! Let him not say, 'The Athenians have avenged me upon their own generals;' or let me be rather struck dead by the hand of a Lacedæmonian, than disgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

No. 4. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.

Satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum. SALLUST.

HUDIBRAS has defined nonsense (as Cowley does wit) by negatives. Nonsense, (says he,) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense; you may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms anything, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school-divinity.

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader, as Erasmus's Encomium of Folly, I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the Letter to the Examiner: I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute to state the whole nature of nonsense, and because 'tis a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold, phlegmatic temper, that in a poor, dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise, it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir Hercules Nonsense in the play called the Nest of Fools. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like Æsop's ass clothed in a lion's skin.

When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that showed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of by *small-beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and, by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low grovelling nonsense in every Grub Street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. S——l in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the Letter to the Examiner. This is when an author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not, indeed, at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas,

such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have, with a great deal of attention and difficulty, found out what this gentleman would say had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly, to domestic: as to the first, he tells us, that "the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous;" so that the ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives, he tells us, "were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives," he says, "was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered." So that the ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. "The restoring the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria," he tells us, "remained still in its full force; and we were told,' says he, "that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain, and the balance of power in Europe, would be still precarious: Spain, therefore, must be conquered." He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose; but what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to show, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy; "that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where France is best able to keep us at bay;" that the French king has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the duke of Anjou has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: nay, "that instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld." He then

intimates to us, that the Dutch and the emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General Stanhope, that, if the author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the French king or the duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding "the little care the emperor takes to support King Charles," notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented "with a larger and better country than their own, already conquered for them," that victorious general, at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the house of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, to those of Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities; they puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, *that the ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain*, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The letter-writer says, "that the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies in the year 1706." But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks Antwerp and Brussels, Ghent and Bruges, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great general on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. "But," says the letter-writer, "the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place;" but if the laying the stress of the war in the Low Countries drew thither the whole strength of France; if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the duke of Anjou with a numerous army; and if, by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in Spain ten regiments, with as little trouble and

expense as England could two regiments; every impartial judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author, in this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, "they hoped England would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland:" as if England were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for Holland; which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or, as Mr. Waller expresses it, "our outguard on the continent;" and which, if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of, by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening our trade into the Levant, by securing ports for us in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Naples, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into Spain, which will be of more advantage to England than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of Dunkirk, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the Dutch and Germans, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials; such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest Scotchman, who, as he was walking along the streets of London, heard one calling out after him, "Scot, Scot," and casting forth, in a clamorous manner, a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation; Sawny turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him was a saucy parrot, that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, "were he a man as he was a green goose, he would have run him through the wemb."

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know

what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that "the queen had grieved her subjects" in making choice of such men for her ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

No. 5. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Parere jam non scelus est. MARTIAL.

WE live in a nation where, at present, there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politics. The whole island is peopled with statesmen, and not unlike Trinculo's kingdom of viceroys. Every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a politician, I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of Great Britain, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, "Whether they would rather be governed by a prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to passive obedience and non-resistance. For I must observe, that the advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear; and we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. Passive obedience, and non-resistance, are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: they have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To show this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the prince, as well as to the people: the question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated, whe-

ther resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our prince be obliged, by our constitution, to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of obedience without settling the extent of power; or to describe the subject, without defining the king. An arbitrary prince is, in justice and equity, the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. Passive obedience and non-resistance are the duties of Turks and Indians, who have no laws above the will of a Grand Signior or a Mogul. The same power which those princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our prince, he might, doubtless, wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If, therefore, we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that liberty and property are the birthright of the English nation, but that if a prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly, rather than defend them; this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary prince, or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth insnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late addresses. I would fain know what freeholder

in England would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or, whether her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the reader, if this has not been the sense of many addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

"MADAM,

It is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily preaching up among us that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preservation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked prince shall make use of his royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who, under the reign of the best of sovereigns, would avow such dangerous tenets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down and discountenance these seditious notions, as being altogether republican, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious forefathers, who, in all ages, at an infinite expense of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their posterity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble and disquiet of their lawful prince. We do, therefore, in the most humble and dutiful manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist a sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our Magna Charta, or invade those rights and liberties which those traitors procured for us; but will venture our lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects who think they may stand up in defence of them."

It happens very unluckily, that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd, unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a prince's ear: for which reason, the publishers of it have always been the favourites of weak kings. Even those who have no inclination to do hurt to others, says the famous satirist, would have the power of

doing it if they pleased Honest men, who tell their sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are, therefore, always in danger of being the last in the royal favour. Nor, indeed, would that be unreasonable, if the professors of non-resistance and passive obedience would stand to their principle; but instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not, in the late revolution, rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their queen had offended them in nothing, but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the church memorial, which they all applauded and cried up, as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, for their "nature might rebel against principles?" Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise non-resistance to a prince that pleases them, and passive obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember, one of the rabble in Œdipus, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells, "Why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, but it was a hard thing, that an oath should be a man's master." This is, in effect, the language of the church in the above-mentioned memorial. Men of these soft, peaceable dispositions, in times of prosperity, put me in mind of Kirke's Lambs; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, that it has a natural tendency to make a good king a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he

should do, than a man who is influenced by fear, as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of Thales, the wise Milesian, "That of all wild beasts, a tyrant is the worst; and of all tame beasts, a flatterer." They do, indeed, naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another, which is no less destructive to the prince. A late unfortunate king very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly, began to act like a king who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? It is too fresh in everybody's memory. Thus is a prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings; he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember, at the beginning of King James's reign, the Quakers presented an address, which gave great offence to the high-churchmen of those times. But, notwithstanding the uncourtliness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

"These are to testify to thee our sorrow for our friend Charles, whom we hope thou wilt follow in everything that is good.

"We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land, any more than we, and, therefore, may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

"We hope that in this and all things else, thou wilt promote the good of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and prosperous."

Had all King James's subjects addressed him with the same integrity, he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE FREEHOLDER.[1]

No. 1. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1715.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.
TACIT.

THE arguments of an author lose a great deal of their weight, when we are persuaded that he only writes for argument's sake, and has no real concern in the cause which he espouses. This is the case of one, who draws his pen in the defence of property, without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to suspect that the passion for liberty, which appears in a Grub Street patriot, arises only from his apprehensions of a gaol; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to secure, but to get something of his own. Should the government be overturned, he has nothing to lose but an old standish.

[1] It is but justice to a great writer, to distinguish between his hasty and his deliberate compositions; between such of his works, as he had planned at his leisure, and finished with care, and such as he was called upon to furnish on the sudden, not with a view to his own fame, but to the discharge of some occasional duty, which a present emergency, or his character and station in life, imposed upon him. Such was apparently the case of the *Freeholder;* a set of periodical essays, undertaken in the heat of the rebellion in 1715, and with the best purpose of reconciling an abused people to the new succession; at a time when the writer was deeply engaged in public buisness, and had scarce the leisure to produce these papers so fast as they were demanded from him. For it was important, in that conjuncture, that the minds of men should be calmed and softened by some immediate applications; and the general good taste of that age made it expedient that such applications should be administered, not by an ordinary hand, but by the most polite and popular of our writers.

If these considerations be allowed their just weight, *The Freeholder* will be read with pleasure, and must even be thought to do no small credit to its author, though it be not always written with that force, or polished everywhere up to that perfect grace, which we admire so much in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*.

I question not but the reader will conceive a respect for the author of this paper, from the title of it; since he may be sure I am so considerable a man, that I cannot have less than forty shillings a year.

I have rather chosen this title than any other, because it is what I most glory in, and what most effectually calls to my mind the happiness of that government under which I live. As a British freeholder, I should not scruple taking place of a French marquis; and when I see one of my countrymen amusing himself in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater person than the owner of the richest vineyard in Champagne.

The House of Commons is the representative of men in my condition. I consider myself as one who[1] give my consent to every law which passes: a freeholder in our government being of the nature of a citizen of Rome in that famous commonwealth; who, by the election of a tribune, had a kind of remote voice in every law that was enacted. So that a freeholder is but one remove from a legislator, and for that reason ought to stand up in the defence of those laws which are in some degree of his own making. For such is the nature of our happy constitution, that the bulk of the people virtually give their approbation to everything they are bound to obey, and prescribe to themselves those rules by which they are to walk.

At the same time that I declare I am a freeholder, I do not exclude myself from any other title. A freeholder may be either a voter, or a knight of the shire; a wit, or a fox-hunter; a scholar, or a soldier; an alderman, or a courtier; a patriot, or a stock-jobber. But I choose to be distinguished by this denomination, as the freeholder is the basis of all other titles. Dignities may be grafted upon it; but this is the substantial stock, that conveys to them their life, taste, and beauty; and without which they are no more than blossoms, that would fall away with every shake of wind.[2]

And here I cannot but take occasion to congratulate my country upon the increase of this happy tribe of men, since, by the wisdom of the present parliament I find the race of

[1] *Who* refers to *one*, and not to *I*. He should then have said—*who gives his* consent.

[2] *Shake of wind.*] Better, *blast*, or, *breath* —We say, a *shake* in music, but in nothing else.

freeholders spreading into the remotest corners of the island. I mean that act which passed in the late session for the encouragement of loyalty in Scotland: by which it is provided, "That all and every vassal and vassals in Scotland, who shall continue peaceable, and in dutiful allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, holding lands or tenements of any offender (guilty of high-treason) who holds such lands or tenements immediately of the Crown, shall be vested and seized, and are hereby enacted and ordained to hold the said lands or tenements of his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, in fee and heritage for ever, by such manner of holding, as any such offender held such lands or tenements of the Crown," &c.

By this means it will be in the power of a Highlander to be at all times a good tenant, without being a rebel; and to deserve the character of a faithful servant, without thinking himself obliged to follow his master to the gallows.

How can we sufficiently extol the goodness of his present Majesty, who is not willing to have a single slave in his dominions! or enough to rejoice in the exercise of that loyalty, which, instead of betraying a man into the most ignominious servitude, (as it does in some of our neighbouring kingdoms,) entitles him to the highest privileges of freedom and property! It is now to be hoped that we shall have few vassals, but to the laws of our country.

When these men have a taste of property, they will naturally love that constitution from which they derive so great a blessing. There is an unspeakable pleasure in calling anything one's own. A freehold, though it be but in ice and snow, will make the owner pleased in the possession, and stout in the defence of it; and is a very proper reward of our allegiance to our present king, who (by an unparalleled instance of goodness in a sovereign, and infatuation in subjects) contends for the freedom of his people against themselves; and will not suffer many of them to fall into a state of slavery, which they are bent upon with so much eagerness and obstinacy.

A freeholder of Great Britain is bred with an aversion to everything that tends to bring him under a subjection to the arbitrary will of another. Of this we find frequent instances in all our histories; where the persons, whose characters are the most amiable, and strike us with the highest veneration,

are those who stood up manfully against the invasions of civil liberty, and the complicated tyranny which Popery imposes upon our bodies, our fortunes, and our minds. What a despicable figure then must the present mock-patriots make in the eyes of posterity, who venture to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for the ruin of those civil rights which their ancestors, rather than part with, chose to be cut to pieces in the field of battle! And what an opinion will after-ages entertain of their religion who bid fair for a gibbet, by endeavouring to bring in a superstition, which their forefathers perished in flames to keep out?

But how instructive soever the folly of these men may prove to future times, it will be my business more immediately to consult the happiness of the age in which I live. And since so many profligate writers have endeavoured to varnish over a bad cause, I shall do all in my power to recommend a good one, which, indeed, requires no more than barely to explain what it is. While many of my gallant countrymen are employed in pursuing rebels half discomfited through the consciousness of their guilt, I shall labour to improve those victories to the good of my fellow-subjects; by carrying on our successes over the minds of men, and by reconciling them to the cause of their king, their country, and their religion.

To this end, I shall in the course of this paper (to be published every Monday and Friday) endeavour to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own interest, to show them the privileges of an English freeholder, which they enjoy in common with myself, and to make them sensible how these blessings are secured to us by his Majesty's title, his administration, and his personal character.

I have only one request to make to my readers, that they will peruse these papers with the same candour and impartiality in which they are written; and shall hope for no other prepossession in favour of them, than what one would think should be natural to every man, a desire to be happy, and a good will toward those who are the instruments of making them so.

No. 2. MONDAY, DECEMBER 26.

Non de domino, sed de parente loquimur. Intelligamus ergo bona nostra, dignosque nos illius usu probemus; atque identidem cogitemus, si majus principibus præstemus obsequium, qui servitute civium, quam qui libertate lætantur. PLIN.

HAVING in my first paper set forth the happiness of my station as a freeholder of Great Britain, and the nature of that property which is secured to me by the laws of my country; I cannot forbear considering, in the next place, that person who is intrusted with the guardianship and execution of those laws. I have lived in one reign, when the prince, instead of invigorating the laws of our country, or giving them their proper course, assumed a power of dispensing with them; and in another, when the sovereign was flattered by a set of men into a persuasion, that the regal authority was unlimited and uncircumscribed. In either of these cases, good laws are at best but a dead letter; and, by showing the people how happy they ought to be, only serve to aggravate the sense of their oppressions.

We have the pleasure at this time to see a king upon the throne who hath too much goodness to wish for any power, that does not enable him to promote the welfare of his subjects; and too much wisdom to look upon those as his friends, who would make their court to him by the profession of an obedience which they never practised, and which has always proved fatal to those princes who have put it to the trial His Majesty gave a proof of his sovereign virtues, before he came to the exercise of them in this kingdom. His inclination to justice led him to rule his German subjects in the same manner, that our constitution directs him to govern the English. He regarded those which are our civil liberties, as the natural rights of mankind; and therefore indulged them to a people, who pleaded no other claim to them than from his known goodness and humanity. This experience of a good prince, before we had the happiness to enjoy him, must give great satisfaction to every thinking man, who considers how apt sovereignty is to deprave human nature; and how many of our own princes made very ill figures upon the

throne, who, before they ascended it, were the favourites of the people.

What gives us the greatest security in the conduct of so excellent a prince is, that consistency of behaviour, whereby he inflexibly pursues those measures which appear the most just and equitable. As he hath the character of being the most prudent in laying proper schemes; he is no less remarkable for being steady in accomplishing what he has once concerted. Indeed, if we look into the history of his present Majesty, and reflect upon that wonderful series of successes which have attended him, I think they cannot be ascribed to anything so much as to his uniformity and firmness of mind, which has always discovered itself in his proceedings. It was by this that he surmounted those many difficulties which lay in the way to his succession; and by which, we have reason to hope, he will daily make all opposition fall before him. The fickle and unsteady politics of our late British monarchs have been the perpetual source of those dissensions and animosities which have made the nation unhappy: whereas the constant and unshaken temper of his present Majesty must have a natural tendency to the peace of his government, and the unanimity of his people.

Whilst I am enumerating the public virtues of our sovereign, which are so conducive to the advantage of those who are to obey him, I cannot but take notice, that his Majesty was bred up from his infancy with a love to this our nation, under a princess, who was the most accomplished woman of her age, and particularly famous for her affection to the English. Our countrymen were dear to him, before there was any prospect of their being his subjects; and every one knows, that nothing recommended a man so much to the distinguishing civilities of his court, as the being born in Great Britain.

To the fame of his Majesty's civil virtues, we may add the reputation he has acquired by his martial achievements. It is observed by Sir William Temple, that the English are particularly fond of a king who is valiant; upon which account his Majesty has a title to all the esteem that can be paid the most warlike prince; though at the same time, for the good of his subjects, he studies to decline all occasions of military glory; and chooses rather to be distinguished as the father, than as the captain of his people. I am glad his re-

bellious subjects are too inconsiderable to put him upon exerting that courage and conduct, which raised him so great a reputation in Hungary and the Morea, when he fought against the enemies of Christianity; and in Germany and Flanders, where he commanded against the great disturber of the peace of Europe. One would think there was reason for the opinion of those, who make personal courage to be an hereditary virtue, when we see so many instances of it in the line of Brunswick.

To go no farther back than the time of our present king, where can we find, among the sovereign houses of Europe, any other family that has furnished so many persons of distinguished fortitude? Three of his Majesty's brothers have fallen gloriously in the field, fighting against the enemies of their native country; and the bravery of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is still fresh in our memory, who fought, with the spirit of his father, at the battle of Audenarde, when the children of France, and the Pretender, fled before him.

I might here take notice of his Majesty's more private virtues, but have rather chosen to remind my countrymen of the public parts of his character, which are supported by such incontestable facts as are universally known and acknowledged.

Having thus far considered our happiness in his Majesty's civil and military character. I cannot forbear pleasing myself with regarding him in the view of one, who has been always fortunate. Cicero recommends Pompey under this particular head to the Romans, with whom the character of being fortunate was so popular, that several of their emperors gave it a place among their titles. Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence. And whether it proceeds from either of these, or from both together, or whatever may be the cause of it, every one is naturally pleased to see his interests conducted by a person who is used to good success. The establishment of the electoral dignity in his Majesty's family, was a work reserved for him finally to accomplish. A large accession of dominion fell to him, by his succeeding to the dukedom of Zell, whereby he became one of the greatest princes of Germany, and one of the most powerful persons that ever stood next heirs to the throne of Great Britain. The duchy of

Bremen, and the bishopric of Osnaburg, have considerably strengthened his interests in the empire, and given a great additional weight to the Protestant cause. But the most remarkable interpositions of Providence, in favour of him, have appeared in removing those seemingly invincible obstacles to his succession; in taking away, at so critical a juncture, the person who might have proved a dangerous enemy; in confounding the secret and open attempts of his traitorous subjects; and in giving him the delightful prospect of transmitting his power through a numerous and still increasing progeny.

Upon the whole, it is not to be doubted but every wise and honest subject will concur with Providence in promoting the glory and happiness of his present Majesty, who is endowed with all those royal virtues, that will naturally secure to us the national blessings which ought to be dear and valuable to a free people.

No. 3. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30.

Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem, malebant. SALL.

EVERY one knows, that it is usual for a French officer, who can write and read, to set down all the occurrences of a campaign in which he pretends to have been personally concerned; and to publish them under the title of his "Memoirs," when most of his fellow-soldiers are dead that might have contradicted any of his matters of fact. Many a gallant young fellow has been killed in battle, before he came to the third page of his secret history; when several, who have taken more care of their persons, have lived to fill a whole volume with their military performances, and to astonish the world with such instances of their bravery, as had escaped the notice of everybody else. One of our late Preston heroes had, it seems, resolved upon this method of doing himself justice: and, had he not been nipped in the bud, might have made a very formidable figure in his own works, among posterity. A friend of mine, who had the pillage of his pockets, has made me a present of the following memoirs, which he desires me to accept as a part of the spoils of the

rebels. I have omitted the introduction, as more proper for the inspection of a secretary of state; and shall only set down so much of the memoirs, as seem to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all Europe.

"HAVING thus concerted measures for a rising, we had a general meeting over a bowl of punch. It was here proposed, by one of the wisest among us, to draw up a manifesto, setting forth the grounds and motives of our taking arms; for, as he observed, there had never yet been an insurrection in England, where the leaders had not thought themselves obliged to give some reasons for it. To this end, we laid our heads together to consider what grievances the nation had suffered under the reign of King George. After having spent some hours upon this subject, without being able to discover any, we unanimously agreed to rebel first, and to find out reasons for it afterwards. It was, indeed, easy to guess at several grievances of a private nature, which influenced particular persons. One of us had spent his fortune: another was a younger brother: a third had the encumbrance of a father upon his estate. But that which principally disposed us in favour of the Chevalier was, that most of the company had been obliged to take the abjuration oath against their will. Being at length thoroughly inflamed with zeal and punch, we resolved to take horse the next morning, which we did accordingly, having been joined by a considerable reinforcement of Roman Catholics, whom we could rely upon, as knowing them to be the best Tories in the nation, and avowed enemies to Presbyterianism. We were, likewise, joined by a very useful associate, who was a fiddler by profession, and brought in with him a body of lusty young fellows, whom he had tweedled into the service. About the third day of our march, I was made a colonel; though I must needs say, I gained my commission by my horse's virtues, not my own; having leaped over a six-bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My general, who is a discerning man, hereupon gave me a regiment; telling me, 'He did not question but I would do the like when I came to the enemy's pallisadoes.' We pursued our march, with much intrepidity, through two or three open towns, to the great terror of the market-people, and the miscarriage of half a dozen big-bellied

women. Notwithstanding the magistracy was generally against us, we could discover many friends among our spectators; particularly in two or three balconies, which were filled with several tawdry females, who are known by the ancient name of Harlots. This sort of ladies received us everywhere with great demonstrations of joy, and promised to assist us with their prayers. After these signal successes in the north of England, it was thought advisable by our general to proceed towards our Scotch confederates. During our first day's march, I amused myself with considering what post I should accept under James the Third, when we had put him in possession of the British dominions. Being a great lover of country sports, I absolutely determined not to be a minister of state, nor to be fobbed off with a garter; until at length, passing by a noble country-seat, which belongs to a Whig, I resolved to beg it; and pleased myself, the remainder of the day, with several alterations I intended to make in it. For though the situation was very delightful, I neither liked the front of the house, nor the avenues that led to it. We were, indeed, so confident of success, that I found most of my fellow-soldiers were taken up with imaginations of the same nature. There had like to have been a duel between two of our subalterns upon a dispute, which of them should be governor of Portsmouth. A Popish priest, about the same time, gave great offence to a Northumberland squire, whom he threatened to excommunicate, if he did not give up to him the church-lands, which his family had usurped ever since the Reformation. In short, every man had cut out a place for himself in his own thoughts; so that I could reckon up in our little army two or three lord-treasurers, half a dozen secretaries of state, and at least a score of lords-justices in Eyre, for each side of Trent. We pursued our march through several villages, which we drank dry, making proclamation at our entrance, in the name of James the Third, against all concealments of ale or brandy. Being very much fatigued with the action of a whole week, it was agreed to rest on Sunday, when we heard a most excellent sermon. Our chaplain insisted principally upon two heads. Under the first he proved to us, that the breach of public oaths is no perjury; and under the second, expounded to us the nature of non-resistance; which might be interpreted from the Hebrew, to signify either loyalty or rebel-

lion, according as the sovereign bestowed his favours and preferments. He concluded with exhorting us, in a most pathetic manner, to purge the land by wholesome severities, and to propagate sound principles by fire and sword. We set forward the next day, towards our friends at Kelso; but by the way had like to have lost our general, and some of our most active officers. For a fox unluckily crossing the road, drew off a considerable detachment, who clapped spurs to their horses, and pursued him with whoops and halloos, till we had lost sight of them. A covey of partridges springing in our front, put our infantry into disorder on the same day. It was not long after this, that we were joined by our friends from the other side of the Frith. Upon the junction of the two corps, our spies brought us word, that they discovered a great cloud of dust at a distance; upon which we sent out a party to reconnoitre. They returned to us with intelligence, that the dust was raised by a great drove of black cattle. This news was not a little welcome to us, the army of both nations being very hungry. We quickly formed ourselves, and received orders for the attack, with positive instructions to give no quarter. Everything was executed with so much good order, that we made a very plentiful supper. We had, three days after, the same success against a flock of sheep, which we were forced to eat with great precipitation, having received advice of General Carpenter's march as we were at dinner. Upon this alarm, we made incredible stretches towards the south, with a design to gain the fastnesses of Preston. We did little remarkable in our way, except setting fire to a few houses, and frightening an old woman into fits. We had now got a long day's march of the enemy; and meeting with a considerable refreshment of October, all the officers assembled over it, among whom were several Popish lords and gentlemen, who toasted many loyal healths and confusions, and wept very plentifully for the danger of the church. We sat till midnight, and at our parting, resolved to give the enemy battle; but the next morning changed our resolutions, and prosecuted our march with indefatigable speed. We were no sooner arrived upon the frontiers of Cumberland, but we saw a great body of militia drawn up in array against us. Orders were given to halt; and a council of war was immediately called, wherein we agreed, with that great unanimity which was so remarkable among

us on these occasions, to make a retreat. But before we could give the word, the train-bands, taking advantage of our delay, fled first. We arrived at Preston without any memorable adventure; where, after having formed many barricades, and prepared for a vigorous resistance, upon the approach of the king's troops under General Wills, who was used to the outlandish way of making war, we thought it high time to put in practice that passive obedience, in which our party so much glories, and which I would advise them to stick to for the future."

Such was the end of this rebellion; which, in all probability, will not only tend to the safety of our constitution, but the preservation of the game.

No. 4. MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1716.

Ne se mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum casus putet, ipsis incipientis matrimonii auspiciis admonetur, venire se laborum periculorumque sociam, idem in pace, idem in prœlio passuram assuramque. Sic vivendum, sic pereundum. TACIT.

It is with great satisfaction I observe, that the women of our island, who are the most eminent for virtue and good sense, are in the interest of the present government. As the fair sex very much recommend the cause they are engaged in, it would be no small misfortune to a sovereign, though he had all the male part of the nation on his side, if he did not find himself king of the most beautiful half of his subjects. Ladies are always of great use to the party they espouse, and never fail to win over numbers to it. Lovers, according to Sir William Petty's computation, make at least the third part of the sensible men of the British nation; and it has been an uncontroverted maxim in all ages, that, though a husband is sometimes a stubborn sort of a creature, a lover is always at the devotion of his mistress. By this means, it lies in the power of every fine woman, to secure at least half a dozen able-bodied men to his Majesty's service. The female world are, likewise, indispensably necessary in the best causes, to manage the controversial part of them, in

which no man of tolerable breeding is ever able to refute them. Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.

It is, indeed, remarkable, that the inferior tribe of common women, who are a dishonour to their sex, have, in most reigns, been the professed sticklers for such as have acted in opposition to the true interest of the nation. The most numerous converts in King James's reign, were particularly noted to be of this kind. I can give no other reason for such a behaviour, unless it be, that it is not for the advantage of these female adventurers, the laws of the land should take place, and that they know Bridewell is a part of our constitution.

There are many reasons why the women of Great Britain should be on the side of the Freeholder, and enemies to the person who would bring in arbitrary government and Popery. As there are several of our ladies who amuse themselves in the reading of travels, they cannot but take notice, what uncomfortable lives those of their own sex lead, where passive obedience is professed and practised in its utmost perfection. In those countries, the men have no property but in their wives, who are the slaves to slaves: every married woman being subject to a domestic tyrant, that requires from her the same vassalage which he pays to his sultan. If the ladies would seriously consider the evil consequences of arbitrary power, they would find, that it spoils the shape of the foot in China, where the barbarous politics of the men so diminish the basis of the female figure, as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or country-dance. In the East Indies, a widow, who has any regard to her character, throws herself into the flames of her husband's funeral pile, to show, forsooth, that she is faithful and loyal to the memory of her deceased lord. In Persia, the daughters of Eve, as they call them, are reckoned in the inventory of their goods and chattels: and it is a usual thing, when a man sells a bale of silk or a drove of camels, to toss half a dozen women into the bargain. Through all the dominions of the Great Turk, a woman thinks herself happy, if she can get but the twelfth share of a husband, and is thought of no manner of use in the creation but to keep up a proper number of slaves for the commander of the faithful. I need not set forth the ill usage which the fair ones meet with, in those despotic governments that lie nearer us. Every one hath heard of

the several ways of locking up women in Spain and Italy; where, if there is any power lodged in any of the sex, it is not among the young and the beautiful, whom nature seems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered matrons, known by the frightful name of *gouvernantes* and *duennas*. If any should allege the freedoms indulged to the French ladies, he must own that these are owing to the natural gallantry of the people, not to their form of government, which excludes, by its very constitution, every female from power, as naturally unfit to hold the sceptre of that kingdom.

Women ought, in reason, to be no less averse to Popery than to arbitrary power. Some merry authors have pretended to demonstrate, that the Roman Catholic religion could never spread in a nation where women would have more modesty than to expose their innocent liberties to a confessor. Others of the same turn have assured us, that the fine British complexion, which is so peculiar to our ladies, would suffer very much from a fish-diet: and that a whole Lent would give such a sallowness to the celebrated beauties of this island, as would scarce make them distinguishable from those of France. I shall only leave to the serious consideration of the country-women, the danger any of them might have been in, (had Popery been our natural religion,) of being forced by their relations to a state of perpetual virginity. The most blooming toast in the island might have been a nun; and many a lady, who is now a mother of fine children, condemned to a condition of life, disagreeable to herself and unprofitable to the world. To this I might add, the melancholy objects they would be daily entertained with, of several sightly men delivered over to an inviolable celibacy. Let a young lady imagine to herself, the brisk embroidered officer, who now makes love to her with so agreeable an air, converted into a monk; or the beau, who now addresses himself to her in a full-bottomed wig, distinguished by a little bald pate covered with a black leather skull-cap. I forbear to mention many other objections, which the ladies, who are no strangers to the doctrines of Popery, will easily recollect: though I do not in the least doubt but those I have already suggested, will be sufficient to persuade my fair readers to be zealous in the Protestant cause.

The freedom and happiness of our British ladies is so singular, that it is a common saying in foreign countries, "If a bridge were built across the seas, all the women in Europe would flock into England." It has been observed, that the laws relating to them are so favourable, that one would think they themselves had given votes in enacting them. All the honours and indulgences of society are due to them by our customs; and, by our constitution, they have all the privileges of English-born subjects, without the burdens. I need not acquaint my fair fellow-freeholders, that every man who is anxious for our sacred and civil rights, is a champion in their cause; since we enjoy in common a religion agreeable to that reasonable nature, of which we equally partake; and since, in point of property, our law makes no distinction of sexes.

We may, therefore, justly expect from them, that they will act in concert with us for the preservation of our laws and religion, which cannot subsist, but under the government of his present Majesty; and would necessarily be subverted, under that of a person bred up in the most violent principles of Popery and arbitrary power. Thus may the fair sex contribute to fix the peace of a brave and generous people, who, for many ages, have disdained to bear any tyranny but theirs; and be as famous in history, as those illustrious matrons, who, in the infancy of Rome, reconciled the Romans and the Sabines, and united the two contending parties under their new king.

No. 5. FRIDAY, JANUARY 6.

Omnium Societatum nulla est gravior, nulla carior, quam ea quæ cum republica est unicuique nostrum: cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est: pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus? Cic.

THERE is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. This generous and public-spirited passion has been observed of late years to languish and grow cold in this our island; where a party of men have made it their

business to represent it as chimerical and romantic, to destroy in the minds of the people the sense of national glory, and to turn into ridicule our natural and ancient allies, who are united to us by the common interests both of religion and policy. It may not, therefore, be unseasonable to recommend to this present generation, the practice of that virtue, for which their ancestors were particularly famous, and which is called, "The love of one's country." This love to our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed disposition of mind to promote the safety, welfare, and reputation of the community in which we were born, and of the constitution under which we are protected. Our obligation to this great duty may appear to us from several considerations.

In the first place, we may observe, that we are directed to it by one of those secret suggestions of nature, which go under the name of Instinct, and which are never given in vain. As self-love is an instinct planted in us, for the good and safety of each particular person, the love of our country is impressed on our minds for the happiness and preservation of the community. This instinct is so remarkable, that we find examples of it in those who are born in the most uncomfortable climates, or the worst of governments. We read of an inhabitant of Nova Zembla, who, after having lived some time in Denmark, where he was clothed and treated with the utmost indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape, though with the hazard of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty, and nakedness. We have an instance of the same nature among the very Hottentots. One of these savages was brought into England, taught our language, and, in a great measure, polished out of his natural barbarity: but, upon being carried back to the Cape of Good Hope, (where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our English traders,) he mixed, in a kind of transport, with his countrymen, brutalized with them in their habit and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance. I need not mention the common opinion of the negroes in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future state of happiness, than that after death they shall be conveyed back to their native country. The Swiss are so remarkable for this passion, that it often turns to a disease among them; for which there is a particular name in the German language, and which the French

call "The distemper of the country;" for nothing is more usual, than for several of their common soldiers, who are listed into a foreign service, to have such violent hankerings after their home, as to pine away, even to death, unless they have a permission to return; which, on such an occasion, is generally granted them. I shall only add under this head, that, since the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who, by false politics, shall endeavour to stifle or restrain it, will not be upon a level with others.

As this love of our country is natural to every man, so it is likewise very reasonable; and that, in the first place, because it inclines us to be beneficial to those who are and ought to be dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends, and acquaintance, and, in short, all whose welfare and security we are obliged to consult more than that of those who are strangers to us. For this reason, it is the most sublime and extensive of all social virtues: especially, if we consider that it does not only promote the well-being of these who are our contemporaries, but likewise of their children and their posterity. Hence it is, that all casuists are unanimous in determining, that when the good of their country interferes even with the life of the most beloved relation, dearest friend, or greatest benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.

Further, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or child. In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which Providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action, the province allotted us for the exercise of our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good-will to mankind. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late Persian embassy into France, with a particular ceremony of the ambassador; who, every morning, before he went abroad, religiously saluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him, that in all the transactions of the day, he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages. If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities, to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable crea-

tures would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

It may be yet a further recommendation of this particular virtue, if we consider, that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not, at the same time, remarkable for its public spirit: patriots naturally rise out of a Spartan or Roman virtue: and there is no remark more common among the ancient historians, than that, when the state was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed, or sold.

To the foregoing reasons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions which are most celebrated in history, and which are read with the greatest admiration, are such as proceed from this principle. The establishing of good laws, the detecting of conspiracies, the crushing of seditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's self to certain death for the safety of his fellow-citizens, are actions that always warm the reader, and endear to him persons of the remotest ages and the most distant countries.

And as actions that proceed from the love of one's country, are more illustrious than any others in the records of time: so we find, that those persons who have been eminent in other virtues, have been particularly distinguished by this. It would be endless to produce examples of this kind out of Greek and Roman authors. To confine myself, therefore in so wide and beaten a field, I shall choose some instances from holy writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature as much as any other history whatsoever. And this I do the more willingly, because, in some books lately written, I find it objected against revealed religion, that it does not inspire the love of one's country. Here I must premise, that as the sacred author of our religion chiefly inculcated to the Jews those parts of their duty wherein they were most defective, so there was no need of insisting upon this; the Jews being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the exclusion of all common humanity to strangers. We see, in the behaviour of this Divine person, the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred work-

ing a miracle in the behalf of a Syro-Phœnician woman, until he had declared his superior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a Roman centurion, by hearing from the Jews, that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue. But, to look out for no other instance, what was ever more moving, than his lamentation over Jerusalem, at his first approach to it, notwithstanding he had foretold the cruel and unjust treatment he was to meet with in that city! for he foresaw the destruction, which, in a few years, was to fall upon that people; a destruction not to be paralleled in any nation, from the beginning of the world to this day; and in the view of it melted into tears. His followers have, in many places, expressed the like sentiments of affection for their countrymen, among which, none is more extraordinary than that of the great convert, who wished himself might be made a curse, provided it might turn to the happiness of his nation; or, as he words it, "of his brethren and kinsmen who are Israelites." This instance naturally brings to mind the same heroic temper of soul in the great Jewish lawgiver, who would have devoted himself in the same manner, rather than see his people perish. It would, indeed, be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety, in the sacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conspicuous. The reader, however, will excuse me, if I take notice of one passage, because it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in some polite author of Greece or Rome, to have been admired and celebrated. The king of Syria lying sick upon his bed, sent Hasael, one of his great officers, to the prophet Elisha, to inquire of him, whether he should recover. The prophet looked so attentively on this messenger, that it put him into some confusion; or, to quote this beautiful circumstance, and the whole narrative, in the pathetic language of Scripture, "Elisha settled his countenance stedfastly upon him, until he was ashamed: and Hasael said, Why weepeth my lord? And he said, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong-holds wilt thou set on fire, and their men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child. And Hasael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And Elisha answered, The Lord hath showed me, that thou shalt be king over Syria."

I might enforce these reasons for the love of our country, by considerations adapted to my readers as they are Englishmen, and as by that means they enjoy a purer religion, and a more excellent form of government, than any other nation under heaven. But, being persuaded that every one must look upon himself as indispensably obliged to the practice of a duty, which is recommended to him by so many arguments and examples, I shall only desire the honest, well-meaning reader, when he turns his thoughts towards the public, rather to consider what opportunities he has of doing good to his native country, than to throw away his time in deciding the rights of princes, or the like speculations, which are so far beyond his reach. Let us leave these great points to the wisdom of our legislature, and to the determination of those who are the proper judges of our constitution. We shall otherwise be liable to the just reproach, which is cast upon such Christians as waste their lives in the subtle and intricate disputes of religion, when they should be practising the doctrine which it teaches. If there be any right upon earth, any relying on the judgment of our most eminent lawyers and divines, or, indeed, any certainty in human reason, our present sovereign has an undoubted title to our duty and obedience. But supposing, for argument's sake, that this right were doubtful, and that an Englishman could be divided in his opinion, as to the person to whom he should pay his allegiance; in this case, there is no question, but the love of his country ought to cast the balance, and to determine him on that side which is most conducive to the welfare of his community. To bring this to our present case. A man must be destitute of common sense, who is capable of imagining that the Protestant religion could flourish under the government of a bigoted Roman Catholic, or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politics of the most arbitrary prince in Europe, and who could not acknowledge his gratitude to his benefactor, by any remarkable instance, which would not be detrimental to the British nation. And are these such desirable blessings, that an honest man would endeavour to arrive at them through the confusions of a civil war, and the blood of many thousands of his fellow-subjects? On the contrary, the arguments for our steady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King George, are so evident from this single topic, that if

every Briton, instead of aspiring after private wealth or power, would sincerely desire to make his country happy, his present Majesty would not have a single malcontent in his whole dominions.

No. 6. MONDAY, JANUARY 9.

Fraus enim astringit, non dissolvit perjurium. CICERO.

AT a time when so many of the king's subjects present themselves before their respective magistrates to take the oaths required by law, it may not be improper to awaken in the minds of my readers a due sense of the engagement under which they lay themselves. It is a melancholy consideration, that there should be several among us so hardened and deluded, as to think an oath a proper subject for a jest; and to make this, which is one of the most solemn acts of religion, an occasion of mirth. Yet such is the depravation of our manners at present, that nothing is more frequent than to hear profligate men ridiculing, to the best of their abilities, these sacred pledges of their duty and allegiance; and endeavouring to be witty upon themselves, for daring to prevaricate with God and man. A poor conceit of their own, or a quotation out of Hudibras, shall make them treat with levity an obligation wherein their safety and welfare are concerned both as to this world and the next. Raillery of this nature is enough to make the hearer tremble. As these miscreants seem to glory in the profession of their impiety, there is no man, who has any regard to his duty, or even to his reputation, that can appear in their defence. But if there are others of a more serious turn, who join with us deliberately in these religious professions of loyalty to our sovereign, with any private salvos or evasions, they would do well to consider those maxims, in which all casuists are agreed, who have gained any esteem for their learning, judgment, or morality. These have unanimously determined that an oath is always to be taken in the sense of that authority which imposes it; and that those whose hearts do not concur with their lips in the form of these public protestations; or who have any mental reserves, or who take an oath

against their consciences, upon any motive whatsoever; or with a design to break it, or repent of it, are guilty of perjury. Any of these or the like circumstances, instead of alleviating the crime, make it more heinous, as they are premeditated frauds, (which it is the chief design of an oath to prevent,) and the most flagrant instances of insincerity to men, and irreverence to their Maker. For this reason, the perjury of a man, who takes an oath with an intention to keep it, and is afterwards seduced to the violation of it, (though a crime not to be thought of without the greatest horror,) is yet, in some respects, not quite so black as the perjury above-mentioned. It is, indeed, a very unhappy token of the great corruption of our manners, that there should be any so inconsiderate among us, as to sacrifice the standing and essential duties of morality, to the views of politics; and that, as in my last paper it was not unseasonable to prove the love of our country to be a virtue, so in this there should be any occasion to show that perjury is a sin. But it is our misfortune to live in an age when such wild and unnatural doctrines have prevailed among some of our fellow-subjects, that if one looks into their schemes of government, they seem, according as they are in the humour, to believe that a sovereign is not to be restrained by his coronation oath, or his people by their oaths of allegiance; or, to represent them in a plainer light, in some reigns they are for a power and an obedience that is unlimited, and in others, are for retrenching within the narrowest bounds, both the authority of the prince, and the allegiance of the subject.

Now the guilt of perjury is so self-evident, that it was always reckoned among the greatest crimes, by those who were only governed by the light of reason: the inviolable observing of an oath, like the other practical duties of Christianity, is a part of natural religion. As reason is common to all mankind, the dictates of it are the same through the whole species; and since every man's own heart will tell him, that there can be no greater affront to the Deity whom he worships, than to appeal to him with an intention to deceive; nor a greater injustice to men, than to betray them by false assurances; it is no wonder that pagans and Christians, infidels and believers, should concur in a point wherein the honour of the Supreme Being, and the welfare of society, are so highly concerned. For this reason, Pythagoras, to his

first precept of honouring the immortal gods, immediately subjoins that of paying veneration to an oath. We may see the reverence which the heathens showed to these sacred and solemn engagements, from the inconveniences which they often suffered rather than break through them. We have frequent instances of this kind in the Roman commonwealth; which, as it has been observed by several eminent pagan writers, very much excelled all other pagan governments in the practice of virtue. How far they exceeded, in this particular, those great corrupters of Christianity, and, indeed, of natural religion, the Jesuits, may appear from their abhorrence of everything that looked like a fraudulent or mental evasion. Of this I shall only produce the following instance. Several Romans, who had been taken prisoners by Hannibal, were released, upon obliging themselves by an oath to return again to his camp. Among these there was one, who, thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp on pretence of having forgot something. But this prevarication was so shocking to the Roman senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to Hannibal.

We may further see the just sense the heathens had of the crime of perjury, from the penalties which they inflicted on the persons guilty of it. Perjury among the Scythians was a capital crime; and among the Egyptians also was punished with death, as Diodorus Siculus relates, who observes, that an offender of this kind is guilty of those two crimes, (wherein the malignity of perjury truly consists,) a failing in his respect to the Divinity, and in his faith towards men. 'Tis unnecessary to multiply instances of this nature, which may be found in almost every author who has written on this subject.

If men, who had no other guide but their reason, considered an oath to be of such a tremendous nature, and the violation of it be so great a crime; it ought to make a much deeper impression upon minds enlightened by revealed religion, as they have more exalted notions of the Divinity. A supposed heathen deity might be so poor in his attributes, so stinted in his knowledge, goodness, or power, that a pagan might hope to conceal his perjury from his notice, or not to provoke him, should he be discovered; or should he provoke him, not to be punished by him. Nay, he might have pro-

duced examples of falsehood and perjury in the gods themselves, to whom he appealed. But as revealed religion has given us a more clear idea of the Divine nature, he, whom we appeal to, is Truth itself, the great Searcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falsehood go unpunished, or "hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." And as with regard to the Deity, so likewise with regard to man, the obligation of an oath is stronger upon Christians than upon any other part of mankind; and that because charity, truth, mutual confidence, and all other social duties, are carried to greater heights, and enforced with stronger motives, by the principles of our religion.

Perjury, with relation to the oaths which are at present required by us, has in it all the aggravating circumstances which can attend that crime. We take them before the magistrates of public justice; are reminded by the ceremony, that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the gospel; expressly disavow all evasions and mental reservations whatsoever; appeal to Almighty God for the integrity of our hearts, and only desire him to be our helper, as we fulfil the oath we there take in his presence. I mention these circumstances, to which several other might be added, because it is a received doctrine among those, who have treated of the nature of an oath, that the greater the solemnities are which attend it, the more they aggravate the violation of it. And here what must be the success that a man can hope for who turns a rebel, after having disclaimed the Divine assistance, but upon condition of being a faithful and loyal subject? He first of all desires that God may help him, as he shall keep his oath, and afterwards hopes to prosper in an enterprise, which is the direct breach of it.

Since, therefore, perjury, by the common sense of mankind, the reason of the thing, and from the whole tenor of Christianity, is a crime of so flagitious a nature, we cannot be too careful in avoiding every approach towards it.

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, "I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of

the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any the smallest hint, that might open a way to perjury.

And here it highly imports us to consider, that we do not only break our oath of allegiance by actual rebellion, but by all those other methods which have a natural and manifest tendency to it. The guilt may lie upon a man, where the penalty cannot take hold of him. Those who speak irreverently of the person to whom they have sworn allegiance, who endeavour to alienate from him the hearts of his subjects, or to inspire the people with disaffection to his government, cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as for those, who by concerted falsehoods and defamations endeavour to blemish his character, or weaken his authority, they incur the complicated guilt both of slander and perjury. The moral crime is completed in such offenders, and there are only accidental circumstances wanting, to work it up for the cognizance of the law.

Nor is it sufficient for a man, who has given these solemn assurances to his prince, to forbear the doing him any evil, unless, at the same time, he do him all the good he can in his proper station of life.

Loyalty is of an active nature, and ought to discover itself in all the instances of zeal and affection to our sovereign: and if we carefully examine the duty of that allegiance which we pledge to his Majesty, by the oaths that are tendered to us, we shall find that "We do not only renounce, refuse, and abjure any allegiance or obedience to the Pretender," but, "swear to defend King George to the utmost of our power, against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever, and to disclose and make known to his Majesty, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies, which we shall know to be against him."

To conclude, as among those who have bound themselves by these sacred obligations, the actual traitor or rebel is guilty of perjury in the eye of the law; the secret promoter, or well-wisher of the cause, is so before the tribunal of conscience. And though I should be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent or indifferent in the cause of his

prince, to be absolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very short of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. Upon the whole we may be assured, that, in a nation which is tied down by such religious and solemn engagements, the people's loyalty will keep pace with their morality; and that, in proportion as they are sincere Christians, they will be faithful subjects.

No. 7. TUESDAY, JANUARY 13.

Veritas pluribus modis infracta: primum inscitiâ reipublicæ, ut alienæ; mox libidine assentandi, aut rursus odio adversus dominantes. Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur: quippe adulationi fœdum crimen servitutis, malignitati falsa species libertatis inest. TAC.

THERE is no greater sign of a bad cause, than when the patrons of it are reduced to the necessity of making use of the most wicked artifices to support it. Of this kind are the falsehoods and calumnies which are invented and spread abroad by the enemies to our king and country. This spirit of malice and slander does not discover itself in any instances so ridiculous, as in those, by which seditious men endeavour to depreciate his Majesty's person and family; without considering, that his court at Hanover was always allowed to be one of the politest in Europe, and that, before he became our king, he was reckoned among the greatest princes of Christendom.

But the most glorious of his Majesty's predecessors was treated after the same manner. Upon that prince's first arrival, the inconsiderable party, who then laboured to make him odious to the people, gave out, that he brought with him twenty thousand Laplanders, clothed in the skins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied, because they had not been regaled with a bloody battle within two days after their landing. He was no sooner on the throne, than those, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made some changes at court which were not to their humour, endeavoured to render him unpopular by misrepresentations of his person, his character, and his actions. They found that his nose had a resemblance to that of Oliver Cromwell, and clapt him on a huge pair of moustaches to frighten his people with; his mercy was fear; his justice

was cruelty; his temperance, economy; prudent behaviour, and application to business, were Dutch virtues, and such as we had not been used to in our English kings. He did not fight a battle in which the Tories did not slay double the number of what he had lost in the field; nor ever raised a siege or gained a victory, which did not cost more than it was worth. In short, he was contriving the ruin of his kingdom; and, in order to it, advanced Dr. Tillotson to the highest station of the church, my Lord Somers of the law, Mr. Montague of the treasury, and the admiral at La Hogue of the fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party in those times, which we see so faithfully copied out by men of the same principles under the reign of his present Majesty.

As the schemes of these gentlemen are the most absurd and contradictory to common sense, the means by which they are promoted must be of the same nature. Nothing but weakness and folly can dispose Englishmen and Protestants to the interest of a Popish pretender: and the same abilities of mind will naturally qualify his adherents to swallow the most palpable and notorious falsehoods. Their self-interested and designing leaders cannot desire a more ductile and easy people to work upon. How long was it before many of this simple, deluded tribe were brought to believe that the Highlanders were a generation of men that could be conquered? The rabble of the party were instructed to look upon them as so many giants and Saracens; and were very much surprised to find, that every one of them had not with his broad sword mowed down at least a squadron of the king's forces. There were not only public rejoicings in the camp at Perth, but likewise many private congratulations nearer us, among these well-wishers to their country, upon the victories of their friends at Preston; which continued till the rebels made their solemn cavalcade from Highgate. Nay, there were then some of these wise partisans, who concluded, the government had hired two or three hundred hale men, who looked like fox-hunters, to be bound and pinioned, if not to be executed, as representatives of the pretended captives. Their victories in Scotland have been innumerable; and no longer ago than last week, they gained a very remarkable one, in which the Highlanders cut off all the Dutch forces to a man; and afterwards, disguising themselves in their habits, came up as friends to the king's troops, and put them all to the sword. This story

had a great run for a day or two; and I believe one might still find out a whisper among their secret intelligence, that the Duke of Mar is actually upon the road to London, if not within two days' march of the town. I need not take notice, that their successes in the battle of Dumblain are magnified among some of them to this day; though a Tory may very well say, with King Pyrrhus, "That such another victory would undo them."

But the most fruitful source of falsehood and calumny, is that which, one would think, should be the least apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the safety of our established religion. Were these people as anxious for the doctrines which are essential to the Church of England, as they are for the nominal distinction of adhering to its interests, they would know, that the sincere observation of public oaths, allegiance to their king, submission to their bishops, zeal against Popery, and abhorrence of rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the Church of England, and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We justly reproach the Jesuits, who have adapted all Christianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a position so repugnant to the laws of nature, morality, and religion, that an evil may be committed for the sake of good, which may arise from it. But we cannot suppose even this principle (as bad a one as it is) should influence those persons, who, by so many absurd and monstrous falsehoods, endeavour to delude men into a belief of the danger of the church. If there be any relying on the solemn declarations of a prince, famed for keeping his word, constant in the public exercises of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the assurances that can be given us, for the security of the established church under his government. When a leading man, therefore, begins to grow apprehensive for the church, you may be sure that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. It is pleasant on these occasions, to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for his religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. These narrow and selfish views have so great an influence in this city, that, among those who call themselves the landed interest, there are several of my fellow-freeholders, who always fancy the church in danger upon the rising of bank-stock. But the standing ab-

surdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a staunch churchman, are, that there is a calves'-head club; for which, (by the way,) some pious Tory has made suitable hymns and devotions; that there is a confederacy among the greatest part of the prelates to destroy Episcopacy; and that all, who talk against Popery, are Presbyterians in their hearts. The emissaries of the party are so diligent in spreading ridiculous fictions of this kind, that at present, if we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the churches in London are shut up; and that, if any clergyman walks the streets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy schismatic.

We may observe upon this occasion, that there are many particular falsehoods suited to the particular climates and latitudes in which they are published, according as the situation of the place makes them less liable to discovery: there is many a lie that will not thrive within a hundred miles of London: nay, we often find a lie born in Southwark, that dies the same day on this side the water; and several produced in the loyal ward of Portsoken of so feeble a make, as not to bear carriage to the Royal Exchange. However, as the mints of calumny are perpetually at work, there are a great number of curious inventions issued out from time to time, which grow current among the party, and circulate through the whole kingdom.

As the design of this paper is not to exasperate, but to undeceive my countrymen, let me desire them to consider the many inconveniences they bring upon themselves by these mutual intercourses of credulity and falsehood. I shall only remind the credulous of the strong delusion they have by this means been led into the greatest part of their lives. Their hopes have been kept up by a succession of lies for near thirty years. How many persons have starved in expectation of those profitable employments, which were promised them by the authors of these forgeries! how many of them have died with great regret, when they thought they were within a month of enjoying the inestimable blessings of a Popish and arbitrary reign!

I would, therefore, advise this blinded set of men, not to give credit to those persons, by whom they have been so often fooled and imposed upon; but, on the contrary, to think it

an affront to their parts, when they hear from any of them such accounts, as they would not dare to tell them, but upon the presumption that they are idiots. Or if their zeal for the cause shall dispose them to be credulous in any points that are favourable to it, I would beg of them not to venture wagers upon the truth of them: and in this present conjuncture, by no means to sell out of the stocks upon any news they shall hear from their good friends at Perth. As these party fictions are the proper subjects of mirth and laughter, their deluded believers are only to be treated with pity or contempt. But as for those incendiaries of figure and distinction, who are the inventors and publishers of such gross falsehoods and calumnies, they cannot be regarded by others but with the utmost detestation and abhorrence; nor, one would think, by themselves, without the greatest remorse and compunction of heart; when they consider, that in order to give a spirit to a desperate cause, they have, by their false and treacherous insinuations and reports, betrayed so many of their friends into their destruction.

No. 8. MONDAY, JANUARY 16.

Adveniet qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redarguerit. VIRG.

I HAVE heard that several ladies of distinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are studying methods how to make themselves useful to the public. One has a design of keeping an open tea-table, where every man shall be welcome that is a friend to King George. Another is for setting up an assembly for basset, where none shall be admitted to punt that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dress, which will put every Tory lady out of countenance: I am not informed of the particulars, but am told in general, that she has contrived to show her principles by the setting of her commode; so that it will be impossible for any woman, that is disaffected, to be in the fashion. Some of them are of opinion that the fan may be made use of, with good success, against Popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the Church of Rome in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the superstitious use of beads, may be very aptly expressed in the make of a pearl necklace. As for the civil part of our con-

stitution, it is unanimously agreed, among the leaders of the sex, that there is no glory in making a man their slave, who has not naturally a passion for liberty; and to disallow of all professions of passive obedience, but from a lover to his mistress.

It happens very luckily for the interest of the Whigs, that their very enemies acknowledge the finest women of Great Britain to be of that party. The Tories are forced to borrow their toasts from their antagonists; and can scarce find beauties enough of their own side, to supply a single round of October. One may, indeed, sometimes discover among the malignants of the sex a face that seems to have been naturally designed for a Whig lady: but then it is so often flushed with rage, or soured with disappointments, that one cannot but be troubled to see it thrown away upon the owner. Would the pretty malecontent be persuaded to lóve her king and country, it would diffuse a cheerfulness through all her features, and give her quite another air. I would, therefore, advise these my gentle readers, as they consult the good of their faces, to forbear frowning upon loyalists, and pouting at the government. In the mean time, what may we not hope, from a cause which is recommended by all the allurement of beauty and the force of truth! It is, therefore, to be hoped, that every fine woman will make this laudable use of her charms; and that she may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only desire her to think of her country every time she looks in her glass.

But because it is impossible to prescribe such rules as shall be suitable to the sex in general, I shall consider them under their several divisions of maids, wives, and widows.

As for virgins, who are unexperienced in the wiles of men, they would do well to consider, how little they are to rely on the faith of lovers who, in less than a year, have broken their allegiance to their lawful sovereign; and what credit is to be given to the vows and protestations of such as show themselves so little afraid of perjury. Besides, what would an innocent young lady think, should she marry a man without examining his principles, and afterwards find herself got with child by a rebel?

In the next place, every wife ought to answer for her man. If the husband be engaged in a seditious club, or drinks[1]

[1] The uniformity of the sentence requires—*drink*—that is, the subjunctive mood—*be* engaged—*drink*—*be* frugal.

mysterious healths, or be frugal of his candles on a rejoicing night, let her look to him, and keep him out of harm's way; or the world will be apt to say, she has a mind to be a widow before her time. She ought, in such cases, to exert the authority of the curtain lecture; and if she finds him of a rebellious disposition, to tame him, as they do birds of prey, by dinning him in the ears all night long.

Widows may be supposed women of too good sense not to discountenance all practices that have a tendency to the destruction of mankind. Besides, they have a greater interest in property than either maids or wives, and do not hold their jointures by the precarious tenure of portions or pin-money. So that it is as unnatural for a dowager, as a freeholder, to be an enemy to our constitution.

As nothing is more instructive than examples, I would recommend to the perusal of our British virgins, the story of Clelia, a Roman spinster, whose behaviour is represented by all their historians, as one of the chief motives that discouraged the Tarquins from prosecuting their attempt to regain the throne, from whence they had been expelled. Let the married women reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of Coriolanus, who, when her husband, after long exile, was returning into his country with fire and sword, diverted him from so cruel and unnatural an enterprise. And let those who have outlived their husbands, never forget their countrywoman Boadicea, who headed her troops in person against the invasion of a Roman army, and encouraged them with this memorable saying, "I, who am a woman, am resolved upon victory or death: but as for you, who are men, you may, if you please, choose life and slavery."

But I do not propose to our British ladies, that they should turn Amazons in the service of their sovereign, nor so much as let their nails grow for the defence of their country. The men will take the work of the field off their hands, and show the world, that English valour cannot be matched when it is animated by English beauty. I do not, however, disapprove the project which is now on foot for a "Female Association;" and since I hear the fair confederates cannot agree among themselves upon a form, shall presume to lay before them the following rough draft, to be corrected or improved, as they in their wisdom shall think fit.

"We, the consorts, relicts, and spinsters, of the isle of Great Britain, whose names are under-written, being most passionately offended at the falsehood and perfidiousness of certain faithless men, and at the lukewarmth and indifference of others, have entered into a voluntary association for the good and safety of our constitution. And we do hereby engage ourselves to raise and arm our vassals for the service of his Majesty King George, and him to defend, with our tongues and hearts, our eyes, eye-lashes, favourites, lips, dimples, and every other feature, whether natural or acquired. We promise publicly and openly to avow the loyalty of our principles in every word we shall utter, and every patch we shall stick on. We do further promise, to annoy the enemy with all the flames, darts, and arrows, with which nature has armed us; never to correspond with them by sigh, ogle, or billet-doux; not to have any intercourse with them, either in snuff or tea; nor to accept the civility of any man's hand, who is not ready to use it in the defence of his country. We are determined, in so good a cause, to endure the greatest hardships and severities, if there should be occasion; and even to wear the manufacture of our country, rather than appear the friends of a foreign interest in the richest French brocade. And forgetting all private feuds, jealousies, and animosities, we do unanimously oblige ourselves, by this our association, to stand and fall by one another, as loyal and faithful sisters and fellow-subjects."

N. B. This association will be lodged at Mr. Motteux's, where attendance will be given to the subscribers, who are to be ranged in their respective columns, as maids, wives, and widows.

No. 9. FRIDAY, JANUARY 20.

Consilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpiter. PHAEDR.

Though I have already seen, in "The Town-talk," a letter from a celebrated Englishman to the Pretender, which is, indeed, an excellent answer to his declaration, the title of this paper obliges me to publish the following piece, which considers it in different lights.

The Declaration of the Freeholders of Great Britain, in answer to that of the Pretender.

WE, by the mercy of God, freeholders of Great Britain, to the Popish Pretender, who styles himself King of Scotland and England, and defender of our faith, DEFIANCE. Having seen a libel, which you have lately published against the king and people of these realms, under the title of a DECLARATION, we, in justice to the sentiments of our own hearts, have thought fit to return you the following answer; wherein we shall endeavour to reduce to method the several particulars, which you have contrived to throw together with much malice, and no less confusion.

We believe you sincere in the first part of your declaration, where you own it would be a great satisfaction to you, to be placed upon the throne by our endeavours; but you discourage us from making use of them, by declaring it to be your right, "both by the laws of God and man." As for the laws of God, we should think ourselves great transgressors of them, should we, for your sake, rebel against a prince, who, under God, is the most powerful defender of that religion which we think the most pleasing to him: and as for the laws of man, we conceive those to be of that kind which have been enacted from time to time, for near thirty years past, against you and your pretensions, by the legislature of this kingdom.

You afterwards proceed to invectives against the royal family; which, we do assure you, is a very unpopular topic, except to your few deluded friends among the rabble.

You call them "aliens to our country," not considering that King George has lived above a year longer in England than ever you did. You say they are "distant in blood," whereas nobody ever doubted that King George is great-grandson to King James the First, though many believe that you are not son to King James the Second. Besides, all the world acknowledges he is the nearest to our crown of the Protestant blood, of which you cannot have one drop in your veins, unless you derive it from such parents as you do not care for owning.

Your next argument against the royal family is, that they are "strangers to our language:" but they must be strangers to the British court who told you so. However, you must know, that we plain men should prefer a king who was a

stranger to our language, before one who is a stranger to our laws and religion: for we could never endure French sentiments, though delivered in our native dialect; and should abhor an arbitrary prince, though he tyrannized over us in the finest English that ever was spoken. For these reasons, sir, we cannot bear the thought of hearing a man, that has been bred up in the politics of Louis the Fourteenth, talk intelligibly from the British throne; especially when we consider, however he may boast of his speaking English, he says his prayers in an unknown tongue.

We come now to the grievances for which, in your opinion, we ought to take up arms against our present sovereign. The greatest you seem to insist upon, and which is most in the mouths of your party, is the union of the two kingdoms; for which his Majesty ought most certainly to be deposed, because it was made under the reign of her, whom you call your "dear sister of glorious memory." Other grievances which you hint at under his Majesty's administration, are, the murder of King Charles the First, who was beheaded before King George was born; and the sufferings of King Charles the Second, which, perhaps, his present Majesty cannot wholly clear himself of, because he came into the world a day before his restoration.

As on the one side you arraign his present Majesty by this most extraordinary retrospect, on the other hand, you condemn his government by what we may call the spirit of second sight. You are not content to draw into his reign those mischiefs that were done a hundred years ago, unless we anticipate those that may happen a hundred years hence. So that the keenest of your arrows either fall short of him, or fly over his head. We take it for a certain sign that you are at a loss for present grievances, when you are thus forced to have recourse to your "future prospects and future miseries." Now, sir, you must know, that we freeholders have a natural aversion to hanging, and do not know how to answer it to our wives and families, if we should venture our necks upon the truth of your prophecies. In our ordinary way of judging, we guess at the king's future conduct by what we have seen already; and therefore beg you will excuse us, if, for the present, we defer entering into a rebellion, to which you so graciously invite us. When we have as bad a prospect of our King George's reign, as we should have of yours, then will

be your time to date another declaration from your court at Commerci; which, if we may be allowed to prophesy in our turn, cannot possibly happen before the hundred and fiftieth year of your reign.

Having considered the past and future grievances mentioned in your declaration, we come now to the present; all of which are founded upon this supposition, that whatever is done by his Majesty or his ministers to keep you out of the British throne, is a grievance. These, sir, may be grievances to you, but they are none to us. On the contrary, we look upon them as the greatest instances of his Majesty's care and tenderness for his people. To take them in order: the first relates to the ministry, who are chosen, as you observe very rightly, out of the worst, and not the best of "your" subjects. Now, sir, can you in conscience think us to be such fools as to rebel against the king, for having employed those who are his most eminent friends, and were the greatest sufferers in his cause, before he came to the crown; and for having removed a general, who is now actually in arms against him, and two secretaries of state, both of whom have listed themselves in your service; or because he chose to substitute in their places such men who had distinguished themselves by their zeal against you, in the most famous battles, negotiations, and debates?

The second grievance you mention is, that the glory of the late queen has suffered, who, you insinuate, "had secured to you the enjoyment of that inheritance, out of which you had been so long kept." This may, indeed, be a reason why her memory should be precious with you; but you may be sure we shall think never the better of her, for her having your good word. For the same reason it makes us stare, when we hear it objected to his present Majesty, "that he is not kind to her faithful servants;" since, if we can believe what you yourself say, it is impossible they should be "his faithful servants." And by the way, many of your private friends here wish you would forbear babbling at that rate; for to tell you a secret, we are very apt to suspect that any Englishman who deserves your praise deserves to be hanged.

The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redress among us, is the parliament of Great Britain, against whom you bring a stale accusation, which has been used by

every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. We cannot, indeed, blame you for being angry at those, who have set such a round price upon your kead. Your accusation of our high court of parliament puts us in mind of a story, often told among us freeholders, concerning a rattle-brained young fellow, who being indicted for two or three pranks upon the highway, told the judge he would swear the peace against him, for putting him in fear of his life.

The next grievance is such a one, that we are amazed how it could come into your head. Your words are as follow. "Whilst the principal powers engaged in the late wars, do enjoy the blessings of peace, and are attentive to discharge their debts, and ease their people, Great Britain, in the midst of peace, feels all the load of war. New debts are contracted, new armies are raised at home, Dutch forces are brought into these kingdoms." What in the name of wonder do you mean? Are you in earnest, or do you design to banter us? Whom is the nation obliged to, for all this load of war that it feels? Had you been wise enough to have slept at Bar-le-duc in a whole skin, we should not have contracted new debts, raised new armies, or brought over Dutch forces to make an example of you.

The most pleasant grievance is still behind, and, indeed, a most proper one to close up this. "King George has taken possession of the duchy of Bremen, whereby a door is opened to let in an inundation of foreigners from abroad, and to reduce these nations to the state of a province to one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the empire." And do you then really believe the mob-story, that King George designs to make a bridge of boats from Hanover to Wapping? We would have you know, that some of us read Baker's Chronicle, and do not find that William the Conqueror ever thought of making England a province to his native duchy of Normandy, notwithstanding it lay so much more convenient for that purpose: nor that King James the First had ever any thought of reducing this nation to the state of a province to his ancient kingdom of Scotland, though it lies upon the same continent, But pray how comes it to pass that the Electorate of Hanover is become all of a sudden one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the empire? If you undervalue it upon the account of its religion, you have some rea-

son for what you say; though you should not think we are such strangers to maps, and live so much out of the world, as to be ignorant that it is for power and extent the second Protestant state in Germany; and whether you know it or no, the Protestant religion in the empire is looked upon as a sufficient balance against Popery. Besides, you should have considered, that in your declaration upon the king's coming to the throne of Great Britain, you endeavoured to terrify us from receiving him, by representing him "as a powerful foreign prince, supported by a numerous army of his own subjects." Be that as it will, we are no more afraid of being a province to Hanover, than the Hanoverians are apprehensive of being a province to Bremen.

We have now taken notice of those great evils which you are come to rescue us from; but as they are such as we have neither felt or seen, we desire you will put yourself to no further trouble for our sakes.

You afterwards begin a kind of Te Deum, before the time, in that remarkable sentence, "We adore the wisdom of the Divine Providence, which has opened a way to our restoration, by the success of those very measures that were laid to disappoint us for ever." We are at a loss to know what you mean by this devout jargon: but by what goes before and follows, we suppose it to be this: that the coming of King George to the crown has made many malecontents, and by that means opened a way to your restoration; whereas, you should consider, that, if he had not come to the crown, the way had been open of itself. In the same pious paragraph, "You most earnestly conjure us to pursue those methods for your restoration, which the finger of God seems to point out to us." Now the only methods which we can make use of for that end, are civil war, rapine, bloodshed, treason, and perjury; methods which we Protestants do humbly conceive can never be pointed out to us by the finger of God.

The rest of your declaration contains the encouragements you give us to rebel. First, you promise to share with us "all dangers and difficulties" which we shall meet with in this worthy enterprise. You are very much in the right of it; you have nothing to lose, and hope to get a crown; we do not hope for any new freeholds, and only desire to keep what we have. As, therefore, you are in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to make yourself our master, we

shall think ourselves as much in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to hinder you from being so.[1]

Secondly, You promise to "refer your and our interest to a Scotch parliament," which you are resolved to call immediately. We suppose you mean if the frost holds. But, sir, we are certainly informed there is a parliament now sitting at Westminster, that are busy at present in taking care both of the Scotch and English interest, and have actually done everything which you would "let" be done by our representatives in the Highlands.

Thirdly, "You promise that if we will rebel for you against our present sovereign, you will remit and discharge all crimes of high treason, misprision, and all other crimes and offences whatsoever, done or committed against you or your father." But will you answer in this case, that King George will forgive us? Otherwise we beseech you to consider what poor comfort it would be for a British freeholder to be conveyed up Holborn with your pardon in his pocket. And here we cannot but remark, that the conditions of your general pardon are so stinted, as to show that you are very cautious lest your good nature should carry you too far. You exclude from the benefit of it all those who do not, "from the time of your landing, lay hold on mercy, and return to their duty and allegiance." By this means all neuters and lookers-on are to be executed of course; and by the studied ambiguity in which you couch the terms of your gracious pardon, you still leave room to gratify yourself in all the pleasures of tyranny and revenge.

Upon the whole, we have so bad an opinion of rebellion, as well as of your motives to it, and rewards for it, that you may rest satisfied there are few freeholders on this side the Forth who will engage in it; and we verily believe that you will suddenly take a resolution in your cabinet of Highlanders to scamper off with your new crown, which we are told the ladies of those parts have so generously clubbed for. And you may assure yourself that it is the only one you are like to get by this notable expedition. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Dated Jan. 19, in the second year of
our public happiness.

[1] The honest freeholders conclude too fast in this place. The inference from their own premises is only this—*We shall think ourselves as much in the right to undergo no dangers and difficulties to assist you in being so.*

No. 10. MONDAY, JANUARY 23.

Potior visa est periculosa libertas quieto servitio. SALL.

ONE may venture to affirm, that all honest and disinterested Britons of what party soever, if they understood one another, are of the same opinion in points of government; and that the gross of the people, who are imposed upon by terms which they do not comprehend, are Whigs in their hearts. They are made to believe, that passive obedience and non-resistance, unlimited power and indefeasible right, have something of a venerable and religious meaning in them; whereas in reality they only imply that a king of Great Britain has a right to be a tyrant, and that his subjects are obliged in conscience to be slaves. Were the case truly and fairly laid before them, they would know, that when they make a profession of such principles, they renounce their legal claim to liberty and property, and unwarily submit to what they really abhor.

It is our happiness, under the present reign, to hear our king from the throne exhorting us to be "zealous assertors of the liberties of our country;" which exclude all pretensions to an arbitrary, tyrannic, despotic power. Those who have the misfortune to live under such a power, have no other law but the will of their prince, and consequently no privileges, but what are precarious. For though in some arbitrary governments there may be a body of laws observed in the ordinary forms of justice, they are not sufficient to secure any rights to the people; because they may be dispensed with, or laid aside, at the pleasure of the sovereign.

And here it very much imports us to consider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad sovereign, who might possibly have been a good one, had he been invested with an authority limited and circumscribed by laws. None can doubt of this tendency in arbitrary power, who consider, that it fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceits of himself; raises him into a belief that he is of a superior species to his subjects; extinguishes in him the principle of fear, which is one of the greatest motives to all duties; and creates an ambition of magnifying himself, by the exertion of such a power in all its instances. So great

is the danger, that when the sovereign can do what he will, he will do what he can.

One of the most arbitrary princes in our age was Muley Ishmael, emperor of Morocco, who, after a long reign, died about a twelvemonth ago. This prince was a man of much wit and natural sense, of an active temper, undaunted courage, and great application. He was a descendant of Mahomet; and so exemplary for his adherence to the law of his prophet, that he abstained all his life from the taste of wine; began the annual fast, or Lent of Ramadan, two months before his subjects; was frequent in his prayers; and that he might not want opportunities of kneeling, had fixed in all the spacious courts of his palace large consecrated stones pointing towards the east, for any occasional exercise of his devotion. What might not have been hoped from a prince of these endowments, had they not been all rendered useless and ineffectual to the good of his people by the notion of that power which they ascribed to him! This will appear, if we consider how he exercised it towards his subjects in those three great points which are the chief ends of government, the preservation of their lives, the security of their fortunes, and the determinations of justice between man and man.

Foreign envoys, who have given an account of their audiences, describe this holy man mounted on horseback in an open court, with several of his Alcaydes, or governors of provinces, about him, standing barefoot, trembling, bowing to the earth, and at every word he spoke breaking out into passionate exclamations of praise, as, "Great is the wisdom of our lord the king; our lord the king speaks as an angel from heaven." Happy was the man among them, who was so much a favourite as to be sent on an errand to the most remote street in his capital; which he performed with the greatest alacrity, ran through every puddle that lay in his way, and took care to return out of breath and covered with dirt, that he might show himself a diligent and faithful minister. His Majesty at the same time, to exhibit the greatness of his power, and show his horsemanship, seldom dismissed the foreigner from his presence, till he had entertained him with the slaughter of two or three of his liege subjects, whom he very dexterously put to death with the tilt of his lance. St. Olon, the French envoy, tells us, that when he had his last audience of him, he received him in robes just stained

with an execution; and that he was blooded up to his elbows by a couple of Moors, whom he had been butchering with his own imperial hands. By the calculation of that author, and many others, who have since given an account of his exploits, we may reckon that by his own arm he killed above forty thousand of his people. To render himself the more awful, he chose to wear a garb of a particular colour when he was bent upon executions; so that when he appeared in yellow, his great men hid themselves in corners, and durst not pay their court to him, till he had satiated his thirst of blood by the death of some of his loyal commoners, or of such unwary officers of state as chanced to come in his way. Upon this account we are told, that the first news inquired after every morning at Mequinez, was, Whether the emperor were stirring, and in a good or bad humour? As this prince was a great admirer of architecture, and employed many thousands in works of that kind, if he did not approve the plan or the performance, it was usual for him to show the delicacy of his taste by demolishing the building, and putting to death all that had a hand in it. I have heard but of one instance of his mercy; which was shown to the master of an English vessel. This our countryman presented him with a curious hatchet, which he received very graciously; and asking him whether it had a good edge, tried it upon the donor, who slipping aside from the blow, escaped with the loss only of his right ear; for old Muley, upon second thoughts, considering that it was not one of his own subjects, stopped his hand, and would not send him to Paradise. I cannot quit this article of his tenderness for the lives of his people, without mentioning one of his queens, whom he was remarkably fond of; as also a favourite prime minister, who was very dear to him. The first died by a kick of her lord the king, when she was big with child, for having gathered a flower as she was walking with him in his pleasure garden. The other was bastinadoed to death by his Majesty; who, repenting of the drubs he had given him when it was too late, to manifest his esteem for the memory of so worthy a man, executed the surgeon that could not cure him.

This absolute monarch was as notable a guardian of the fortunes as of the lives of his subjects. When any man among his people grew rich, in order to keep him from being dangerous to the state, he used to send for all his goods and

chattels. His governors of towns and provinces, who formed themselves upon the example of their *Grand Monarque*, practised rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of despotic government in their respective districts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly presents. For the greatest of his viceroys could only propose to himself a comfortable subsistence out of the plunder of his province, and was in certain danger of being recalled or hanged, if he did not remit the bulk of it to his dread sovereign. That he might make a right use of these prodigious treasures, which flowed in to him from all the parts of his wide empire, he took care to bury them under ground, by the hands of his most trusty slaves, and then cut their throats, as the most effectual method to keep them from making discoveries. These were his ways and means for raising money, by which he weakened the hands of the factious, and in any case of emergency, could employ the whole wealth of his empire, which he had thus amassed together in his subterraneous exchequer.

As there is no such thing as property under an arbitrary government, you may learn what was Muley Ishmael's notion of it from the following story. Being upon the road, amidst his life-guards, a little before the time of the Ram-feast, he met one of his Alcaydes at the head of his servants, who were driving a great flock of sheep to market. The emperor asked whose they were: the Alcayde answered with profound submission, "They are mine, O Ishmael, son of Elcherif, of the line of Hassan." "Thine! thou son of a cuckold," said this servant of the Lord, "I thought I had been the only proprietor in this country;" upon which he run him through the body with his lance, and very piously distributed the sheep among his guards, for the celebration of the feast.

His determinations of justice between man and man were indeed very summary and decisive, and generally put an end to the vexations of a law-suit, by the ruin both of plaintiff and defendant. Travellers have recorded some examples of this kind, which may give us an idea of the blessings of his administration. One of his Alcaydes complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his Majesty's hands, and therefore could not divorce her, that she used to pull him by the beard; the emperor, to redress this grievance, ordered

his beard to be plucked up by the roots, that he might not be liable to any more such affronts. A country farmer having accused some of his negro guards for robbing him of a drove of oxen, the emperor readily shot the offenders; but afterwards demanding reparation of the accuser, for the loss of so many brave fellows, and finding him insolvent, compounded the matter with him by taking away his life. There are many other instances of the same kind. I must observe, however, under this head, that the only good thing he is celebrated for, during his whole reign, was the clearing of the roads and highways of robbers, with which they used to be very much infested. But his method was to slay man, woman, and child, who lived within a certain distance from the place where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of justice could not but have its effect, by making every road in his empire unsafe for the profession of a freebooter.

I must not omit this emperor's reply to Sir Cloudesly Shovel, who had taken several of his subjects by way of reprisal, for the English captives that were detained in his dominions. Upon the admiral's offering to exchange them on very advantageous terms, this good emperor sent him word, The subjects he had taken were poor men, not worth the ransoming; and that he might throw them overboard, or destroy them otherwise as he pleased.

Such was the government of Muley Ishmael, "the servant of God, the emperor of the faithful, who was courageous in the way of the Lord, the noble, the good."

To conclude this account, which is extracted from the best authorities, I shall only observe that he was a great admirer of his late most Christian Majesty. In a letter to him, he compliments him with the title of "sovereign arbiter of the actions and wills of his people." And in a book published by a Frenchman, who was sent to him as an ambassador, is the following passage, "He is absolute in his states, and often compares himself to the emperor of France, who he says is the only person that knows how to reign like himself, and to make his will the law."

This was that emperor of France to whom the person who has a great mind to be king of these realms owed his education, and from whom he learned his notions of government. What should hinder one, whose mind is so well seasoned with

such prepossessions, from attempting to copy after his patron, in the exercise of such a power; especially considering that the party who espouse his interest, never fail to compliment a prince that distributes all his places among them, with unlimited power on his part, and unconditional obedience on that of his subjects.

No. 11. FRIDAY, JANUARY 27.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

By our latest advices, both from town and country, it appears that the ladies of Great Britain, who are able to bear arms, that is, to smile or frown to any purpose, have already begun to commit hostilities upon the men of each opposite party. To this end we are assured, that many of them on both sides exercise before their glasses every morning; that they have already cashiered several of their followers as mutineers, who have contradicted them in some political conversations; and that the Whig ladies in particular, design very soon to have a general review of their forces at a play bespoken by one of their leaders. This set of ladies, indeed, as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the use of their airs and graces than their female antagonists, who are most of them bred in the country; so that the sisterhood of loyalists, in respect of the fair malecontents, are like an army of regular forces, compared with a raw, undisciplined militia.

It is to this misfortune in their education that we may ascribe the rude and opprobrious language with which the disaffected part of the sex treat the present royal family. A little lively rustic, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treason a whole winter's evening, and string together a parcel of silly seditious stories, that are equally void of decency and truth. Nay, you sometimes meet with a zealous matron, who sets up for the pattern of a parish, uttering such invectives as are highly misbecoming her, both as a woman and a subject. In answer, therefore, to such disloyal termagants, I shall repeat to them a speech of the honest and blunt Duke du Sully, to an assembly of Popish ladies, who were railing very bitterly against Henry

the Fourth, at his accession to the French throne; "Ladies," said he, "you have a very good king, if you know when you are well. However, set your hearts at rest, for he is not a man to be scolded or scratched out of his kingdom."

But as I never care to speak of the fair sex, unless I have an occasion to praise them, I shall take my leave of these ungentle damsels; and only beg of them not to make themselves less amiable than nature designed them, by being rebels to the best of their abilities, and endeavouring to bring their country into bloodshed and confusion. Let me, therefore, recommend to them the example of those beautiful associates, whom I mentioned in my eighth paper, as I have received the particulars of their behaviour from the person with whom I lodged their association.

This association being written at length in a large roll of the finest vellum, with three distinct columns for the maids, wives, and widows, was opened for the subscribers near a fortnight ago. Never was a subscription for a raffling or an opera more crowded. There is scarce a celebrated beauty about town that you may not find in one of the three lists; insomuch, that if a man, who did not know the design, should read only the names of the subscribers, he would fancy every column to be a catalogue of toasts. Mr. Motteux has been heard to say more than once, that if he had the portraits of all the associates, they would make a finer auction of pictures than he or anybody else had exhibited.

Several of these ladies, indeed, criticised upon the form of the association. One of them, after the perusal of it, wondered that among the features to be used in defence of their country, there was no mention made of *teeth;* upon which she smiled very charmingly, and discovered as fine a set as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall lovely prude, holding up her head in a most majestic manner, said, with some disdain, she thought a *good neck* might have done his Majesty as much service as smiles or dimples. A third looked upon the association as defective, because so necessary a word as *hands* was omitted; and by her manner of taking up the pen, it was easy to guess the reason of her objection.

Most of the persons who associated have done much more than by the letter of the association they were obliged to; having not only set their names to it, but subscribed their several aids and subsidies for the carrying on so good a cause.

In the virgin column is one who subscribes fifteen lovers, all of them good men and true. There is another who subscribes five admirers, with one tall handsome black man, fit to be a colonel. In short, there is scarce one in this list who does not engage herself to supply a quota of brisk young fellows, many of them already equipt with hats and feathers. Among the rest, was a pretty sprightly coquette, with sparkling eyes, who subscribed two quivers of arrows.

In the column of wives, the first that took pen in hand, writ her own name and one vassal, meaning her husband. Another subscribes her husband and three sons. Another, her husband and six coach-horses. Most in this catalogue paired themselves with their respective mates, answering for them as men of honest principles, and fit for the service.

N. B. There were two in this column that wore association ribbons; the first of them subscribed her husband, and her husband's friend; the second a husband and five lovers; but upon inquiry into their characters, they are both of them found to be Tories, who hung out false colours to be spies upon the association, or to insinuate to the world by their subscriptions, as if a lady of Whig principles could love any man besides her husband.

The widow's column is headed by a fine woman who calls herself Boadicea, and subscribes six hundred tenants. It was, indeed, observed that the strength of the association lay most in this column; every widow, in proportion to her jointure, having a great number of admirers, and most of them distinguished as able men. Those who have examined this list, compute that there may be three regiments raised out of it, in which there shall not be one man under six foot high.

I must not conclude this account without taking notice of the association-ribbon, by which these beautiful confederates have agreed to distinguish themselves. It is, indeed, so very pretty an ornament, that I wonder any Englishwoman will be without it. A lady of the association who bears this badge of allegiance upon her breast, naturally produces a desire in every male beholder, of gaining a place in a heart which carries on it such a visible mark of its fidelity. When the beauties of our island are thus industrious to show their principles as well as their charms, they raise the sentiments of their countrymen, and inspire them at the same time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of proselytes may we

not expect, when the most amiable of the Britons thus exhibit to their admirers the only terms upon which they are to hope for any correspondence or alliance with them! It is well known that the greatest blow the French nation ever received, was the dropping of a fine lady's garter, in the reign of King Edward the Third. The most remarkable battles which have been since gained over that nation, were fought under the auspices of a blue ribbon. As our British ladies have still the same faces, and our men the same hearts, why may we not hope for the same glorious achievements from the influence of this beautiful breast-knot?

No. 12. MONDAY, JANUARY 30.

Quapropter, de summâ salute vestrâ, P. C. de vestris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac sedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de salute patriæ, deque universâ republicâ decernite diligenter, ut instituistis, ac fortiter. CICERO.

THIS day having been set apart by public authority to raise in us an abhorrence of the great rebellion, which involved this nation in so many calamities, and ended in the murder of their sovereign; it may not be unseasonable to show the guilt of rebellion in general, and of that rebellion in particular which is stirred up against his present Majesty.

That rebellion is one of the most heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit, may appear from several considerations. First, as it destroys the end of all government, and the benefits of civil society. Government was instituted for maintaining the peace, safety, and happiness of a people. These great ends are brought about by a general conformity and submission to that frame of laws which is established in every community, for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty. As on the one side men are secured in the quiet possession of their lives, properties, and everything they have a right to; so on the other side, those who offer them any injury in these particulars, are subject to penalties proportioned to their respective offences. Government, therefore, mitigates the inequality of power among particular persons, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of

his fellow-subjects; since he has the force of the whole community on his side, which is able to control the insolence or injustice of any private oppressor. Now rebellion disappoints all these ends and benefits of government, by raising a power in opposition to that authority which has been established among a people for their mutual welfare and defence. So that rebellion is as great an evil to society, as government itself is a blessing.

In the next place, rebellion is a violation of those engagements, which every government exacts from such persons as live under it; and, consequently, the most base and pernicious instance of treachery and perfidiousness. The guilt of rebellion increases in proportion as these engagements are more solemn and obligatory. Thus if a man makes his way to rebellion through perjury, he gives additional horrors to that crime, which is in itself of the blackest nature.

We may likewise consider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedness than any other crime we can commit. It is big with rapine, sacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildest effects, as it impoverishes the public; ruins particular families; begets and perpetuates hatreds among fellow-subjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the seat of war and desolation, and exposes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In short, as it is impossible for it to take effect, or to make the smallest progress, but through a continued course of violence and bloodshed; a robber or a murderer looks like an innocent man when we compare him with a rebel.

I shall only add, that as in the subordination of a government the king is offended by any insults or oppositions to an inferior magistrate; so the Sovereign Ruler of the universe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to those whom he has set over us; Providence having delegated to the supreme magistrate in every country the same power for the good of men, which that supreme magistrate transfers to those several officers and substitutes who act under him, for the preserving of order and justice.

Now if we take a view of the present rebellion which is formed against his Majesty, we shall find in it all the guilt that is naturally inherent in this crime, without any single circumstance to alleviate it. Insurrections among a people to rescue themselves from the most violent and illegal op-

pressions; to throw off a tyranny that makes property precarious, and life painful; to preserve their laws and their religion to themselves and their posterity; are excused from the necessity of such an undertaking, when no other means are left for the security of everything that is dear and valuable to reasonable creatures. By the frame of our constitution, the duties of protection and allegiance are reciprocal; and as the safety of a community is the ultimate end and design of government, when this, instead of being preserved, is manifestly destroyed, civil societies are excusable before God and man, if they endeavour to recover themselves out of so miserable a condition. For in such a case government becomes an evil instead of a blessing, and is not at all preferable to a state of anarchy and mutual independence. For these reasons, we have scarce ever yet heard of an insurrection that was not either coloured with grievances of the highest kind, or countenanced by one or more branches of the legislature. But the present rebellion is formed against a king, whose right has been established by frequent parliaments of all parties, and recognised by the most solemn oaths; who has not been charged with one illegal proceeding; who acts in perfect concert with the lords and commons of the realm; who is famed for his equity and goodness, and has already very much advanced the reputation and interest of our country. The guilt, therefore, of this rebellion has in it all the most aggravating circumstances; which will still appear more plainly, if we consider, in the first place, the real motives to it.

The rebellion, which was one of the most flagitious in itself, and described with the most horror by historians, is that of Catiline and his associates. The motives to it are displayed at large by the Roman writers, in order to inspire the reader with the utmost detestation of it. Catiline, the chief of the rebellion, had been disappointed in his competition for one of the first offices in the government, and had involved himself in such private debts and difficulties, as nothing could extricate him out of, but the ruin of an administration that would not intrust him with posts of honour or profit. His principal accomplices were men of the same character, and animated by the same incentives. They complained that power was lodged in the hands of the worst, to the oppression of the best; and that places were conferred

on unworthy men, to the exclusion of themselves and their friends. Many of them were afraid of public justice for past crimes, and some of them stood actually condemned as traitors to their country. These were joined by men of desperate fortunes, who hoped to find their account in the confusions of their country, were applauded by the meanest of the rabble, who always delighted in change, and privately abetted by persons of a considerable figure, who aimed at those honours and preferments which were in the possession of their rivals. These are the motives with which Catiline's rebellion is branded in history, and which are expressly mentioned by Sallust. I shall leave it to every unprejudiced reader to compare them with the motives which have kindled the present rebellion in his Majesty's dominions.

As this rebellion is of the most criminal nature from its motives, so it is likewise if we consider its consequences. Should it succeed, (a supposition which, God be thanked, is very extravagant,) what must be the natural effects of it upon our religion! what could we expect from an army, blessed by the Pope, headed by a zealous Roman Catholic, encouraged by the most bigoted princes of the Church of Rome, supported by contributions not only from these several potentates, but from the wealthiest of their convents, and officered by Irish Papists and outlaws! Can we imagine that the Roman Catholics of our own nation would so heartily embark in an enterprise, to the visible hazard of their lives and fortunes, did they only hope to enjoy their religion under those laws which are now in force? In short, the danger to the Protestant cause is so manifest, that it would be an affront to the understanding of the reader to endeavour further to prove it.

Arbitrary power is so interwoven with Popery, and so necessary to introduce it, so agreeable to the education of the Pretender, so conformable to the principles of his adherents, and so natural to the insolence of conquerors, that should our invader gain the sovereign power by violence, there is no doubt but he would preserve it by tyranny. I shall leave to the reader's own consideration, the change of property in general, and the utter extinction of it in our national funds, the inundation of nobles without estates, prelates without bishoprics, officers civil and military without places; and, in short, the several occasions of rapine and

revenge, which would necessarily ensue upon such a fatal revolution. But by the blessing of Providence, and the wisdom of his Majesty's administration, this melancholy prospect is as distant as it is dreadful.

These are the consequences which would necessarily attend the success of the present rebellion. But we will now suppose that the event of it should for some time remain doubtful. In this case we are to expect all the miseries of a civil war; nay, the armies of the greatest foreign princes would be subsisted,[1] and all the battles of Europe fought in England. The rebels have already shown us that they want no inclination to promote their cause by fire and sword, where they have an opportunity of practising their barbarities. Should such a fierce and rapacious host of men, as that which is now in the Highlands, fall down into our country, that is so well peopled, adorned, and cultivated, how would their march be distinguished by ravage and devastation! might not we say of them in the sublime and beautiful words of the prophet, describing the progress of an enraged army from the north, "Before them is as the garden of Eden, and behind them as the desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them?"

What, then, can we think of a party, who would plunge their native country into such evils as these; when the only avowed motive for their proceedings is a point of theory, that has been already determined by those who are proper judges, and in whose determination we have so many years acquiesced. If the calamities of the nation in general can make no impression on them, let them at least, in pity to themselves, their friends and dependants, forbear all open and secret methods of encouraging a rebellion so destructive, and so unprovoked. All human probabilities are against them; and they cannot expect success, but from a miraculous interposition of the Almighty. And this we may with all Christian humility hope, will not turn against us, who observe those oaths which we have made in his presence; who are zealous for the safety of that religion, which we think most acceptable in his sight; and who endeavour to preserve that constitution which is most conducive to the happiness of our country.

[1] *Subsisted.*—The proper word is *maintained*, or *supported*. To *subsist*, is a neutral verb, and cannot be used, as here, in a passive sense.

No. 13. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent. VIRG.

THE most common, and indeed the most natural division of all offences, is into those of omission and commission. We may make the same division of that particular set of crimes which regard human society. The greatest crime which can be committed against it is rebellion; as was shown in my last paper. The greatest crime of omission, is an indifference in the particular members of a society, when a rebellion is actually begun among them. In such a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon government, he is highly culpable if he does not use all the means that are suitable to his station, for reducing the community into its former state of peace and good order.

Our obligation to be active on such an occasion appears from the nature of civil government, which is an institution whereby we are all confederated together for our mutual defence and security. Men who profess a state of neutrality in times of public danger, desert the common interest of their fellow-subjects; and act with independence to[1] that constitution into which they are incorporated. The safety of the whole requires our joint endeavours. When this is at stake, the indifferent are not properly a part of the community; or rather are like dead limbs, which are an encumbrance to the body, instead of being of use to it. Besides that the protection which all receive from the same government, justly calls upon the gratitude of all to strengthen it, as well as upon their self-interest to preserve it.

But further; if men, who in their hearts are friends to a government, forbear giving it their utmost assistance against its enemies, they put it in the power of a few desperate men to ruin the welfare of those who are much superior to them in strength, number, and interest. It was a remarkable law of Solon, the great legislator of the Athenians, that any person who in the civil tumults and commotions of the republic remained neuter, or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should, after the re-establishment of the public

[1] *To.*] Rather *on*. But the expression is hardly English. It should be—*and act as if they had no dependence on.*

peace, forfeit all his possessions, and be condemned to perpetual banishment. This law made it necessary for every citizen to take his party, because it was highly probable the majority would be so wise as to espouse that cause which was most agreeable to the public weal, and by that means hinder a sedition from making a successful progress. At least, as every prudent and honest man, who might otherwise favour an indolence in his own temper, was hereby engaged to be active, such a one would be sure to join himself to that side which had the good of their country most at heart. For this reason their famous lawgiver condemned the persons who sat idle in divisions so dangerous to the government, as aliens to the community, and therefore to be cut off from it as unprofitable members.

Further; Indifference cannot but be criminal, when it is conversant about objects which are so far from being of an indifferent nature, that they are of the highest importance to ourselves and our country. If it be indifferent to us whether we are free subjects or slaves; whether our prince be of our own religion, or of one that obliges him to extirpate it; we are in the right to give ourselves no trouble in the present juncture. A man governs himself by the dictates of virtue and good sense, who acts without zeal or passion in points that are of no consequence; but when the whole community is shaken, and the safety of the public endangered, the appearance of a philosophical or an affected indolence must arise either from stupidity or perfidiousness.

When in the division of parties among us, men only strove for the first place in the prince's favour; when all were attached to the same form of government, and contended only for the highest offices in it; a prudent and an honest man might look upon the struggle with indifference, and be in no great pain for the success of either side. But at present the contest is not in reality between Whigs and Tories, but between Loyalists and Rebels. Our country is not now divided into two parties, who propose the same end by different means; but into such as would preserve and such as would destroy it. Whatever denominations we might range ourselves under in former times, men who have any natural love to their country, or sense of their duty, should exert their united strength in a cause that is common to all parties, as they are Protestants and Britons. In such a case, an

avowed indifference is treachery to our fellow-subjects; and a lukewarm allegiance may prove as pernicious in its consequences as treason.

I need not repeat here what I have proved at large in a former paper, that we are obliged to an active obedience by the solemn oaths we have taken to his Majesty; and that the neutral kind of indifference, which is the subject of this paper, falls short of that obligation they lie under, who have taken such oaths; as will easily appear to any one who considers the form of those sacred and religious engagements.

How then can any man answer it to himself, if, for the sake of managing his interest or character among a party, or out of any personal pique to those who are the most conspicuous for their zeal in his Majesty's service, or from any other private and self-interested motive, he stands as a looker-on when the government is attacked by an open rebellion? especially when those engaged in it cannot have the least prospect of success, but by the assistance of the ancient and hereditary enemies to the British nation? It is strange that these lukewarm friends to the government, whose zeal for their sovereign rises and falls with their credit at court, do not consider, before it be too late, that as they strengthen the rebels by their present indifference, they at the same time establish the interest of those who are their rivals and competitors for public posts of honour. When there is an end put to this rebellion, these gentlemen cannot pretend to have had any merit in so good a work; and they may well believe the nation will never care to see those men in the highest offices of trust, who, when they are out of them, will not stir a finger in its defence.

No. 14. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Periculosum est credere, et non credere:
Utriusque exemplum breviter exponam rei.
Hippolytus obiit, quia novercæ creditum est:
Cassandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.
Ergo exploranda est veritas multùm priùs,
Quàm stulta pravè judicet sententia. PHÆDR.

HAVING in the seventh paper considered many of those falsehoods, by which the cause of our malecontents is sup-

ported, I shall here speak of that extravagant credulity, which disposes each particular member of their party to believe them. This strange alacrity in believing absurdity and inconsistence may be called the political faith of a Tory.

A person who is thoroughly endowed with this political faith, like a man in a dream, is entertained from one end of his life to the other with objects that have no reality or existence. He is daily nourished and kept in humour by fiction and delusion; and may be compared to the old obstinate knight in Rabelais, that every morning swallowed a chimera for his breakfast.

This political faith of a malecontent is altogether founded on hope. He does not give credit to anything because it is probable, but because it is pleasing. His wishes serve him instead of reasons, to confirm the truth of what he hears. There is no report so incredible or contradictory in itself which he doth not cheerfully believe, if it tends to the advancement of the cause. In short, a malecontent who is a good believer, has generally reason to repeat the celebrated rant of an ancient father, "Credo quia impossibile est:" which is as much as to say, "It must be true, because it is impossible."

It has been very well observed, that the most credulous man in the world is the atheist, who believes the universe to be the production of chance. In the same manner a Tory, who is the greatest believer in what is improbable, is the greatest infidel in what is certain. Let a friend to the government relate to him a matter of fact, he turns away his ear from him, and gives him the lie in every look. But if one of his own stamp should tell him that the king of Sweden would be suddenly at Perth, and that his army is now actually marching thither upon the ice; he hugs himself at the good news, and gets drunk upon it before he goes to bed. This sort of people puts one in mind of several towns in Europe that are inaccessible on the one side, while they lie open and unguarded on the other. The minds of our malecontents are indeed so depraved with those falsehoods which they are perpetually imbibing, that they have a natural relish for error, and have quite lost the taste of truth in political matters. I shall therefore dismiss this head with a saying of King Charles the Second. This monarch, when he was at Windsor, used to amuse himself with the conversation of

the famous Vossius, who was full of stories relating to the antiquity, learning, and manners of the Chinese; and at the same time a free-thinker in points of religion. The king, upon hearing him repeat some incredible accounts of these eastern people, turning to those who were about him, "This learned divine," said he, "is a very strange man: he believes everything but the Bible."

Having thus far considered the political faith of the party as it regards matters of fact, let us, in the next place, take a view of it with respect to those doctrines which it embraces, and which are the fundamental points whereby they are distinguished from those whom they used to represent as enemies to the constitution in church and state. How far their great articles of political faith, with respect to our ecclesiastical and civil government, are consistent with themselves, and agreeable to reason and truth, may be seen in the following paradoxes, which are the essentials of a Tory's creed, with relation to political matters. Under the name of Tories, I do not here comprehend multitudes of well-designing men, who were formerly included under that denomination, but are now in the interest of his Majesty and the present government. These have already seen the evil tendency of such principles, which are the Credenda of the party, as it is opposite to that of the Whigs.

ARTICLE I.

That the church of England will be always in danger, till it has a Popish king for its defender.

II.

That, for the safety of the church, no subject should be tolerated in any religion different from the established; but that the head of our church may be of that religion which is most repugnant to it.

III.

That the Protestant interest in this nation, and in all Europe, could not but flourish under the protection of one, who thinks himself obliged, on pain of damnation, to do all that lies in his power for the extirpation of it.

IV.

That we may safely rely upon the promises of one, whose religion allows him to make them, and at the same time, obliges him to break them.

V.

That a good man should have a greater abhorrence of Presbyterianism which is perverseness, than of Popery which is but idolatry.

VI.

That a person who hopes to be King of England by the assistance of France, would naturally adhere to the British interest, which is always opposite to that of the French.

VII.

That a man has no opportunities of learning how to govern the people of England in any foreign country, so well as in France.

VIII.

That ten millions of people should rather choose to fall into slavery, than not acknowledge their prince to be invested with an hereditary and indefeasible right of oppression.

IX.

That we are obliged in conscience to become subjects of a duke of Savoy, or of a French king, rather than enjoy for our sovereign a prince who is the first of the royal blood in the Protestant line.

X.

That non-resistance is the duty of every Christian, whilst he is in a good place.

XI.

That we ought to profess the doctrine of passive obedience until such time as nature rebels against principle, that is, until we are put to the necessity of practising it.

XII.

That the Papists have taken up arms to defend the church of England with the utmost hazard of their lives and fortunes.

XIII.

That there is an unwarrantable faction in this island, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons.

XIV.

That the legislature, when there is a majority of Whigs in it, has not power to make laws.

XV.

That an act of parliament to empower the king to secure

suspected persons in times of rebellion, is the means to establish the sovereign on the throne, and consequently a great infringement of the liberties of the throne.

No. 15. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

—Auxilium, quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,
Dixit, ab hoste petam; vultus avertite vestros,
Si quis amicus adest: et Gorgonis extulit ora. OVID.

It is with great pleasure that I see a race of female patriots springing up in this island. The fairest among the daughters of Great Britain no longer confine their cares to a domestic life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and show themselves good stateswomen as well as good housewives.

Our she-confederates keep pace with us in quashing that rebellion which had begun to spread itself among part of the fair sex. If the men who are true to their king and country have taken Preston and Perth, the ladies have possessed themselves of the opera and the playhouse with as little opposition or bloodshed. The non-resisting women, like their brothers in the Highlands, think no post tenable against an army that makes so fine an appearance; and dare not look them in the face, when they are drawn up in battle-array.

As an instance of this cheerfulness in our fair fellow-subjects to oppose the designs of the Pretender, I did but suggest in one of my former papers, "That the fan might be made use of with good success against Popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures;" when immediately they took the hint, and have since had frequent consultations upon several ways and methods "to make the fan useful." They have unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which are indeed very suitable to ladies who are at the same time the most beautiful and the most loyal of their sex. To hide their faces behind the fan, when they observe a Tory gazing upon them. Never to peep through it, but in order to pick out men, whose principles make them worth the conquest. To return no other answer to a Tory's addresses, than by counting the sticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To avoid dropping it in

the neighbourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To show their disbelief of any Jacobite story by a flirt of it. To fall a fanning themselves when a Tory comes into one of their assemblies, as being disordered at the sight of him.

These are the uses by which every fan may in the hands of a fine woman become serviceable to the public. But they have at present under consideration, certain fans of a Protestant make, that they may have a more extensive influence, and raise an abhorrence of Popery in a whole crowd of beholders: for they intend to let the world see what party they are of, by figures and designs upon these fans; as the knights-errant used to distinguish themselves by devices on their shields.

There are several sketches of pictures which have been already presented to the ladies for their approbation, and out of which several have made their choice. A pretty young lady will very soon appear with a fan, which has on it a nunnery of lively black-eyed vestals, who are endeavouring to creep out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with a fine paper, on which is represented a group of people upon their knees very devoutly worshipping an old ten-penny nail. A certain lady of great learning has chosen for her device the council of Trent; and another, who has a good satirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge tawdry woman, representing the whore of Babylon; which she is resolved to spread full in the face of any sister-disputant, whose arguments have a tendency to Popery. The following designs are already executed on several mountings. The ceremony of the holy pontiff opening the mouth of a cardinal in a full consistory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope Joan. Bishop Bonner purchasing great quantities of faggots and brushwood, for the conversion of heretics. A figure reaching at a sceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other; with a distant view of Smithfield.

When our ladies make their zeal thus visible upon their fans, and every time they open them, display an error of the church of Rome, it cannot but have a good effect, by showing the enemies of our present establishment the folly of what they are contending for. At least, every one must allow that fans are much more innocent engines for pro-

pagating the Protestant religion, than racks, wheels, gibbets, and the like machines, which are made use of for the advancement of the Roman Catholic. Besides, as every lady will of course study her fan, she will be a perfect mistress of the controversy, at least in one point of Popery; and as her curiosity will put her upon the perusal of every other fan that is fashionable, I doubt not but in a very little time there will be scarce a woman of quality in Great Britain, who would not be an over-match for an Irish priest.

The beautiful part of this island, whom I am proud to number amongst the most candid of my readers, will likewise do well to reflect, that our dispute at present concerns our civil as well as religious rights. I shall therefore only offer it to their thoughts as a point that highly deserves their consideration, whether the fan may not also be made use of with regard to our political constitution. As a Freeholder, I would not have them confine their cares for us as we are Protestants, but at the same time have an eye to our happiness as we are Britons. In this case they would give a new turn to the minds of their countrymen, if they would exhibit on their fans the several grievances of a tyrannical government. Why might not an audience of Muley Ishmael, or a Turk dropping his handkerchief in his seraglio, be proper subjects to express their abhorrence both of despotic power, and of male tyranny? or if they have a fancy for burlesque, what would they think of a French cobbler cutting shoes for several of his fellow-subjects out of an old apple-tree? On the contrary, a fine woman, who would maintain the dignity of her sex, might bear a string of galley slaves, dragging their chains the whole breadth of her fan; and at the same time, to celebrate her own triumphs, might order every slave to be drawn with the face of one of her admirers.

I only propose these as hints to my gentle readers, which they may alter or improve as they shall think fit: but cannot conclude without congratulating our country upon this disposition among the most amiable of its inhabitants, to consider in their ornaments the advantage of the public as well as of their persons. It was with the same spirit, though not with the same politeness, that the ancient British women had the figures of monsters painted on their naked bodies, in order (as our historians tell us) to make themselves beautiful in the eyes of their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies.

If this project goes on, we may boast, that our sister Whigs have the finest fans, as well as the most beautiful faces, of any ladies in the world. At least, we may venture to foretell, that the figures in their fans will lessen the Tory interest, much more than those in the Oxford Almanacs will advance it.

No. 16. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

Itaque quod plerumque in atroci negotio solet, Senatus decrevit, daren operam consules nè quid Respublica detrimenti caperet. Ea potestas pet Senatum more Romano magistratui maxuma permittitur, exercitum par rare, bellum gerere, coercere omnibus modis socios atque cives, dommilitiæque imperium atque judicium summum habere. Aliter, sinei populi jussu nulli earum rerum Consuli jus est. SALL.

IT being the design of these papers to reconcile men to their own happiness, by removing those wrong notions and prejudices which hinder them from seeing the advantage of themselves and their posterity in the present establishment, I cannot but take notice of everything that by the artifice of our enemies is made a matter of complaint.

Of this nature is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, by which his Majesty has been enabled, in these times of danger, to seize and detain the persons of such, who he had reason to believe were conspiring against his person and government. The expediency and reasonableness of such a temporary suspension in the present juncture may appear to every considerate man, who will turn his thoughts impartially on this subject.

I have chosen in points of this nature to draw my arguments from the first principles of government, which, as they are of no party, but assented to by every reasonable man, carry the greater weight with them, and are accommodated to the notions of all my readers. Every one knows, who has considered the nature of government, that there must be in each particular form of it an absolute and unlimited power; and that this power is lodged in the hands of those, who have the making of its laws, whether by the nature of the constitution it be in one or more persons, in a single order of men, or in a mixt body of different ranks and degrees. It is an absurdity to imagine that those, who have the authority of making laws, cannot suspend any particular law, when they

think it expedient for the public. Without such a power all government would be defective, and not armed with a sufficient force for its own security. As self-preservation by all honest methods is the first duty of every community as well as of every private person, so the public safety is the general view of all laws. When, therefore, any law does not conduce to this great end, but on the contrary, in some extraordinary and unnatural junctures, the very observation of it would endanger the community, that law ought to be laid asleep for such a time, by the proper authority. Thus the very intention of our Habeas Corpus act, namely, the preservation of the liberties of the subject, absolutely requires that act to be now suspended, since the confinement of dangerous and suspected persons, who might strengthen this rebellion, and spread a civil war through all parts of this kingdom, secures to us our civil rights, and everything that can be valuable to a free people.

As every government must in its nature be armed with such an authority, we may observe that those governments which have been the most famous for public spirit, and the most jealous of their liberty, have never failed to exert it upon proper occasions. There cannot be a greater instance of this, than in the old commonwealth of Rome, who flattered themselves with an opinion, that their government had in it a due temper of the regal, noble, and popular power represented by the consuls, the senators, and the tribunes. The regal part was, however, in several points, notoriously defective, and particularly because the consuls had not a negative in the passing of a law, as the other two branches had. Nevertheless, in this government, when the republic was threatened with any great and imminent danger, they thought it for the common safety to appoint a temporary dictator, invested with the whole power of the three branches; who, when the danger was over, retired again into the community, and left the government in its natural situation. But what is more to our case, the consular power itself, though infinitely short of the regal power in Great Britain, was intrusted with the whole authority which the legislature has put into the hands of his Majesty. We have an eminent instance of this in the motto of my paper, which I shall translate for the benefit of the English reader, after having

advertised him, that the power there given to the consul, was in the time of a conspiracy. "The senate, therefore, made a decree, as usual, when they have matters before them of so horrid a nature, That the consuls should take care the commonwealth did not suffer any prejudice. By virtue of this very great power which the senate allows to the magistrate, according to the ancient customs of Rome, he may raise an army, wage war, make use of all kinds of methods to restrain the associates and citizens of Rome, and exercise the supreme authority both at home and abroad in matters civil and military; whereas otherwise the consul is not invested with any of these powers without the express command of the people."

There now only remains to show, that his Majesty is legally possessed of this power; and that the necessity of the present affairs requires he should be so. He is intrusted with it by the legislature of the nation; and in the very notion of a legislature is implied a power to change, repeal, and suspend, what laws are in being, as well as to make what new laws they shall think fit for the good of the people. This is so uncontroverted a maxim, that I believe never anybody attempted to refute it. Our legislature have, however, had that just regard for their fellow-subjects, as not to entertain a thought of abrogating this law, but only to hinder it from operating at a time when it would endanger the constitution. The king is empowered to act but for a few months by virtue of this suspension; and by that means differs from a king of France, or any other tyrannical prince, who in times of peace and tranquillity, and upon what occasion he pleases, sends any of his subjects out of the knowledge of their friends into such castles, dungeons, or imprisonments, as he thinks fit. Nor did the legislature do anything in this that was unprecedented. The Habeas Corpus act was made about five and thirty years ago, and since that time has been suspended four times before his present Majesty's accession to the throne: twice under the reign of King William and Queen Mary; once under the reign of King William; and once under the reign of Queen Anne.

The necessity of this law at this time arose from the prospect of an invasion, which has since broke out into an actual rebellion; and from informations of secret and dangerous

practices among men of considerable figure, who could not have been prevented from doing mischief to their country but by such a suspension of this act of parliament.

I cannot, however, but observe, that notwithstanding the lawfulness and necessity of such a suspension, had not the rebellion broke out after the passing of this act of parliament, I do not know how those who had been the most instrumental in procuring it could have escaped that popular odium, which their malicious and artful enemies have now in vain endeavoured to stir up against them. Had it been possible for the vigilance and endeavours of a ministry to have hindered even the attempts of an invasion, their very endeavours might have proved prejudicial to them. Their prudent and resolute precautions would have turned to their disadvantage, had they not been justified by those events, which they did all that was in their power to obviate. This naturally brings to mind the reflection of Tully in the like circumstances, "That amidst the divisions of Rome, a man was in an unhappy condition who had a share in the administration, nay, even in the preservation of the commonwealth. *O conditionem miseram non modo administrandæ, verùm etiam conservandæ Reipublicæ!*"

Besides, every unprejudiced man will consider how mildly and equitably this power has been used. The persons confined have been treated with all possible humanity, and abridged of nothing but the liberty of hurting their country, and very probably of ruining both themselves and their families. And as to the numbers of those who are under this short restraint, it is very obsérvable, that people do not seem so much surprised at the confinement of some, as at the liberty of many others. But we may from hence conclude, what every Englishman must observe with great pleasure, that his Majesty does not in this great point regulate himself by any private jealousies or suspicions, but by those evidences and informations he has received.

We have already found the good consequences of this suspension, in that it has hindered the rebellion from gathering the strength it would otherwise have gained; not to mention those numbers it has kept from engaging in so desperate an enterprise, with the many lives it has preserved, and the desolations it has prevented.

For these and many other reasons, the representatives of Great Britain in parliament could never have answered it

to the people they represent, who have found such great benefits from the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and without it must have felt such fatal consequences, had they not, in a case of such great necessity, made use of this customary, legal, and reasonable method for securing his Majesty on the throne, and their country from misery or ruin.

No. 17. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

—Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto. HOR.

We are told that in Turkey, when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, it is usual to blacken the whole front of his house: nay, we have sometimes heard, that an ambassador whose "business it is" (if I may quote his character in Sir Henry Wotton's words) "to lie for the good of his country," has sometimes had this mark set upon his house; when he has been detected in any piece of feigned intelligence, that has prejudiced the government, and misled the minds of the people. One could almost wish that the habitations of such of our countrymen as deal in forgeries detrimental to the public were distinguished in the same manner; that their fellow-subjects might be cautioned not to be too easy in giving credit to them. Were such a method put in practice, this metropolis would be strangely chequered; some entire parishes would be in mourning, and several streets darkened from one end to the other.

But I have given my thoughts in two preceding papers, both on the inventors and the believers of these public falsehoods and calumnies, and shall here speak of that contempt with which they are and ought to be received by those in high stations, at whom they are levelled. Any person, indeed, who is zealous for promoting the interest of his country, must conquer all that tenderness and delicacy which may make him afraid of being ill spoken of; or his endeavours will often produce no less uneasiness to himself, than benefit to the public. Among a people who indulge themselves in the utmost freedoms of thought and speech, a man must either be insignificant, or able to bear an undeserved reproach. A true patriot may comfort himself under the attacks of falsehood and obloquy, from several motives and reflections.

In the first place he should consider, that the chief of his antagonists are generally acted by a spirit of envy; which would not rise against him, if it were not provoked by his desert. A statesman, who is possessed of real merit, should look upon his political censurers with the same neglect, that a good writer regards his critics; who are generally a race of men that are not able to discover the beauties of a work they examine, and deny that approbation to others which they never met with themselves. Patriots, therefore, should rather rejoice in the success of their honest designs, than be mortified by those who misrepresent them.

They should likewise consider, that not only envy, but vanity, has a share in the detraction of their adversaries. Such aspersions, therefore, do them honour at the same time that they are intended to lessen their reputation. They should reflect, That those who endeavour to stir up the multitude against them, do it to be thought considerable; and not a little applaud themselves in a talent that can raise clamours out of nothing, and throw a ferment among the people, by murmurs or complaints, which they know in their own hearts are altogether groundless. There is a pleasant instance of this nature recorded at length in the first book of the Annals of Tacitus. When a great part of the Roman legions were in a disposition to mutiny, an impudent varlet, who was a private sentinel, being mounted upon the shoulders of his fellow-soldiers, and resolved to try the power of his eloquence, addressed himself to the army, in all the postures of an orator, after the following manner: "You have given liberty to these miserable men," said he, (pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued,) "but which of you can restore life to my brother? who can give me back my brother? he was murdered no longer ago than last night, by the hands of those ruffians, who are entertained by the general to butcher the poor soldiery. Tell me, Blæsus, (for that was the name of the general, who was then sitting on the tribunal,) tell me, where hast thou cast his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the rites of burial. When I have tired myself with kissing his cold corpse, and weeping over it, order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of my fellow-soldiers, since we both die in their cause, is, that they would lay me in the same grave with my brother." The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved

to do the speaker justice, when, upon inquiry, they found that he never had a brother in his life; and that he had stirred up the sedition only to show his parts.

Public ministers would likewise do well to consider, that the principal authors of such reproaches as are cast upon them, are those who have a mind to get their places: and as for a censure arising from this motive, it is in their power to escape it when they please, and turn it upon their competitors. Malecontents of an inferior character are acted by the same principle; for so long as there are employments of all sizes, there will be murmurers of all degrees. I have heard of a country gentleman, who made a very long and melancholy complaint to the late Duke of Buckingham, when he was in great power at court, of several public grievances. The Duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, "My dear friend, (says he,) this is but too true; but I have thought of an expedient which will set all things right, and that very soon." His country friend asked him, what it was. "You must know, (says the duke,) there's a place for five hundred pounds a year fallen this very morning, which I intend to put you in possession of." The gentleman thanked his Grace, went away satisfied, and thought the nation the happiest under heaven, during that whole ministry.

But farther, every man in a public station ought to consider, that when there are two different parties in a nation, they will see things in different lights. An action, however conducive to the good of their country, will be represented by the artful and appear to the ignorant as prejudicial to it. Since I have here, according to the usual liberty of essay-writers, rambled into several stories, I shall fetch one to my present purpose out of the Persian history. We there read of a virtuous young emperor, who was very much afflicted to find his actions misconstrued and defamed by a party among his subjects that favoured another interest. As he was one day sitting among the ministers of his Divan, and amusing himself after the Eastern manner, with the solution of difficult problems and enigmas, he proposed to them in his turn the following one. "What is the tree that bears three hundred and sixty-five leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?" His Grand Vizier immediately replied, it was the year, which consisted of three

hundred and sixty-five days and nights: "But, sir, (says he,) permit me at the same time to take notice, that these leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved only to look upon the wrong side of them."

A virtuous man, therefore, who lays out his endeavours for the good of his country, should never be troubled at the reports which are made of him, so long as he is conscious of his own integrity. He should rather be pleased to find people descanting upon his actions, because when they are thoroughly canvassed and examined, they are sure in the end to turn to his honour and advantage. The reasonable and unprejudiced part of mankind will be of his side, and rejoice to see their common interest lodged in such honest hands. A strict examination of a great man's character, is like the trial of a suspected chastity, which was made among the Jews by the waters of jealousy. Moses assures us, that the criminal burst upon the drinking of them; but if she was accused wrongfully, the Rabbins tell us, they heightened her charms, and made her much more amiable than before: so that they destroyed the guilty, but beautified the innocent.

No. 18. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

—Inopem me copia fecit. OVID.

EVERY Englishman will be a good subject to King George, in proportion as he is a good Englishman, and a lover of the constitution of his country. In order to awaken in my readers the love of this their constitution, it may be necessary to set forth its superior excellency to that form of government, which many wicked and ignorant men have of late years endeavoured to introduce among us. I shall not, therefore, think it improper, to take notice from time to time of any particular act of power, exerted by those among whom the pretender to his Majesty's crown has been educated; which would prove fatal to this nation, should it be conquered and governed by a person, who in all probability would put in practice the politics in which he has been so long instructed.

There has been nothing more observable in the reign of his present Gallic Majesty, than the method he has taken for supplying his exchequer with a necessary sum of money. The ways and means for raising it has been an edict, or a command in writing signed by himself, to increase the value of louis d' ors from fourteen to sixteen livres, by virtue of a new stamp which shall be struck upon them. As this method will bring all the gold of the kingdom into his hands, it is provided by the same edict that they shall be paid out again to the people at twenty livres each; so that four livres in the score by this means accrue to his Majesty out of all the money in the kingdom of France.

This method of raising money is consistent with that form of government, and with the repeated practice of their late *Grand Monarque;* so that I shall not here consider the many evil consequences which it must have upon their trade, their exchange, and public credit: I shall only take notice of the whimsical circumstances a people must lie under, who can be thus made poor or rich by an edict, which can throw an alloy into a louis d'or, and debase it into half its former value, or, if his Majesty pleases, raise the price of it, not by the accession of metal, but of a mark. By the present edict many a man in France will swell into a plumb, who fell several thousand pounds short of it the day before its publication. This conveys a kind of fairy treasure into their chests, even whilst they are under lock and key; and is a secret of multiplication without addition. It is natural enough, however, for the vanity of the French nation to grow insolent upon this imaginary wealth, not considering that their neighbours think them no more rich by virtue of an edict to make fourteen twenty, than they would think them more formidable, should there be another edict to make every man in the kingdom seven foot high.

It was usual for his late most Christian Majesty to sink the value of their louis d' ors about the time he was to receive the taxes of his good people, and to raise them when he had got them safe into his coffers. And there is no question but the present government in that kingdom will so far observe this kind of conduct, as to reduce the twenty livres to their old number of fourteen, when they have paid them out of their hands; which will immediately sink the present

timpany of wealth, and re-establish the natural poverty of the Gallic nation.

One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miser in this country, who is perpetually telling his livres, without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculously puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the stones on Salisbury Plain, which can never be settled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them.

I have heard of a young French lady, a subject of Louis the Fourteenth, who was contracted to a marquis upon the foot of a five thousand pound fortune, which she had by her sister in specie: but one of these unlucky edicts coming out a week before the intended marriage, she lost a thousand pound, and her bridegroom into the bargain.

The uncertainty of riches is a subject much discoursed of in all countries, but may be insisted on more emphatically in France than any other. A man is here under such a kind of situation, as one who is managed by a juggler. He fancies he has so many pieces of money in his hand: but let him grasp them never so carefully, upon a word or two of the artist they increase or dwindle to what number the doctor is pleased to name.

This method of lowering or advancing money, we, who have the happiness to be in another form of government, should look upon as unwarrantable kind of clipping and coining. However, as it is an expedient that is often practised, and may be justified in that constitution which has been so thoroughly studied by the pretender to his Majesty's crown, I do not see what should have hindered him from making use of so expeditious a method for raising a supply, if he had succeeded in his late attempt to dethrone his Majesty, and subvert our constitution. I shall leave it to the consideration of the reader, if in such a case the following edict, or something very like it, might not have been expected.

"Whereas these our kingdoms have long groaned under an expensive and consuming land-war, which has very much exhausted the treasure of the nation, we, being willing to increase the wealth of our people, and not thinking it advisable for this purpose to make use of the tedious methods of merchandise and commerce, which have been always promoted

by a faction among the worst of our subjects, and were so wisely discountenanced by the best of them in the late reign, do hereby enact by our sole will and pleasure, that every shilling in Great Britain shall pass in all payments for the sum of fourteen-pence, till the first of September next, and that every other piece of money shall rise and pass in current payment in the same proportion. The advantage which will accrue to these nations by this our royal donative, will visibly appear to all men of sound principles, who are so justly famous for their antipathy to strangers, and would not see the landed interest of their country weakened by the importations of foreign gold and silver. But since, by reason of the great debts which we have contracted abroad, during our fifteen years' reign, as well as of our present exigencies, it will be necessary to fill our exchequer by the most prudent and expeditious methods, we do also hereby order every one of our subjects to bring in these his fourteen-penny pieces, and all the other current cash of this kingdom, by what new titles soever dignified or distinguished, to the master of our mint, who, after having set a mark upon them, shall deliver out to them, on or after the first of September aforesaid, their respective sums, taking only four-pence for ourself for such his mark on every fourteen-penny piece, which from henceforth shall pass in payment for eighteen-pence, and so in proportion for the rest. By this method, the money of this nation will be more by one-third than it is at present; and we shall content ourselves with not quite one-fifth part of the current cash of our loving subjects; which will but barely suffice to clear the interest of those sums in which we stand indebted to our most dear brother and ancient ally. We are glad of this opportunity of showing such an instance of our goodness to our subjects, by this our royal edict, which shall be read in every parish church of Great Britain, immediately after the celebration of high mass. For such is our pleasure."

No. 19. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est. SALL.

It has been usual these many years for writers, who have approved the scheme of government which has taken place, to explain to the people the reasonableness of those principles which have prevailed, and to justify the conduct of those who act in conformity to such principles. It therefore happens well for the party which is undermost, when a work of this nature falls into the hands of those who content themselves to attack their principles, without exposing their persons, or singling out any particular objects for satire and ridicule. This manner of proceeding is no inconsiderable piece of merit in writers, who are often more influenced by a desire of fame, than a regard to the public good; and who, by this means, lose many fair opportunities of showing their own wit, or of gratifying the ill-nature of their readers.

When a man thinks a party engaged in such measures as tend to the ruin of his country, it is certainly a very laudable and virtuous action in him to make war after this manner upon the whole body. But as several casuists are of opinion, that in a battle you should discharge upon the gross of the enemy, without levelling your piece at any particular person; so in this kind of combat also, I cannot think it fair to aim at any one man, and make his character the mark of your hostilities. There is now to be seen in the castle of Milan, a cannon bullet, inscribed, "This to the Mareschal de Crequi," which was the very ball that shot him. An author who points his satire at a great man is to be looked upon in the same view with the engineer who signalized himself by this ungenerous practice.

But as the spirit of the Whigs and Tories shows itself, upon every occasion, to be very widely different from one another; so is it particularly visible in the writings of this kind, which have been published by each party. The latter may, indeed, assign one reason to justify themselves in this practice; that, having nothing of any manner of weight to offer against the principles of their antagonists, if they speak at all, it must be against their persons. When they cannot re-

fute an adversary, the shortest way is to libel him; and to endeavour at the making his person odious, when they cannot represent his notions as absurd.

The Examiner was a paper, in the last reign, which was the favourite work of the party. It was ushered into the world by a letter from a secretary of state, setting forth the great genius of the author, the usefulness of his design, and the mighty consequences that were to be expected from it. It is said to have been written by those among them whom they looked upon as their most celebrated wits and politicians, and was dispersed into all quarters of the nation with great industry and expense. Who would not have expected, that at least the rules of decency and candour would be observed in such a performance? but, instead of this, you saw all the great men, who had done eminent services to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No sanctity of character, or privilege of sex, exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public raillery, and many ladies of the first quality branded by name for matters of fact, which as they were false, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themselves were not spared. And here I cannot forbear taking notice of a kind of wit which has lately grown into fashion among the versifiers, epigrammatists, and other authors, who think it sufficient to distinguish themselves by their zeal for what they call the high church, while they sport with the most tremendous parts of revealed religion. Every one has seen epigrams upon the deceased fathers of our church, where the whole thought was turned upon hell-fire. Patriots, who ought to be remembered with honour by their posterity, have been introduced as speakers in a state of torments. There is something dreadful even in repeating these execrable pieces of wit, which no man who really believes another life, can peruse without fear and trembling. It is astonishing to see readers who call themselves Christians, applauding such diabolical mirth, and seeming to rejoice in the doom which is pronounced against their enemies, by such abandoned scribblers. A wit of this kind may, with great truth, be compared to the fool in the Proverbs, "who plays with arrows, fire-brands, and death, and says, Am I not in sport!"

I must, in justice to the more sober and considerate of

that party, confess, that many of them were highly scandalized at that personal slander and reflection which was flung out so freely by the libellers of the last reign, as well as by those profane liberties which have been since continued. And as for those who are either the authors or admirers of such compositions, I would have them consider with themselves, whether the name of a good church-man can atone for the want of that charity which is the most essential part of Christianity. They would likewise do well to reflect, how, by these methods, the poison has run freely into the minds of the weak and ignorant: heightened their rage against many of their fellow-subjects; and almost divested them of the common sentiments of humanity.

In the former part of this paper, I have hinted that the design of it is to oppose the principles of those who are enemies to the present government, and the main body of that party who espouse those principles. But even in such general attacks there are certain measures to be kept, which may have a tendency rather to gain, than to irritate those who differ with you in their sentiments. The Examiner would not allow such as were of a contrary opinion to him, to be either Christians or fellow-subjects. With him they were all atheists, deists, or apostates, and a separate commonwealth among themselves, that ought either to be extirpated, or, when he was in a better humour, only to be banished out of their native country. They were often put in mind of some approaching execution, and therefore all of them advised to prepare themselves for it, as men who had then nothing to take care of, but how to die decently. In short, the Examiner seemed to make no distinction between conquest and destruction.

The conduct of this work has hitherto been regulated by different views, and shall continue to be so; unless the party it has to deal with draw upon themselves another kind of treatment. For if they shall persist in pointing their batteries against particular persons, there are no laws of war that forbid the making of reprisals. In the mean time, this undertaking shall be managed with that generous spirit which was so remarkable among the Romans, who did not subdue a country in order to put the inhabitants to fire and sword, but to incorporate them into their own community, and make them happy in the same government with themselves.

No. 20. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum— Hor.

It is very unlucky for those who make it their business to raise popular murmurs and discontents against his Majesty's government, that they find so very few and so very improper occasions for them. To show how hard they are set in this particular, there are several, who for want of other materials, are forced to represent the bill which has passed this session, for laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land, as a kind of grievance upon the subject. If this be a matter of complaint, it ought in justice to fall upon those who have made it necessary. Had there been no rebellion, there would have been no increase of the land-tax: so that in proportion as a man declares his aversion to the one, he ought to testify his abhorrence of the other. But it is very remarkable that those, who would persuade the people that they are aggrieved by this additional burden, are the very persons who endeavour, in their ordinary conversation, to extenuate the heinousness of the rebellion, and who express the greatest tenderness for the persons of the rebels. They show a particular indulgence for that unnatural insurrection which has drawn this load upon us, and are angry at the means which were necessary for suppressing it. There needs no clearer proof of the spirit and intention with which they act; I shall, therefore, advise my fellow-freeholders to consider the character of any person who would possess them with the notion of a hardship that is put upon the country by this tax. If he be one of known affection to the present establishment, they may imagine there is some reason for complaint. But if, on the contrary, he be one who has shown himself indifferent as to the success of the present rebellion, or is suspected as a private abettor of it, they may take it for granted, his complaint against the land-tax is either the rage of a disappointed man, or the artifice of one who would alienate their affections from the present government.

The expense which will arise to the nation from this rebellion, is already computed at near a million. And it is a melancholy consideration for the freeholders of Great Bri-

tain, that the treason of their fellow-subjects should bring upon them as great a charge as the war with France. At the same time every reasonable man among them will pay a tax with at least as great cheerfulness for stifling a civil war in its birth, as for carrying on a war in a foreign country. Had not our first supplies been effectual for the crushing of our domestic enemies, we should immediately have beheld the whole kingdom a scene of slaughter and desolation: whereas, if we had failed in our first attempts upon a distant nation, we might have repaired the losses of one campaign by the advantages of another, and after several victories gained over us, might still have kept the enemy from our gates.

As it was thus absolutely necessary to raise a sum that might enable the government to put a speedy stop to the rebellion, so could there be no method thought of for raising such a sum more proper, than this of laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land.

In the first place: this tax has already been so often tried, that we know the exact produce of it, which in any new project is always very doubtful and uncertain. As we are thus acquainted with the produce of this tax, we find it is adequate to the services for which it is designed, and that the additional tax is proportioned to the supernumerary expense, which falls upon the kingdom this year by the unnatural rebellion, as it has been above stated.

In the next place: no other tax could have been thought of, upon which so much money would have been immediately advanced as was necessary in so critical a juncture for pushing our successes against the rebels, and preventing the attempts of their friends and confederates both at home and abroad. Nobody cares to make loans upon a new and untried project; whereas men never fail to bring in their money upon a land-tax, when the premium or interest allowed them, is suited to the hazard they run by such loans to the government. And here one cannot but bewail the misfortune of our country, when we consider, that the House of Commons had last year reduced this interest to four per cent., by which means there was a considerable saving to the nation; but that this year they have been forced to give six per cent., as well knowing the fatal consequences that might have ensued, had there not been an interest allowed,

which would certainly encourage the lender to venture, in such a time of danger, what was indispensably necessary for the exigences of the public.

Besides; this is a method for raising a sum of money, that, with the ordinary taxes, will in all probability defray the whole expense of the year: so that there is no burden laid upon our posterity, who have been sufficiently loaded by other means of raising money; nor any deficiency to be hereafter made up by ourselves; which has been our case in so many other subsidies.

To this we may add; that we have no example of any other tax, which in its nature would so particularly affect the enemies of his Majesty's government. Multitudes of Papists and Nonjurors will be obliged to furnish a double proportion out of their revenues towards the clearing of that expense, which by their open and secret practices they have been instrumental in bringing upon their fellow-subjects.

I shall only mention one consideration more; that no other tax is so likely to cease as this is, when there is no further occasion for it. This tax is established by a House of Commons, which, by virtue of an act of parliament passed a few years ago, must consist for the most part of landed men; so that a great share of the weight of it must necessarily fall upon the members of their own body. As this is an instance of their public spirit, so we may be sure they would not have exerted it, had there not been an absolute necessity: nor can we doubt, that for the same reasons, when this necessity ceases, they will take the first opportunity of easing themselves in this particular, as well as those whom they represent. It is a celebrated notion of a patriot, who signally distinguished himself for the liberties of his country, that a House of Commons should never grant such subsidies as are easy to be raised, and give no pain to the people, lest the nation should acquiesce under a burden they did not feel, and see it perpetuated without repining. Whether this notion might not be too refined, I shall not determine; but by what has been already said, I think we may promise ourselves, that this additional tax of two shillings in the pound will not be continued another year, because we may hope the rebellion will be entirely ended in this.

And here, I believe, it must be obvious to every one's reflection, that the rebellion might not have concluded so soon,

had not this method been made use of for that end. A foreign potentate trembles at the thought of entering into a war with so wealthy an enemy as the British nation, when he finds the whole landed interest of the kingdom engaged to oppose him with their united force; and at all times ready to employ against him such a part of their revenues, as shall be sufficient to baffle his designs upon their country: especially when none can imagine, that he expects an encouragement from those, whose fortunes are either lodged in the funds, or employed in trade.

The wisdom, therefore, of the present House of Commons has by this tax, not only enabled the king to subdue those of his own subjects, who have been actually in arms against him, but to divert any of his neighbours from the hopes of lending them a competent assistance.

No. 21. FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes. VIRG.

It is not easy for any one, who saw the magnificence of yesterday in the court of Great Britain,[1] to turn his thoughts for some time after on any other subject. It was a solemnity every way suited to the birth-day of a princess, who is the delight of our nation, and the glory of her sex. Homer tells us, that when the daughter of Jupiter presented herself among a crowd of goddesses, she was distinguished from the rest by her graceful stature, and known by her superior beauty, notwithstanding they were all beautiful. Such was the appearance of the Princess of Wales among our British ladies; or (to use a more solemn phrase) of "the king's daughter among her honourable women." Her Royal Highness, in the midst of such a circle, raises in the beholder the idea of a fine picture, where (notwithstanding the diversity of pleasing objects that fill up the canvass) the principal figure immediately takes the eye, and fixes the attention.

[1] The author rises with his subject. This panegyric is extremely well written.

When this excellent princess was yet in her father's court, she was so celebrated for the beauty of her person, and the accomplishments of her mind, that there was no prince in the empire, who had room for such an alliance, that was not ambitious of gaining her into his family, either as a daughter, or as a consort. He who is now the chief of the crowned heads in Europe, and was then king of Spain, and heir to all the dominions of the house of Austria, sought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, she had them all laid before her; but she generously declined them, because she saw the acceptance of them was inconsistent with what she esteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion. Providence, however, kept in store a reward for such an exalted virtue; and, by the secret methods of its wisdom, opened a way for her to become the greatest of her sex, among those, who profess that faith to which she adhered with so much Christian magnanimity.

This her illustrious conduct might, in the eye of the world, have lost its merit, had so accomplished a prince as his Royal Highness declared his passion for the same alliance at that time: it would then have been no wonder that all other proposals had been rejected. But it was the fame of this heroic constancy that determined his Royal Highness to desire in marriage a princess whose personal charms, which had before been so universally admired, were now become the least part of her character. We, of the British nation, have reason to rejoice, that such a proposal was made and accepted; and that her Royal Highness, with regard to these two successive treaties of marriage, showed as much prudence in her compliance with the one, as piety in her refusal of the other.

The princess was no sooner arrived at Hanover, than she improved the lustre of that court, which was before reckoned among the politest in Europe; and increased the satisfaction of that people, who were before looked upon as the happiest in the empire. She immediately became the darling of the Princess Sophia, who was acknowledged in all the courts of Europe the most accomplished woman of the age in which she lived, and who was not a little pleased with the conversation of one in whom she saw so lively an image of her own youth.

But I shall insist no longer on that reputation which her Royal Highness has acquired in other countries. We daily discover those admirable qualities for which she is so justly famed, and rejoice to see them exerted in our own country, where we ourselves are made happy by their influence. We are the more pleased to behold the throne of these kingdoms surrounded by a numerous and beautiful progeny, when we consider the virtues of those from whom they descend. Not only the features, but the mind of the parent, is often copied out in the offspring. But the princess we are speaking of takes the surest method of making her royal issue like herself, by instilling early into their minds all the principles of religion, virtue, and honour, and seasoning their tender years with all that knowledge which they are capable of receiving. What may we not hope from such an uncommon care in the education of the children of Great Britain, who are directed by such precepts, and will be formed by such an example!

The conjugal virtues are so remarkable in her Royal Highness, as to deserve those just and generous returns of love and tenderness, for which the prince, her husband, is so universally celebrated.

But there is no part of her Royal Highness's character which we observe with greater pleasure, than that behaviour by which she has so much endeared herself to his Majesty; though, indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at this mutual intercourse of duty and affection, when we consider so wise and virtuous a princess possessing, in the same sacred person, the kindest of fathers and the best of kings. And here it is natural for us to congratulate our own good fortune, who see our sovereigns blessed with a numerous issue, among whom are our heirs male in two direct descents, which has not happened in the reign of any English king since the time of his Majesty's great ancestor Edward the Third, and is a felicity not enjoyed by the subjects of any other of the kings of Europe who are his contemporaries. We are like men entertained with the view of a spacious landscape, where the eye passes over one pleasing prospect into another, till the sight is lost by degrees in a succession of delightful objects, and leaves us in the persuasion that there remain still more behind.

But if we regard her Royal Highness in that light which

diffuses the greatest glory round a human character, we shall find the Christian no less conspicuous than the princess. She is as eminent for a sincere piety in the practice of religion, as for an inviolable adherence to its principles. She is constant in her attendance on the daily offices of our church, and by her serious and devout comportment on these solemn occasions, gives an example that is very often too much wanted in courts.

Her religion is equally free from the weakness of superstition and sourness of enthusiasm. It is not of that uncomfortable melancholy nature which disappoints its own end, by appearing unamiable to those whom it would gain to its interests. It discovers itself in the genuine effects of Christianity, in affability, compassion, benevolence, evenness of mind, and all the offices of an active and universal charity.

As a cheerful temper is the necessary result of these virtues, so it shines out in all the parts of her conversation, and dissipates those apprehensions which naturally hang on the timorous or the modest, when they are admitted to the honour of her presence. There is none that does not listen with pleasure to a person in so high a station, who condescends to make herself thus agreeable, by mirth without levity, and wit without ill-nature.

Her Royal Highness is, indeed, possessed of all those talents which make conversation either delightful or improving. As she has a fine taste of the elegant arts, and is skilled in several modern languages, her discourse is not confined to the ordinary subjects or forms of conversation, but can adapt itself with an uncommon grace to every occasion, and entertain the politest persons of different nations. I need not mention, what is observed by every one, that agreeable turn which appears in her sentiments upon the most ordinary affairs of life, and which is so suitable to the delicacy of her sex, the politeness of her education, and the splendour of her quality.

It would be vain to think of drawing into the compass of this paper the many eminent virtues which adorn the character of this great princess; but as it is one chief end of this undertaking to make the people sensible of the blessings which they enjoy under his Majesty's reign, I could not but lay hold on this opportunity to speak of that which ought, in justice, to be reckoned among the greatest of them.

No. 22. MONDAY, MARCH 5.

Studiis rudis, sermone barbarus, impetu strenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer. VELL. PATERC

FOR the honour of his Majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly distinguished by the title of Fox-hunters. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my readers an image of these rural statesmen, I shall, without further preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remote parts of England, when about three o'clock in the afternoon, seeing a country gentleman trotting before me with a spaniel by his horse's side, I make up to him. Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My fellow-traveller, upon this, observed to me, that there had

[1] This Freeholder, together with the 44th and 47th, on a Tory fox-hunter, have all the ease and gaiety of the best Spectators on Sir Roger de Coverley. And, in general, we may observe, that the gentle graces of Mr. Addison never forsake him, in a paper of humour; the bent of his genius lying so strongly that way.

If he anywhere writes beneath himself in the Freeholder, it is in those graver parts, which seem scarce susceptible of embellishment, (as those on the habeas-corpus, and the land-tax,) or which require more time and recollection in a writer who would do justice to his subject (as those on trade, and government) than he had to bestow upon them. Not but another reason might be, that he purposely restrained his wit, on many occasions, the better to adapt himself to the apprehension of his plainer readers, whom he was chiefly concerned to manage, and whose idiot prejudices he wanted to remove.

been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King Charles the Second's reign. I only answered that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the king's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon the rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such-a-one. "You must have heard of him," says he, "he's one of the Rump." I knew the gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but assured him, that to my knowledge he was a good churchman: "Ay!" says he, with a kind of surprise, "We were told in the country, that he spoke twice, in the queen's time, against taking off the duties upon French claret." This naturally led us in the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King William's accession to the throne, except the act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. "Is it not hard," says he, "that honest gentlemen should be taken into custody of messengers to prevent them from acting according to their consciences? But," says he, "what can we expect when a parcel of factious sons of whores——" He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush, that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed, indeed, excellent in his kind: but I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of his story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among all the honest gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a post-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. "I fancy," said I, "that post brings news from Scotland. I shall long to see the next Gazette." "Sir," says he, "I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news. We never see, sir, how things go, except

now and then in Dyer's Letter, and I read that more for the style than the news. The man has a clever pen, it must be owned. But is it not strange that we should be making war upon Church of England men, with Dutch and Swiss soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? these foreigners will never be loved in England, sir; they have not that wit and good-breeding that we have." I must confess I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himself upon these qualifications, but finding him such a critic upon foreigners, I asked him if he had ever travelled; he told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience: to which he added, that he scarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting-seat. "For my part," says he, "I and my father before me have always been for passive obedience, and shall be always for opposing a prince who makes use of ministers that are of another opinion. But where do you intend to inn to-night? (for we were now come in sight of the next town;) I can help you to a very good landlord if you will go along with me. He is a lusty, jolly fellow, that lives well, at least three yards in the girt, and the best Church of England man upon the road." I had a curiosity to see this high-church inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, another a cur, and another the son of a bitch, under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the Whig side, in the last election of burgesses. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asking them how they did by their Christian names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them; though it was easy to see by the landlord's scratching his head that things did not go to their wishes. The landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his

customers dropt in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring shire; "For," says he, "there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole county, except the bishop." In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the parson of his parish; and, indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepit old woman pass under the window where we sat, he desired me to take notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she was a Presbyterian.

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of England, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within ourselves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of England. He then declared frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners: "Our wooden walls," says he, "are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia is out." I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the English fleet as he had; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with some vehemence, that he would undertake to prove trade would be the ruin of the English nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch; and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This

put him into some confusion; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that for constant use, there was no liquor like a cup of English water, provided it had malt enough in it. My squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch; and, amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest statesmen in the nation; and of some Londoners, whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanack that the moon was up, he called for his horses, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles' distance from the town, after having bethought himself that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of showing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

No. 23. FRIDAY, MARCH 9.

Illis ira modum supra est, et sæpe venenum
Morsibus inspirant.— VIRG.

In the wars of Europe which were waged among our forefathers, it was usual for the enemy, when there was a king in the field, to demand by a trumpet in what part of the camp he resided, that they might avoid firing upon the royal pavilion. Our party-contests in England were heretofore managed with the same kind of decency and good-breeding. The person of the prince was always looked upon as sacred; and whatever severe usage his friends or ministers met with, none presumed to direct their hostilities at their sovereign. The enemies of our present settlement are of such a coarse kind of make, and so equally void of loyalty and good manners, that they are grown scurrilous upon the royal family, and treat the most exalted characters with the most opprobrious language.

This petulance in conversation is particularly observed to prevail among some of that sex where it appears the most

unbecoming and the most unnatural. Many of these act with the greater licentiousness, because they know they can act with the greater impunity. This consideration, indeed, engages the most generous and well-bred even of our she malecontents, to make no ill use of the indulgence of our law-givers; and to discover in their debates at least the delicacy of the woman, if not the duty of the subject. But it is generally remarked, that every one of them who is a shrew in domestic life, is now become a scold in politics. And as for those of the party, who are of a superior rank and unblemished virtue, it must be a melancholy reflection for them to consider that all the common women of the town are of their side; for which reason they ought to preserve a more than ordinary modesty in their satirical excursions, that their characters may not be liable to suspicion.

If there is not some method found out for allaying these heats and animosities among the fair sex, one does not know to what outrages they may proceed. I remember a hero in Scarron, who finding himself opposed by a mixed multitude of both sexes with a great deal of virulent language, after having brought them to a submission, gave order (to keep them from doing further mischief) that the men should be disarmed of their clubs, and that the women should have their nails pared. We are not yet reduced to the necessity of applying such violent remedies; but as we daily receive accounts of ladies battling it on both sides, and that those who appear against the constitution make war upon their antagonists by many unfair practices and unwarrantable methods, I think it is very convenient there should be a cartel settled between them. If they have not yet agreed upon anything of this nature among themselves, I would propose to them the following plan, in which I have sketched out several rules suited to the politest sex in one of the most civilized nations.

That in every political rencounter between woman and woman, no weapon shall be made use of but the tongue.

That in the course of the engagement, if either of the combatants, finding herself hard pressed by her adversary, shall proceed to personal reflections or discovery of secrets, they shall be parted by the standers-by.

That when both sides are drawn up in a full assembly, it

shall not be lawful for above five of them to talk at the same time.

That if any shall detract from a lady's character, (unless she be absent,) the said detractress shall be forthwith ordered to the lowest place of the room.

That none presume to speak disrespectfully of his Majesty, or any of the royal family, on pain of three hours' silence.

That none be permitted to talk spitefully of the court, unless they can produce vouchers that they have been there.

That the making use of news which goes about in whisper, unless the author be produced, or the fact well attested, shall be deemed fighting with white powder, and contrary to the laws of war.

That any one who produces libels or lampoons, shall be regarded in the same manner as one who shoots with poisoned bullets.

That when a lady is thoroughly convinced of the falsehood of any story she has related, she shall give her parole not to tell it for a certain truth that winter.

That when any matter of doubt arises, which cannot otherwise be decided, appeal shall be made to a toast, if there be any such in the company.

That no coquette, notwithstanding she can do it with a good air, shall be allowed to sigh for the danger of the church, or to shiver at the apprehensions of fanaticism.

That when a woman has talked an hour and a half, it shall be lawful to call her down to order.

As this civil discord among the sisterhood of Great Britain is likely to engage them in a long and lingering war, consisting altogether of drawn battles, it is the more necessary that there should be a cartel settled among them. Besides, as our English ladies are at present the greatest stateswomen in Europe, they will be in danger of making themselves the most unamiable part of their sex, if they continue to give a loose to intemperate language, and to a low kind of ribaldry, which is not used among the women of fashion in any other country.

Discretion and good-nature have been always looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman, "whose price is above rubies," has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man,

more endearing, than that "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Besides, every fierce she-zealot should consider, that however any of the other sex may seem to applaud her as a partisan, there is none of them who would not be afraid of associating himself with her in any of the more private relations of life.

I shall only add, that there is no talent so pernicious as eloquence, to those who have it not under command: for which reason, women who are so liberally gifted by nature in this particular, ought to study, with the greatest application, the rules of female oratory, delivered in that excellent treatise, entitled "the Government of the Tongue." Had that author foreseen the political ferment which is now raised among the sex, he would probably have made his book larger by some chapters than it is at present: but what is wanting in that work, may, I hope, in some measure, be supplied by the above-written cartel.

No. 24. MONDAY, MARCH 12.

Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum,
Invictisque viris geritis— VIRG.

A PHYSICIAN makes use of various methods for the recovery of sick persons; and though some of them are painful, and all of them disagreeable, his patients are never angry at him, because they know he has nothing in view besides the restoring of them to a good state of health. I am forced to treat the disaffected part of his Majesty's subjects in the same manner, and may, therefore, reasonably expect the same returns of good-will. I propose nothing to myself but their happiness as the end of all my endeavours; and am forced to adapt different remedies to those different constitutions, which are to be found in such a distempered multitude. Some of them can see the unreasonable, and some of them the ridiculous, side of wrong principles, and, according to the different frame of their minds, reject an opinion as it carries in it either the appearance of wickedness, or of danger, or of folly.

I have endeavoured to expose in these several lights the notions and practices of those who are enemies to our present establishment. But there is a set of arguments, which I have not yet touched upon, and which often succeed, when all others fail. There are many who will not quit a project,

though they find it pernicious, or absurd; but will readily desist from it, when they are convinced it is impracticable. An attempt to subvert the present government is, God be thanked, of this nature. I shall, therefore, apply the considerations of this paper rather to the discretion than the virtue of our malecontents, who should act in the present juncture of affairs like experienced gamesters, that throw up their cards when they know the game is in the enemies' hand, without giving themselves any unnecessary vexation in playing it out.

In the reign of our two last British sovereigns, those who did not favour their interest might be ungenerous enough to act upon the prospect of a change, considering the precarious condition of their health, and their want of issue to succeed them. But at present we enjoy a king of a long-lived family, who is in the vigour of his age, and blest with a numerous progeny. To this we may add his remarkable steadiness in adhering to those schemes which he has formed upon the maturest deliberation, and that submissive deference of his Royal Highness both from duty and inclination, to all the measures of his royal father. Nor must we omit that personal valour so peculiar to his Majesty and his illustrious house, which would be sufficient to vanquish, as we find it actually deters, both his foreign and domestic enemies.

This great prince is supported by the whole Protestant interest of Europe, and strengthened with a long range of alliances that reach from one end of the continent to the other. He has a great and powerful king for his son-in-law; and can himself command, when he pleases, the whole strength of an electorate in the empire. Such a combination of sovereigns puts one in mind of the apparition of gods which discouraged Æneas from opposing the will of heaven. When his eyes were cleared of that mortal cloud which hung upon them, he saw the several celestial deities acting in a confederacy against him, and immediately gave up a cause which was excluded from all possibility of success.

But it is the greatest happiness, as well as the greatest pleasure of our sovereign, that his chief strength lies in his own kingdoms. Both the branches of our legislature espouse his cause and interest with a becoming duty and zeal. The most considerable and wealthy of his subjects are convinced, that the prosperity of our sovereign and his people are inseparable; and we are very well satisfied, that his Ma-

jesty, if the necessity of affairs should require it, might find among the most dutiful of his subjects, men celebrated for their military characters, above any of the age in which they live. There is no question but his Majesty will be as generally valued and beloved in his British as he is in his German dominions, when he shall have time to make his royal virtues equally known among us. In the mean while we have the satisfaction to find, that his enemies have been only able to make ill impressions upon the low and ignorant rabble of the nation; and to put the dregs of the people into a ferment.

We have already seen how poor and contemptible a force has been raised by those who have dared to appear openly against his Majesty, and how they were headed and encouraged by men whose sense of their guilt made them desperate in forming so rash an enterprise, and dispirited in the execution of it. But we have not yet seen that strength which would be exerted in the defence of his Majesty, the Protestant religion, and the British liberties, were the danger great enough to require it. Should the king be reduced to the necessity of setting up the royal standard, how many thousands would range themselves under it! what a concourse would there be of nobles and patriots! we should see men of another spirit than what has appeared among the enemies to our country, and such as would out-shine the rebellious part of their fellow-subjects as much in their gallantry as in their cause.

I shall not so much suspect the understandings of our adversaries, as to think it necessary to enforce these considerations, by putting them in mind of that fidelity and allegiance which is so visible in his Majesty's fleet and army, or of many other particulars which, in all human probability, will perpetuate our present form of government, and which may be suggested to them by their own private thoughts.

The party, indeed, that is opposite to our present happy settlement, seem to be driven out of the hopes of all human methods for carrying on their cause, and are, therefore, reduced to the poor comfort of prodigies and old women's fables. They begin to see armies in the clouds,[1] when all upon the earth hath forsaken them. Nay, I have been lately shown a written prophecy that is handed among them with great se-

[1] The superstition of the people is always ready to *catch* in times of public commotion; and a remarkable *aurora borealis* happened to set fire to it at that time.

crecy, by which it appears their chief reliance at present is upon a Cheshire miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand.

I have addressed this whole paper to the despair of our malecontents, not with a design to aggravate the pain of it, but to use it as a means[1] of making them happy. Let them seriously consider the vexation and disquietude of mind that they are treasuring up for themselves, by struggling with a power which will be always too hard for them; and by converting his Majesty's reign into their own misfortune, which every impartial man must look upon as the greatest blessing to his country. Let them extinguish those passions, which can only imbitter their lives to them, and deprive them of their share in the happiness of the community. They may conclude that his Majesty, in spite of any opposition they can form against him, will maintain his just authority over them; and whatever uneasiness they may give themselves, they can create none in him, excepting only because they prevent him from exerting equally his natural goodness and benevolence to every subject in his dominions.

No. 25. FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

Quid est sapientia? semper idem velle atque idem nolle. SENEC.

If we may believe the observation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in Europe so much given to change as the English. There are some who ascribe this to the fickleness of our climate; and others to the freedom of our government. From one or both of these causes their writers derive that variety of humours which appears among the people in general, and that inconsistency of character which is to be found in almost every particular person. But as a man should always be upon his guard against the vices to which he is most exposed, so we should take more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our

[1] *As a means.*] The use of the word *means*, in English, is remarkable, and may be thought capricious. It seems to be of French extraction. The French have, *le moyen*, frequently, but seldom, *les moyens*: we, on the contrary, prefer the plural termination, *means*; yet still, for the most part (though not always) we use it as a noun of the singular number, or as the French *le moyen*. It is one of those anomalies, which use hath introduced and established, in spite of *analogy*. We should not be allowed to say—*a mean* of making men happy.

moral conduct, nor to make a capricious use of that liberty which we enjoy by the happiness of our civil constitution.

This instability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it shows itself in political affairs, and disposes men to wander from one scheme of government to another; since such a fickleness of behaviour in public measures cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the first place, it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accomplishment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any instance in history which better confirms this observation, than that which is still fresh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a design to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the most dangerous enemy to Great Britain. We gained a long and wonderful series of victories, and had scarce anything left to do, but to reap the fruits of them: when on a sudden our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking; and received terms from those who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the English, makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in such alliances as are necessary for our mutual defence and security. It is a common notion among foreigners, that the English are good confederates in an enterprise which may be despatched within a short compass of time; but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finished without constancy and perseverance. Our late measures have so blemished our national credit in this particular, that those potentates who are entered into treaties with his present Majesty, have been solely encouraged to it by their confidence in his personal firmness and integrity.

I need not, after this, suggest to my reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation, which distinguishes itself among its neighbours by such a wavering and unsettled conduct.

This our inconsistency in the pursuit of schemes which have been thoroughly digested, has as bad an influence on our domestic as on our foreign affairs. We are told, that the famous Prince of Conde used to ask the English ambassador, upon the arrival of a mail, "Who was Secretary of State in England by that post?" as a piece of raillery upon the fickleness of our politics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country, is, that public ministers have no

sooner made themselves masters of their business, than they have been dismissed from their employments; and that this disgrace has befallen very many of them, not because they have deserved it, but because the people love to see new faces in high posts of honour.

It is a double misfortune to a nation, which is thus given to change, when they have a sovereign at the head of them, that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. Sallust, the gravest of all the Roman historians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he saw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the following remark: *Plerumque regiæ voluntates, uti vehementes, sic mobiles, sæpe ipsæ sibi adversæ.* "The wills of kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewise very fickle, and at different times opposite to themselves." Were there any colour for this general observation, how much does it redound to the honour of such princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural consequence of an unsteady government, is the perpetuating of strife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a king who persists in those schemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his subjects, extinguishes all hopes of advancement in those who would grow great by an opposition to his measures, and insensibly unites the contending parties in their common interest.

Queen Elizabeth, who makes the greatest figure among our English sovereigns, was most eminently remarkable for that steadiness and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her chosen motto in every part of her life; and never lost sight of those great ends, which she proposed to herself on her accession to the throne, the happiness of her people, and the strengthening of the Protestant interest. She often interposed her royal authority to break the cabals which were forming against her first ministers, who grew old and died in those stations which they filled with so great abilities. By this means she baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domestic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and spirit of that party among her subjects, which was popishly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of schemes introduced one upon an-

other, with the variety of short-lived favourites, that prevailed in their several turns under the government of her successors, have by degrees broken us into those unhappy distinctions and parties, which have given so much uneasiness to our kings, and so often endangered the safety of their people.

I question not but every impartial reader hath been beforehand with me, in considering, on this occasion, the happiness of our country under the government of his present Majesty; who is so deservedly famous for an inflexible adherence to those counsels which have a visible tendency to the public good, and to those persons who heartily concur with him in promoting these his generous designs.

A prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and served with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either instruct us by his example to fix the unsteadiness of our politics, or by his conduct hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private person, nor more pernicious to the public in a member of a community, than that changeableness with which we are too justly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the sound part of the nation will give no further occasion for this reproach, but continue steady to that happy establishment which has now taken place among us. And as obstinacy in prejudices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be mistaken for that virtuous resolution and firmness of mind which is necessary to our preservation, it is to be wished that the enemies to our constitution would so far indulge themselves in this national humour, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at present they think fit to oppose. At least we may expect they will be so wise as to show a legal obedience to the best of kings, who profess the duty of passive obedience to the worst.

No. 26. MONDAY, MARCH 19.

Bella viri pacemque gerant, queis bella gerenda. VIRG.

WHEN the Athenians had long contended against the power of Philip, he demanded of them to give up their orators, as well knowing their opposition wou'd be soon at an

end if it were not irritated from time to time by these tongue-warriors. I have endeavoured, for the same reason, to gain our female adversaries, and by that means to disarm the party of its principal strength. Let them give us up their women, and we know by experience how inconsiderable a resistance we are to expect from their men.

This sharp political humour has but lately prevailed in so great a measure as it now does among the beautiful part of our species. They used to employ themselves wholly in the scenes of a domestic life, and provided a woman could keep her house in order, she never troubled herself about regulating the commonwealth. The eye of the mistress was wont to make her pewter shine, and to inspect every part of her household furniture as much as her looking-glass. But at present our discontented matrons are so conversant in matters of state, that they wholly neglect their private affairs; for we may always observe that a gossip in politics is a slattern in her family.

It is indeed a melancholy thing to see the disorders of a household that is under the conduct of an angry stateswoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the public, and is only attentive to find out miscarriages in the ministry. Several women of this turn are so earnest in contending for hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their sons and heirs; and are so taken up with their zeal for the church, that they cannot find time to teach their children their catechism. A lady who thus intrudes into the province of the men, was so astonishing a character among the old Romans, that when Amæsia[1] presented herself to speak before the senate, they looked upon it as a prodigy, and sent messengers to inquire of the oracle, what it might portend to the commonwealth?

It would be manifestly to the disadvantage of the British cause, should our pretty loyalists profess an indifference in state affairs, while their disaffected sisters are thus industrious to the prejudice of their country; and accordingly we have the satisfaction to find our she-associates are not idle

[1] *Amæsia.*] The story is told in Plutarch, (Numa, p. 77, ed. Par. 1624,) with this difference, that no name is mentioned, and that the pleading was in the *forum*, and not before the senate.

Dacier, indeed, in his notes on this place, mentions an *Amasia Sentia*, who pleaded before the prætor in a capital cause, but refers to no authority, and says nothing of consulting the oracle. Mr. A. seems to have jumbled these two stories together, and to have put *Amæsia* for *Amasia*.

upon this occasion. It is owing to the good principles of these his Majesty's fair and faithful subjects, that our country-women appear no less amiable in the eyes of the male world, than they have done in former ages. For where a great number of flowers grow, the ground at a distance seems entirely covered with them, and we must walk into it, before we can distinguish the several weeds that spring up in such a beautiful mass of colours. Our great concern is, to find deformity can arise among so many charms, and that the most lovely parts of the creation can make themselves the most disagreeable. But it is an observation of the philosophers, that the best things may be corrupted into the worst; and the ancients did not scruple to affirm, that the Furies and the Graces were of the same sex.

As I should do the nation and themselves good service, if I could draw the ladies, who still hold out against his Majesty, into the interest of our present establishment, I shall propose to their serious consideration, the several inconveniencies which those among them undergo, who have not yet surrendered to the government.

They should first reflect on the great sufferings and persecutions to which they expose themselves by the obstinacy of their behaviour. They lose their elections in every club where they are set up for toasts. They are obliged by their principles to stick a patch on the most unbecoming side of their foreheads. They forego the advantage of birth-day suits. They are insulted by the loyalty of claps and hisses every time they appear at a play. They receive no benefit from the army, and are never the better for all the young fellows that wear hats and feathers. They are forced to live in the country and feed their chickens; at the same time that they might show themselves at court, and appear in brocade, if they behaved themselves well. In short, what must go to the heart of every fine woman, they throw themselves quite out of the fashion.

The above-mentioned motive must have an influence upon the gay part of the sex; and as for those who are acted by more sublime and moral principles, they should consider, that they cannot signalize themselves as malecontents, without breaking through all the amiable instincts and softer virtues, which are peculiarly ornamental to womankind. Their timorous, gentle, modest behaviour; their affability, meekness, good-breeding, and many other beautiful disposi-

tions of mind, must be sacrificed to a blind and furious zeal for they do not know what. A man is startled when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party-rage, as is disagreeable even in that sex, which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet such is our misfortune, that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition; and hear the most masculine passions exprest in the sweetest voices. I have lately been told of a country-gentlewoman, pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party-disputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a strange place, was carried before an honest justice of the peace. This prudent magistrate observing her to be a large black woman, and finding by her discourse that she was no better than a rebel in a riding-hood, began to suspect her for my Lord Nithisdale; till a stranger came to her rescue, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her husband.

In the next place, our British ladies may consider, that by interesting themselves so zealously in the affairs of the public, they are engaged, without any necessity, in the crimes which are often committed even by the best of parties, and which they are naturally exempted from by the privilege of their sex. The worst character a female could formerly arrive at, was of being an ill woman; but by their present conduct, she may likewise deserve the character of an ill subject. They come in for their share of political guilt, and have found a way to make themselves much greater criminals than their mothers before them.

I have great hopes that these motives, when they are assisted by their own reflections, will incline the fair ones of the adverse party to come over to the national interest, in which their own is so highly concerned; especially if they consider, that by these superfluous employments which they take upon them as partisans, they do not only dip themselves in an unnecessary guilt, but are obnoxious to a grief and anguish of mind, which doth not properly fall within their lot. And here I would advise every one of these exasperated ladies, who indulge that opprobrious eloquence which is so much in fashion, to reflect on Æsop's fable of the viper. "This little animal, (says the old moralist,) chancing to meet with a file, began to lick it with her tongue till the blood came; which gave her a very silly satisfaction, as imagining the blood came from the file, notwithstanding all the smart was in her own tongue."

No. 27. FRIDAY, MARCH 23.

—dii visa secundant. LUCR.

IT is an old observation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for as our news-writers must adorn their papers with that which the critics call "The Marvellous," they are forced in a dead calm of affairs, to ransack every element for proper amusements, and either to astonish their readers from time to time with a strange and wonderful sight, or be content to lose their custom. The sea is generally filled with monsters when there are no fleets upon it. Mount Ætna immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion: and woe to the people of Catanea, if the peace continues; for they are sure to be shaken every week with earthquakes, till they are relieved by the siege of some other great town in Europe. The air has likewise contributed its quota of prodigies. We had a blazing star by the last mail from Genoa; and in the present dearth of battles, have been very opportunely entertained, by persons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our sharp-sighted malecontents discovered many objects invisible to an eye that is dimmed by Whig principles.

I question not but this paper will fall in with the present humour, since it contains a very remarkable vision of a Highland seer,[1] who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of Second-sighted Sawney. Had he been able to write, we might probably have seen this vision sooner in print; for it happened to him early in the late hard winter; and is transmitted to me by a student at Glasgow, who took the whole relation from him, and stuck close to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own style.

"SAWNEY was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognostics. Most of his ancestors were second-sighted, and his mother but narrowly escaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to steal a sheep, he was seized on the sudden with a fit of second-sight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and presented him with a wide prospect of new scenes and objects, which he had never seen till that day.

[1] Mr. A. is much too complaisant to his *Highland seer*, in giving him the honour of so fine a vision as the following. He might have introduced it as a *dream* of his own with more propriety.

"He discovered at a great distance from him a large fabric, which cast such a glistering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a standard, streaming in a strong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thistles and flower-de-luces. As he was amusing himself with this strange sight, he heard a bagpipe at some distance behind him, and, turning about, saw a general, who seemed very much animated with the sound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt, upon inquiry, that they were making a procession to the structure which stood before him, and which he found was the Temple of Rebellion. He immediately struck in with them; but described this march to the temple with so much horror, that he shivered every joint all the while he spoke of it. They were forced to clamber over so many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of so many precipices, that they were very often in danger of their lives. Sawney declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every step he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they passed through a very thick grove, consecrated to a deity who was known by the name of Treason. They here dispersed themselves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks which led to the temple. The path was so very slippery, the shade so exceeding gloomy, and the whole wood so full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greatest wariness, circumspection, and silence. They at length arrived at a great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabric. Sawney stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendour of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of statues, which were planted up and down in a spacious court that lay before it; but, upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabric, which made such a glittering appearance, and seemed impregnable, was composed of ice, and that the several statues, which seemed at a distance to be made of the whitest marble, were nothing else but so many figures in snow. The front of the temple was very curiously adorned with stars and garters, ducal coronets, generals' staffs, and many other emblems of honour wrought in the most beautiful frost-work. After having stood at gaze some time before this great gate, he discovered on it an inscription, signifying it to be the Gate of Perjury. There was erected near it a great Colossus in snow that had two faces,

and was drest like a Jesuit, with one of its hands upon a book, and the other grasping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular survey of several of the figures. There was Sedition with a trumpet in her hand, and Rapine in the garb of a Highlander: Ambition, Envy, Disgrace, Poverty, and Disappointment, were all of them represented under their proper emblems. Among other statues, he observed that of Rumour whispering an idiot in the ear, who was the representative of Credulity; and Faction embracing with her hundred arms an old-fashioned figure in a steeple-crowned hat, that was designed to express a cunning old gipsy, called Passive-obedience. Zeal too had a place among the rest, with a bandage over her eyes, though one would not have expected to have seen her represented in snow. But the most remarkable object in this court-yard, was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the same kind with that, which Virgil tells us flourished at the entrance of the infernal regions. For it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in clusters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreshed themselves in the shade of this tree before they entered the Temple of Rebellion, and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit which fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd rushed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a sword in the right hand, and a firebrand in the left. The fore-part of the pedestal was curiously embossed with a triumph, while the back-part, that lay more out of sight, was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worshipped, like several of old, with human sacrifices, and his votaries were consulting among themselves, how to gratify him with hecatombs; when, on a sudden, they were surprised with the alarm of a great light which appeared in the southern part of the heavens, and made its progress directly towards them. This light appeared as a great mass of flame, or rather glory, like that of the sun in its strength. There were three figures in the midst of it, who were known by their several hieroglyphics, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valour. The last had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a star upon its breast, which shot forth several pointed beams of a peculiar lustre. The glory which encompassed them, covered the place, and darted its rays with so much strength, that

the whole fabric and all its ornaments began to melt. The several emblems of honour, which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials above-mentioned, trickled away under the first impressions of the heat. In short, the thaw was so violent, that the temple and statues ran off in a sudden torrent, and the whole winter-piece was dissolved. The covered walks were laid open by the light which shone through every part of them, and the dream-tree withered like the famous gourd that was smitten by the noon-day sun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greatest precipitation, and dispersed themselves by flight into a thousand different paths among the mountains."

No. 28. MONDAY, MARCH 26.

—Incendia lumen
Præbebant, aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo. Ovid Met.

Sir Francis Bacon, in the dedication before his History of Henry the Seventh, observes, that peaceable times are the best to live in, though not so proper to furnish materials for a writer: as hilly countries afford the most entertaining prospects, though a man would choose to travel through a plain one. To this we may add, that the times which are full of disorders and tumults, are likewise the fullest of instruction. History, indeed, furnishes us with very distinct accounts of factions, conspiracies, civil wars, and rebellions, with the fatal consequences that attend them; but they do not make such deep and lasting impressions on our minds as events of the same nature, to which we have ourselves been witnesses, and in which we, or our friends and acquaintance, have been sufferers. As adversity makes a man wise in his private affairs, civil calamities give him prudence and circumspection in his public conduct.

The miseries of the civil war, under the reign of King Charles the First, did, for many years, deter the inhabitants of our island from the thoughts of engaging anew in such desperate undertakings; and convinced them, by fatal experience, that nothing could be so pernicious to the English, and so opposite to the genius of the people, as the subversion of monarchy. In the like manner we may hope that the great expenses brought upon the nation by the present rebellion; the sufferings of innocent people, who have lived in that place which was the scene of it; with that dreadful

prospect of ruin and confusion which must have followed its success; will secure us from the like attempts for the future, and fix his Majesty upon the throne of Great Britain; especially when those who are prompted to such wicked practices reflect upon the punishments to which the criminals have exposed themselves, and the miseries in which they have involved their relations, friends, and families.

It will be likewise worth their while to consider, how such tumults and riots, as have been encouraged by many, who we may hope did not propose to themselves such fatal consequences, lead to a civil war; and how naturally that seditious kind of conversation, which many seem to think consistent with their religion and morality, ends in an open rebellion. I question not but the more virtuous and considerate part of our malecontents, are now stung with a very just remorse for this their manner of proceeding, which has so visibly tended to the destruction of their friends, and the sufferings of their country. This may, at the same time, prove an instructive lesson to the boldest and bravest among the disaffected, not to build any hopes upon the talkative zealots of their party; who have shown by their whole behaviour, that their hearts are equally filled with treason and cowardice. An army of trumpeters would give as great a strength to a cause, as this confederacy of tongue-warriors; who, like those military musicians, content themselves with animating their friends to battle, and run out of the engagement upon the first onset.

But one of the most useful maxims we can learn from the present rebellion, is, that nothing can be more contemptible and insignificant than the scum of a people, when they are instigated against a king, who is supported by the two branches of the legislature. A mob may pull down a meeting-house, but will never be able to overturn a government, which has a courageous and wise prince at the head of it, and one who is zealously assisted by the great council of the nation, that best know the value of him. The authority of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, in conjunction with that of our sovereign, is not to be controlled by a tumultuary rabble. It is big with fleets and armies, can fortify itself with what laws it shall judge proper for its own defence, can command the wealth of the kingdom for the security of the people, and engage the whole Protestant interest

of Europe in so good and just a cause. A disorderly multitude contending with the body of the legislature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fulness of his health and strength. Such a one is sure to be overruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himself in the most furious convulsions while the distemper is upon him.

We may further learn from the course of the present rebellion, who, among the foreign states in our neighbourhood, are the true and natural friends of Great Britain, if we observe which of them gave us their assistance in reducing our country to a state of peace and tranquillity; and which of them used their endeavours to heighten our confusions, and plunge us into all the evils of a civil war. I shall only take notice under this head, that in former ages it was the constant policy of France to raise and cherish intestine feuds and discords in the isle of Great Britain, that we might either fall a prey into their hands, or that they might prosecute their designs upon the continent with less interruption. Innumerable instances of this nature occur in history. The most remarkable one was that in the reign of King Charles the First. Though that prince was married to a daughter of France, and was personally beloved and esteemed in the French court, it is well known that they abetted both parties in the civil war, and always furnished supplies to the weaker side, lest there should be an end put to those fatal divisions.

We might also observe, that this rebellion has been a means of discovering to his Majesty,[1] how much he may depend upon the professions and principles of the several parties among his own subjects; who are those persons that have espoused his interests with zeal or indifference; and who among them are influenced to their allegiance by places, duty, or affection. But as these, and several other considerations, are obvious to the thoughts of every reader, I shall conclude, with observing how naturally many of those, who distinguish themselves by the name of the High Church, unite themselves in the cause of Popery; since it is manifest that all the Protestants concerned in the rebellion, were such as gloried in this distinction.

It would be very unjust to charge all who have ranged

[1] *A means of discovering to his Majesty.*] The verb, *discover*, implies the exertion of personal faculties, and therefore cannot be used thus absolutely; I mean, without a reference to some agent. He might have said, *that by means of this rebellion, his Majesty has discovered how much, &c.*

themselves under this new denomination, as if they had done it with a design to favour the interests of Popery. But it is certain that many of them, who at their first setting out were most averse to[1] the doctrines of the church of Rome, have, by the cunning of our adversaries, been inspired with such an unreasonable aversion to their Protestant brethren, and taught to think so favourably of the Roman Catholic principles, (not to mention the endeavours that have been used to reconcile the doctrines of the two churches, which are in themselves as opposite as light and darkness,) that they have been drawn over insensibly into its interests. It is no wonder, therefore, that so many of these deluded zealots have been engaged in a cause which they at first abhorred, and have wished or acted for the success of an enterprise, that might have ended in the extirpation of the Protestant religion in this kingdom, and in all Europe. In short, they are like the Syrians, who were first smitten with blindness, and unknowingly led out of their way into the capital of their enemy's country; insomuch that the text tells us, "When they opened their eyes they found themselves in the midst of Samaria."

No. 29. FRIDAY, MARCH 30.

Dîs te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ. Hor.

This being a day in which the thoughts of our countrymen are, or ought to be, employed on serious subjects, I shall take the opportunity of that disposition of mind in my readers, to recommend to them the practice of those religious and moral virtues, without which all policy is vain, and the best cause deprived of its greatest ornament and support.

Common sense, as well as the experience of all ages, teaches us, that no government can flourish which doth not encourage and propagate religion and morality among all its particular members. It was an observation of the ancient

[1] *Averse to—aversion to.*] Many would now say, *averse from;* some, perhaps, *aversion from.* The case seems clearer in the use of the *adjective,* than the *substantive.* Yet the Latins have, *averso* IN *me animo—aversus lucro—aversus defensioni,* &c. But see the note on *dissent with,* in *Whig-Examiner,* No. 1. 416.

Romans, that their empire had not more increased by the strength of their arms, than by the sanctity of their manners: and Cicero, who seems to have been better versed than any of them, both in the theory and the practice of politics, makes it a doubt, whether it were possible for a community to exist, that had not a prevailing mixture of piety in its constitution. Justice, temperance, humility, and almost every other moral virtue, do not only derive the blessings of Providence upon those who exercise them, but are the natural means for acquiring the public prosperity.[1] Besides; religious motives and instincts are so busy in the heart of every reasonable creature, that a man who would hope to govern a society without any regard to these principles, is as much to be contemned for his folly, as to be detested for his impiety.

To this we may add, that the world is never sunk into such a state of degeneracy, but they pay a natural veneration to men of virtue; and rejoice to see themselves conducted by those, who act under the awe of a Supreme Being, and who think themselves accountable for all their proceedings to the great Judge and Superintendent of human affairs.

Those of our fellow-subjects, who are sensible of the happiness they enjoy in his Majesty's accession to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that Providence which has so signally interposed in our behalf, by clearing a way to the Protestant succession through such difficulties as seemed insuperable; by detecting the conspiracies which have been formed against it; and, by many wonderful events, weakening the hands and baffling the attempts of all his Majesty's enemies, both foreign and domestic.

The party who distinguish themselves by their zeal for the present establishment, should be careful, in a particular manner, to discover in their whole conduct such a reverence for religion, as may show how groundless that reproach is which is cast upon them by their enemies, of being averse to

[1] *Means for acquiring the public prosperity.*] *Acquire*, is another of those verbs that imply personal agency. See the note on *discover*, in the last paper. It should be, *are the natural means by which men acquire those blessings*—or, *by which states acquire prosperity*. Our grammars are very defective in their account of *verbs active*, which differ widely from each other, though they take the same common name. In some, we regard little more than the transitive effect; in others, some energy of the efficient is chiefly respected. *Procure*, and *acquire*, may, to some, appear synonymous: yet, trade may *procure* that wealth, which the tradesman only *acquires*.

our national worship. While others engross to themselves the name of the Church, and, in a manner, excommunicate the best part of their fellow-subjects; let us show ourselves the genuine sons of it, by practising the doctrines which it teaches. The advantage will be visibly on our side, if we stick to its essentials; while they triumph in that empty denomination which they bestow upon themselves. Too many of them are already dipt in the guilt of perjury and sedition; and as we remain unblemished in these particulars, let us endeavour to excel them in all the other parts of religion, and we shall quickly find, that a regular morality is, in its own nature, more popular, as well as more meritorious, than an intemperate zeal.

We have likewise, in the present times of confusion and disorder, an opportunity of showing our abhorrence of several principles which have been ascribed to us by the malice of our enemies. A disaffection to kings and kingly government, with a proneness to rebellion, have been often very unjustly charged on that party which goes by the name of Whigs. Our steady and continued adherence to his Majesty, and the present happy settlement, will the most effectually confute this calumny. Our adversaries, who know very well how odious commonwealth principles are to the English nation, have inverted the very sense of words and things, rather than not continue to brand us with this imaginary guilt: for with some of these men, at present, loyalty to our king is republicanism, and rebellion passive obedience.

It has been an old objection to the principles of the Whigs, that several of their leaders, who have been zealous for redressing the grievances of government, have not behaved themselves better than the Tories in domestic scenes of life; but at the same time have been public patriots and private oppressors. This objection, were it true, has no weight in it, since the misbehaviour of particular persons does not at all affect their cause, and since a man may act laudably in some respects, who does not so in others. However, it were to be wished, that men would not give an occasion even to such invectives; but at the same time they consult the happiness of the whole, that they would promote it to their utmost in all their private dealings among those who lie more immediately within their influence. In the mean while I must observe, that this reproach, which may be often met with in print and conversation, tends in reality

to the honour of the Whigs, as it supposes that a greater regard to justice and humanity is to be expected from them, than from those of the opposite party: and it is certain we cannot better recommend our principles, than by such actions as are their natural and genuine fruits.

Were we thus careful to guard ourselves in a particular manner against these groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them as much in our morality as in our politics, our cause would be always as flourishing as it is just. It is certain, that our notions have a more natural tendency to such a practice, as we espouse the Protestant interest in opposition to that of Popery, which is so far from advancing morality by its doctrines, that it has weakened, or entirely subverted, many of the duties even of natural religion,

I shall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the present establishment, wherein the Whigs have been remarkably deficient; which is, a general unanimity and concurrence in the pursuit of such measures as are necessary for the well-being of their country. As it is a laudable freedom of thought which unshackles their minds from the poor and narrow prejudices of education, and opens their eyes to a more extensive view of the public good; the same freedom of thought disposes several of them to the embracing of particular schemes and maxims, and to a certain singularity of opinion which proves highly prejudicial to their cause; especially when they are encouraged in them by a vain breath of popularity, or by the artificial praises which are bestowed on them by the opposite party. This temper of mind, through the effect of a noble principle, very often betrays their friends, and brings into power the most pernicious and implacable of their enemies. In cases of this nature, it is the duty of an honest and prudent man, to sacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgment of those whom he believes to be well-intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its most complicated interests. An honest party of men, acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater consequence than the same party aiming at the same end by different views: as a large diamond is of a thousand times greater value whilst it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of smaller stones, notwithstanding they may each of them be very curiously set, and are all of the same water

No. 30. MONDAY, APRIL 2.

—I, verbis virtutem illude superbis. VIRG.

As I was some years ago engaged in conversation with a fashionable French abbé upon a subject which the people of that kingdom love to start in discourse, the comparative greatness of the two nations; he asked me, "How many souls I thought there might be in London?" I replied, being willing to do my country all the honour I fairly could, "That there were several who computed them at near a million;" but not finding that surprise I expected in his countenance, I returned the question upon him, how many he thought there might be in Paris? to which he answered, with a certain grimace of coldness and indifference, "about ten or twelve millions."

It would, indeed, be incredible to a man who has never been in France, should one relate the extravagant notion they entertain of themselves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbours. There are certainly (notwithstanding the visible decay of learning and taste which has appeared among them of late years) many particular persons in that country, who are eminent in the highest degree for their good sense, as well as for their knowledge in all the arts and sciences. But I believe every one, who is acquainted with them, will allow, that the people in general fall short of those who border upon them, in strength and solidity of understanding. One would therefore no more wonder to see the most shallow nation of Europe the most vain, than to find the most empty fellows in every distinct nation more conceited and censorious than the rest of their countrymen. Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind. As it requires but very small abilities to discover the imperfections of another, we find that none are more apt to turn their neighbours into ridicule, than those who are the most ridiculous in their own private conduct.

Those among the French, who have seen nothing but their own country, can scarce bring themselves to believe, that a nation, which lies never so little north of them, is not full of Goths and Vandals. Nay, those among them who travel into foreign parts, are so prejudiced in favour of their own imaginary politeness, that they are apt to look upon everything as barbarous in proportion as it deviates from what

they find at home. No less a man than an ambassador of France, being in conversation with our king, of glorious memory, and willing to encourage his Majesty, told him, that he talked like a Frenchman. The king smiled at the encomium which was given him, and only replied, "Sir, I am sure you do." An eminent writer of the last age was so offended at this kind of insolence, which showed itself very plentifully in one of their travellers who gave an account of England, that he vindicated the honour of his country in a book full of just satire and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my reader, that I mean Bishop Sprat's answer to Sorbiere.

Since I am upon this head, I cannot forbear mentioning some profound remarks that I have been lately shown in a French book, the author of which lived, it seems, some time in England. "The English," says this curious traveller, "very much delight in pudding. This is the favourite dish, not only of the clergy, but of the people in general. Provided there be a pudding upon the table, no matter what are the other dishes; they are sure to make a feast. They think themselves so happy when they have a pudding before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary salutation is, "Sir, I am glad to see you; you are come in pudding-time.""

One cannot have the heart to be angry at this judicious observer, notwithstanding he has treated us like a race of Hottentots, because he only taxes us with our inordinate love of pudding, which, it must be confessed, is not so elegant a dish as frog and salad. Every one who has been at Paris, knows that *Un gros milord Anglois* is a frequent jest upon the French stage; as if corpulence was a proper subject for satire, or a man of honour could help his being fat, who eats suitable[1] to his quality.

It would be endless to recount the invectives which are to be met with among the French historians, and even in Meseray himself, against the manners of our countrymen. Their authors, in other kinds of writing, are likewise very liberal in characters of the same nature. I cannot forbear mentioning the learned Monsieur Patin in particular; who tells us in so many words, "That the English are a people whom he naturally abhors:" and in another place, "that he looks upon the English among the several nations of men, as he does

[1] He should have said *suitably;* and he would have said it, but for the jingle that hurt his ear, in *quality*.

upon wolves among the several species of beasts." A British writer would be very justly charged with want of politeness, who, in return to this civility, should look upon the French as that part of mankind which answers to a species in the brute creation, whom we call in English by the name of monkeys.

If the French load us with these indignities, we may observe, for our comfort, that they give the rest of their borderers no better quarter. If we are a dull, heavy, phlegmatic people, we are, it seems, no worse than our neighbours. As an instance, I shall set down at large a remarkable passage in a famous book entitled Chevræana, written many years ago by the celebrated Monsieur Chevreau; after having advertised my reader, that the Duchess of Hanover, and the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, who are mentioned in it, were the late excellent Princess Sophia and her sister.

"*Tilenus pour un Allemand, parle et ecrit bien François,*" *dit Scaliger:* "*Gretzer a bien de l'esprit pour un Allemand,*" *dit le Cardinal du Perron: Et le P. Bouhours met en question, si un Allemand peut être bel esprit? on ne doit juger ni bien ni mal d'une nation par un particulier ni d'un particulier par sa nation. Il y a des Allemands, comme des François, qui n'ont point d'esprit; des Allemands, qui ont scû plus d'Hebreu, plus de Grec, que Scaliger et le Cardinal du Perron: J'honore fort le P. Bouhours, qui a du merite; mais j'ose dire, que la France n'a point de plus bel Esprit que Madame la Duchesse de Hanovre d'aujourdhui, ni de personne plus solidement savante en philosophie que l'étoit Madame la Princesse Elizabeth de Boheme, sa Sœur: Et je ne crois pas que l'on refuse le même titre à beaucoup d'Academiciens d'Allemagne dont les Ouvrages meriteroient bien d'être traduits. Il y a d'autres Princesses en Allemagne, qui ont infiniment de l'esprit. Les François disent c'est un Allemand, pour exprimer un homme pesant, brutal; et les Allemands comme les Italiens, c'est un François, pour dire un fou et un etourdi. C'est aller trop loin: comme le Prince de Salé dit de Ruyter, Il est honnête homme, c'est bien dommage qu'il soit Chrétien.* Chevæana, tom. I.

"'Tilenus,' says Scaliger, 'speaks and writes well for a German.' 'Gretzer has a great deal of wit for a German,' says Cardinal Perron. And Father Bouhours makes it a question, whether a German can be a wit? One ought not to judge well or ill of a nation from a particular person, nor

of a particular person from his nation. There are Germans, as there are French, who have no wit; and Germans who are better skilled in Greek and Hebrew than either Scaliger or the Cardinal du Perron. I have a great honour for Father Bouhours, who is a man of merit; but will be bold to say, that there is not in all France a person of more wit than the present Duchess of Hanover; nor more thoroughly knowing in philosophy than was the late Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, her sister; and I believe none can refuse the same title to many academicians in Germany, whose works very well deserve to be translated into our tongue. There are other Princesses in Germany, who have also an infinite deal of wit. The French say of a man, that he is a German, when they would signify that he is dull and heavy; and the Germans, as well as the Italians, when they would call a man a hair-brained coxcomb, say he is a Frenchman. This is going too far, and is like the governor of Sallee's saying of De Ruyter, the Dutch Admiral, 'He is an honest man, 'tis a great pity he is a Christian.'"

Having already run my paper out to its usual length, I have not room for many reflections on that which is the subject of it. The last-cited author has been beforehand with me in its proper moral. I shall only add to it, that there has been an unaccountable disposition among the English of late years, to fetch the fashion from the French, not only in their dress and behaviour, but even in their judgments and opinions of mankind. It will, however, be reasonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we should likewise regard ourselves[1] under the same view in which they are wont to place us. The representations they make of us, are as of a nation the least favoured by them; and, as these are agreeable to the natural aversion they have for us, are more disadvantageous than the pictures they have drawn of any other people in Europe.

[1] *Reasonable for us, that we should regard ourselves.*] Improperly expressed. It should either be—*reasonable that we should regard ourselves.* Or else—*reasonable for us to regard ourselves.*

END OF VOL. IV.

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